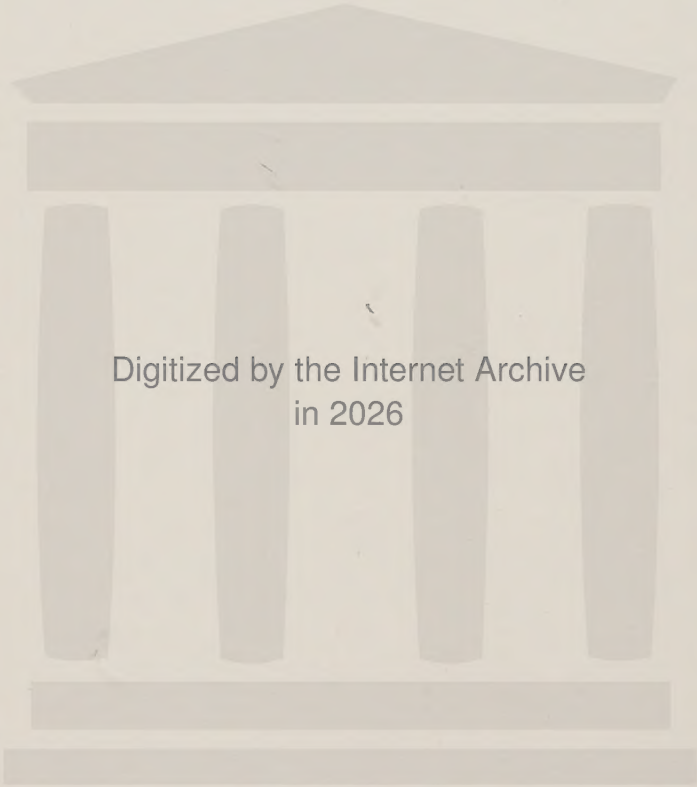
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/middleenglishver0000atra

# The Middle-English Versions of Partonope of Blois

PARTONOPEUS DE BLOIS.

edited by

A. Trampe Bodtker

---

EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

*Extra Series*, 109

1912

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
Millwood, New York
1973

TEXAS EASTERN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

*Unaltered Reprint produced with the permission of the Early English Text Society*

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
A U.S. Division of Kraus-Thomson Organization Limited

Printed in Germany

TEXAS EASTERN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

# Partonope of Blois.

Early English Text Society.

Extra Series, CIX.

1912 (for 1911).

BERLIN: A. ASHER & CO., 17, BEHRENSTRASSE, W. 8.
NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO., LEYPOLDT & HOLT.
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

# The Middle-English Versions of Partonope of Blois

EDITED FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS

BY

A. TRAMPE BÖDTKER, PH.D.

*

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.,
BROADWAY HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
AND BY HENRY FROWDE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN CORNER, E.C., AND IN NEW YORK.
1912 (for 1911).

TYLER STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Extra Series, CIX.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNGAY.

TYLER STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY

# PREFATORY NOTE.

The theme which Apuleius has immortalized in the story of Cupid and Psyche has assumed numerous shapes in its wanderings through the world. In some tales the parts of the lovers are reversed, and on this variation of the theme is built one of the most beautiful romances of the Middle Ages, the poem of "Parténopeus de Blois," written in France probably at the end of the twelfth century.

Parténopeus de Blois, in English Partonope of Blois, nephew of the king of France, is lost while hunting in the Ardennes. He embarks in an enchanted ship and arrives at a palace, the inhabitants of which are invisible. Here he is visited at night by Melior, queen of Byzantium. She promises to marry him when some years have passed, but stipulates that he must not try to see her in the meantime. On a visit to France Partonope is tempted by his mother, and receives from her a magical lantern which breaks the spell. Banished and forlorn, Partonope resolves to die, but is saved by the queen's sister, Urake. After a three days' tournament Partonope is again united to his lady.

All the French MSS. actually known begin with the mention of Partonope's royal descent and the description of his person. The scene is laid in France. We do not hear about Melior till she makes herself known to Partonope. To this version belong the longer English text, a German translation by Konrad von Würzburg, a Dutch translation, and a very free Italian adaptation.

In another version, which exists only in foreign translations, Melior is first introduced. She sends messengers round the world to find a husband, and goes to France to ascertain whether they have given a true report of Partonope's beauty. Then the hunting scene takes place. This version was equally translated into English, but all that has been preserved is a short fragment of 308 lines. The text is complete, though considerably altered, in a Danish, an

Icelandic, and a Spanish-Catalan translation. In Catalonia the story was printed as a chap-book as late as 1844.

The question of the original form of the romance will be discussed in the general Introduction. Here I shall say only a few words about the relation of the longer English version to the French MSS. The Arsenal MS., which forms the basis of Crapelet's edition, ends with a combat between Partonope and the Sultan of Persia. The Sultan is slain, and three marriages take place: Partonope marries Melior, the young king of France marries Urake, and Gaudin, Partonope's faithful companion, receives Persevis, Urake's maid of honour. This is a very happy and appropriate termination to the story. The vivid style and the picturesque descriptions make this ending one of the most striking passages in old French literature. It is not, however, due to the original author of the version, but to a Picard poet apparently contemporaneous. The other French MSS. and the foreign translations of the same group have no single combat. Melior is adjudged to Partonope, and the Sultan is obliged to leave, brooding on vengeance. The English version closes with the celebration of this single marriage, while the other texts continue the story, more or less, relating the adventures of Anselot (see ll. 7069 ff.) and the return of the Sultan.

The longer English version is known to exist in the following MSS.—

MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford, C. 188, written about the middle of the 15th century, 7096 lines, printed by the Rev. W. E. Buckley in his edition of the poem for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1862.

MS. Rawl. Poet. 14, Bodleian Library, Oxford, which is a little later and slightly longer. Some portions were printed (with numerous errors) by Buckley in an appendix to fill up the gaps of the Univ. Coll. MS.

MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3, ff. 6–7, in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to New College, Oxford, written in a 15th century hand, 158 lines. It was printed by Buckley, who probably saw the MS. in a better shape than it is at present. It has been missing for many years, but was discovered again by Dr. Carleton Brown. I am indebted to Dr. William W. Lawrence for a collation of the text.

A MS. of the 15th century belonging to Viscount Clifden (Lord Robartes's MS.), printed by R. Wülcker in Anglia XII, pp. 607–620, about 200 lines.

Add. MS. 35,288, British Museum, late 15th century, in three different hands, somewhat more than 12,000 lines.

The merits and the defects of the three principal MSS. may be summarized thus—

The Univ. Coll. MS. is the oldest. Sometimes, especially in the rimes, it has better forms than the other MSS., but very often the spelling is defective. The MS. is imperfect at the beginning and end, and has numerous lacunæ in the middle. Many passages have been abbreviated or otherwise altered.

The Rawl. MS. is closely allied to the preceding one. Though only slightly later, its language bears a more advanced stamp. Its readings are, as a rule, far behind those of the two other MSS.

With the usual reserve in paleographic matters, it may be said that the Brit. Mus. MS. is some thirty or forty years later than the Univ. Coll. MS. The portion ll. 2181–4058 was written by an ignorant scribe who could not spell properly, and who introduced many southern particularities of his own. The scribe who wrote ll. 1–2180, and ll. 4059–6530, was better fitted for his task; and the third, who wrote the rest, about one half of the poem, is scarcely inferior to the Univ. Coll. hand. Like the latter, he writes in a somewhat too northern dialect. The MS. is practically complete, and in spite of the errors of the first two scribes, it has, on the whole, better readings than any other MS. Sometimes it seems to have been amplified by the first hands (or their predecessors), but it frequently happens that in the midst of their apparent amplifications we recognize genuine traits, which prove that the corresponding passages in the Oxford MSS. must have been curtailed.

When, at the request of the late Dr. Furnivall, I undertook the task of editing the poem for the E.E.T.S., I was at first inclined to adopt the oldest MS. as the basis of my text as far as this MS. went, and to print the rest from the Brit. Mus. MS., giving only text variants in the footnotes. The many missing passages and bad readings of the Univ. Coll. MS. had also to be supplied from the latter MS. This would, of course, necessitate some embarrassing jugglery in placing the lines, and Dr. Furnivall preferred to print the MSS. in full, laying the whole material before the reader. The question of precedence thus largely became a typographical one. But as the Brit. Mus. MS., from its very position, is the leader, I have corrected the most obvious errors and blunders of this MS., reserving

the discussion of discrepancies to the Notes of the second volume. Correcting on a large scale might at best mean correcting the author himself. It would be futile to attempt to normalize the spelling. There could be no question of improving the other MSS., but I have supplied small words within brackets in the Univ. Coll. MS. when it could be conveniently done.

The shorter English version is extant only as a fragment of 308 lines in a MS. at Vale Royal, and was edited by R. C. N. (*i. e.* R. C. Nichols) for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1873. The MS. is stated by the editor to have been written about 1450. After relating Partonope's arrival in the enchanted city and his meeting with Melior, the text, without any break, proceeds to the morning of the third day of the tournament, l. 277 corresponding to l. 10811 of the other version.

As all attempts at seeing the MS. have proved unsuccessful, it has been reprinted from the Roxburghe Club edition. The facsimile of one page included in the volume permitted of a few corrections in the text.

A second volume will, it is hoped, contain a literary and grammatical Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary of proper names and rare words.

A. Trampe Bödtker.

*Christiania, September 1912.*

# Partonope of Blois.

[*Addit. MS.* 35,288, *British Museum.*]

HOo so luste olde stories to rede, {leaf 2}
He shalle ffynde, wyth-owten Drede,
Meruellys *and* wonders mony *and* ffele
Off myrthe, ioye, dyssese, *and* wele.
For ne had bokes ben wryten *in* prose,
And eke in ryme, Of them þat be-fore vs were,
We shulde haue lytelle luste to lere
Or know of thynge that was be-fore
Wroghte or doñ, or Gode was bore.
Ther-fore be wrytinge of olde storyes
Ys now broghte to owre memories
The olde law *and* eke the newe;
And ellys myghte we alle rewe
Vppoñ owre-selfe, whylle we ben here.
For be wrytinge we moste lere
How we moste gouerned be
To worshyppe Gode in trinite.
And ther-fore Stories for to rede
Wolle I conselle, wyth-owten drede,
Bothe olde and yonge þat letteryd be.
To the lewed also, parde,
Is goode sum-tyme for to here.
For by herynge he * may lere
Thynge þat fryste he ne knewe;
And to sochе folke olde þynge ys new,
Whanne hyt ys in gestes songe,
Or els in prose tolde wythñ tonge.

It is useful to read old stories.

*Heading* Partonape *added by a later hand.*
10. ov (?) *crossed out after* of. 23. he] *MS.* ye.

St. Paul says that books teach us to discern good from evil.

Seynte Paule, þat ys cheffe doctor
Off holy scrypture *and* pryncipalle auctor,
Talkynge a-monge þe clerge,
Thes beñ hys wordes playnlye,
That alle þat euer ys y-wrytte
In boke we owe welle to wytte,
That alle to vs ys goode doctryne.
For thorowgħe scrypture men deuyne
To parte the goode fro*m*me the Ille;
Thys p*r*euetħ he w*yth* many a skylle.
For be the Sentense neu*er* so lewyd,
Yet *per*-in moste nedes be shewyd
Good *and* euelle bothe in ffere.
For be Scrypture a man may lere
To do the goode, *and* the eueħ Eschewe;
And yeff aħ scrypture were hyd *in* mewe,
Men shulde haue fuħ lytelle knowynge
Off goode and eueħ the trew departynge. [leaf 2, back]
The fole of byrtħ can no wytte ffynde
But that he hatħ by taste of kynde.

The wise man derives profit from everything,

Off alle þat vnder heuen* ys
The wyse taketħ wysdam I-wys.
Eke eu*er*y man may at the eye See
The fly wycħe ys callud the bee,
Hys hony he draweth be hys kynde
Off bytter erbes, and the wyse can ffynde

even from a fool's tales.

In folys tales su*m*-tyme wysdame.
Ther-fore fulle ofte the wyse manne
Wolle here the fole and eke the wyse,
Where-thorowe he can þe better deuyse
To drawe wysdam owte of ffoly,
Where-fore y Sey yow sykerly:
In thys boke shalle ye fynde wrytte
Both goode *and* euelle. I do yow to wytte:
The goode taketħ, the euelle leve,
For aħ goode moste welle preve.
In thys boke ye may lere,
And ye lyste hyt rede and here,

48. heuen] *MS.* he neu*er*.
64. *MS.* th (*with* t *blotted*) *between* In *and* thys.

Howe God hatħ departed oṅ thre
Thys worlde in wycħe we aⱧ be.
That oṅ quarter nameⱧ ys
Euroupe, *and* the secunde I-wys
Aufryke ys cleped, as bokes trete,
And the thryde Asye the grete.
IN Asye stante þe Cyte of Troye
FulfylleⱧ of ryches *and* alle Ioye,
Wher-of kynge Pryam*us* was lorde *and* syre.
Alle Asye nygħe was hys Empere.
Thys worthy kynge gate oṅ hys wyffe
Fyve sonys, wycħe he in hys lyffe
Seygħe þe worthyeste oṅ lyve.
The names of thes worthy fyve
Arṅ thes: Ector *and* fayre Parys,
Troylus, Elenus, Markomyrys.*
Ector was hardy *and* þer-to fuⱧ lygħte,
Off aⱧ þe worthyeste knyghte;
Grette *and* stronge and fayre was he,
Curtesse to þe pepulle and þer-to free.
On the grekes he made grette a-sayes,
So worthy was none after hys dayes.
The kynge of Troy in hys age [leaf 3]
PrydeⱧ hym grettely of the lynage
Off hys worthy sonys fyve.
Hym thoȝte, whylle they were oṅ lyue,
Hym durste not drede aⱧ the worlde.
He wax ryghte ferse in dede and worde;
Hys pepuⱧ he hated, he was so felle.
They hym hated a-geyne as welle.
In care, in pouerte, and in woo
He hem helde, that they soo
Wery were of hys tyrannye,
They had euer gret espy,
Yeff any pepuⱧ hym werrye,
Wyth hym they thoȝte to lyfe *and* dye,
So fully that when þe grekes were
Come to Troye, alle here ffere

God divided the world into three parts.

Priam was king of Troy.

He had five sons.

Hector was a galliant knight.

Priam was a cruel tyrant.

81. *MS.* Morkamyrys.

They had of there souereyne lorde,
Was goo, and they be [on] a-corde
To the grekes come w*yth*-outen ffayle
A-geyne here kynge to holde batayle.
For he had of a knave certayne
Vn-know, *and* ouer alle hys reygne,
Chyffe Iustyce made; *and* he wex aH a fende.
He toke non hede but of hys ffrende,
They shulde haue alle maner offyce.
By the Ientylnes set he no pryce,
But eu*er* helde hem lowe and mate.
That made the pepulle þe kynge to hate.
Hys name was clepeꝺ Anchyses.
And hys cause hyt was, w*yth*-owten les,
That Troye, the cyte ryche *and* ryalle,
Was for eu*er* destroyed; for towre *and* walle
To erthe was throw, *and* aH was brente.
Thorogħe thys traytoure þus was shente
Thys worthy Cyte, þys nobeH towne.
Wyth grekes thus was vp so downe
Throw *and* destroyeꝺ for eu*er*-moo
Thys Cyte and pepulle also.
THys Cyte was of hye noblesse,
Fulle of worshyppe *and* gret ryches.
Of knygħthode eke hyt bare þe pryse
Off aH the worlde; and of delyse
Hyt had grette plente, þys ys no naye,
Tylle hyt be-felle vppoñ a day
The kyngus Sone, þe noble Parys,
Reueshyꝺ oñ Elyne, þat bare the prys
Thorogħe the worlde of hye beaute. [leaf 3, back]
Yette for aH thys, þys noble Cyte
Myghte neuer haue be destroyeꝺ thus,
Ne had be that kynge Pryam*us*
Set hym in couetyse so grettely of goode.
That made hys pepuH for wrathe so wodde
That they hym hateꝺ a-bofe alle thynge.
That was destruccion of the kynge

He had made a man of low birth Chief Justice of the kingdom.

Anchises was the man's name.

He caused the destruction of Troy.

Troy was a magnificent town,

when Paris carried off Helen.

134. Thorogħe] ug *illegible.*

And of the Cyte; for Elynes hosbande
Durste neuer haue take on honde
To sette a-pon the worthy Cyte;
And yette a noble kynge was he.
Menelaus was thys kyngus name.
He suffered mekely alle thys shame.
Thoghe he were worthy, yt to playne
Durste he noghte, alle-thowe Eleyne
Were hys wyffe; he dred So
The Troyens; for what hym luste to do,
Thys spared they noghte, þys ys no lye;
They were so stronge of cheualrye.
Tylle þat a knyghte, þe wyche hyte Nestor,*
Wyche for age was whyte and hore,
That loued Menelaus as hys lyffe,
He grucched sore that hys wyffe
Was take a-way thus wyth stronge honde.
Thys Nestor eke helde hys londe
Off Menelaus, and he hys lege lorde
Was: where-fore in no wyse a-corde
He wolde but hyt a-venged were,
For he was a worthy man of werre.
An.c. yeres he had and moo
Of age, and eke he was ther-to
A goode clerke; of fayre Eloquens
He had y-noghe, for be experyens
Throwe Greke hyt was well knowe.
Mony grette wysdomys had he Sowe*
Throwoute the londe in euery contre;
Ther-fore chyffe of conselle was he
Wyth euery lorde and euery kynge.
Grettely to herte he toke thys thynge
That was so shamefully do
A-yens hys souereyne lorde, and tho
He be-thozte hym in what wyse
Hys wyttes cowde he beste deuyse
To a-venge hys lordes Shame. [leaf 4]
For þorowe þe worlde þys fowle ffame*

Menelaus did not dare to seek vengeance.

But Nestor resented the shame.

His wisdom was known throughout the country.

154. *MS.* Nostor'. 169. *MS.* Sawe.
179. *MS.* ffama.

Was so dryffe *and* forth̄ I-blowe;
Thorowe alle londys hyt was knowe.
He called the Greeks together,
Then) thys wyse Nestor sente
To any man) that *ser*uice or rente
Oughte Menelaus her kynge,
They shulde excuse hem for no-thynge
To a-venge the shame of here lorde.
Thus alle hys meñ be oñ a-corde
A-greyñ welle hy*m* seruyse to do.
and encouraged Priam's subjects to rebel against their king.
And he off wysdome eke ther-to
Sente vn-to Pryam*us* londe
To w*yth*-holde in-to hys honde
Alle tho that rebelyñ wylly were
For to Susteyne the grette werre
That Menelaus oughte to Troy make.
To thys a-corde Nestor haþe take
Inde, Capadoyne, Perce and Mede;
And alle Crurenye thys werre spede;
Lybens haddeñ eke grette Ioye
To ryse a-poñ here kynge of Troye.
Thus they assentyd be one a-corde
To werre a-poñ here sou*er*ayne lorde.
Hector assembled the peoples of the Orient.
Ector had a-spyed alle thys;
Hem to wyth̄-stonde hys porpose ys.
He Sende a-noñ to alle the oryente
For pepulle, and to hys co*m*mawndeme*n*te
Alle were redy to Obey.
They seyde w*yth* oo voyse they wolde dye
And lyffe w*yth* Ector, the worthy knyghte,
And helpe hym w*yth* alle here myghte
A-geynes the grekes, þat were so stronge.
And so they dyd eres fulh̄ longe,
And mony a yere, and eu*er* so myghte,
Ne had Anchises, þe fals knyghte,
Solde hyt to Grekes for couetyse.
Thus he be-trussed hyt at hys deuyse.
The troyans kepte hyt IX yere
Ma*n*nely, *and* after ferther nere.

181. *MS.* th *between* Thorowe *and* alle.

In the x yere Ector was slayne,
Where-of þe grekes were glad *and* fayne,
And the troyans were as sory,
For *in* here werres he fuⁿ knyghtly
A-geyne the grekes hem dud defende,
For mony a grette showre he hem sende.
Tho Priam*us* thys Anchyses [leaf 4, back]
Chyffe to hym of co*n*selle hy*m* ches,*
No man wyste of whens he was bore,
Ne of hys kyn ; but of tresoure
He cowde welle geder to ryche þe kynge.
He hym loued a-boue alle thynge,
Off alle hys londe hym chef* Iustice
He made, and as he wolde deuyse
He aggreed, and helde hym ther-to.
Thys fals traytoure demenyd hy*m* so
He made the kynge the lordes hate.
Euer he sette grette debate
Be-twyn̄ the lordes and the kynge,
For mony a grette *and* stronge lesynge
He made vppon̄ hem eue*r*-moo.
The kynge louyd golde *and* seluer soo,
He fulle falsly in kowde hy*t* brynge.
He and couetyse destroyed the kynge.
Thys Anchyses, thys fals traytoure,
Vppon̄ þe master-yate he had a towre
Off Troye, thys noble *and* worthy Cyte,
Where, on a nyghte, pryuely he
Hadde yn the grekes be hys assente,
And accorded w*yth* hem þ*at* destroyed *and* brente
Shulde Troye, thys worthy Cyte, bee,
On̄ thys condicione that he
Shulde robbe *and* pylle eche neyghbore
Off hys, for he knew aⁿ there tresowre,
Where hy*t* was, *and* they graunted weⁿ
Alle that he axed, eue*ry* delle.
Nowe preuely enteryd thes grekes be

Troy withstood the Greeks for nine years.
In the tenth Hector was killed.
Anchises,
who had always behaved falsely,
betrayed the Trojans.

225. *MS.* chesses.
230. *MS.* ches (*short* s).
252. he *crossed out before* where.

The Greeks entered the city, and spared nobody.

In-to Troye, thys worthy Cyte.
Fryste they robbed *and* after brente,
They no-thynge spared of mankynde.
In-to þe towre, wych was þe dongeon,
The kynge flede, and hys sones echeone.

Priam was slain.

There was slayne kynge Pryam*us*
And alle hys sonnes, saue Elenus,

Elenus, however, escaped.

Wyche in-to a botte dyd preuely skape,
And yede where hym was Shape

Marcomiris was saved on board a ship of Anchises' by his foster-father.

Shame; and a-nother chylde toke
A man, hys name telleth not [t]h*ys* boke,
And broghte hym preuely, wyth-owte les,
In-to a shyppe of Anchyses.

Anchises and Eneas fled in another ship.

When Anchyses had done thys tresone,
To shyppe he wente w*yth* grette ffoysone
Off golde *and* seluer . Wyth hym was [leaf 5]
Gone in-to the shyppe was noble Eneas.
Off hys kyn no-þyng was he,
For worthy and curtes in euery degre
Eneas was, as seythe the booke.
Anchises alt a-nother way toke,
For he was fulfylled of couetyse,
Prowde and envious in alle wyse.
Yette Eneas was wyth Anchises,
In wele and woo, in prate of dyssece,
He toke w*yth* on sonde and see,
Tylle atte the laste aryued they be

They arrive in Romeny.

In-to the londe of Romenye,*
Where-of they conquerydꝑ the Senerye.

Marcomiris grows up.

Whan Markomyris, þ*ys* yonge kynge,
Wyche was sone to Priam*us* þe kyng,
Was scapedꝑ frome Troye w*yth* Anchyses
Fulle yonge and tender amonge þe pres,
Thorowe helpe of oñ wyche was hys norry,
Vn-wyste of Anchyses fulle p*r*iuely,
Whan he was xv yere of age,
He woxe semely, stronge, and had corage
To do alle thynge; *and* þe pepulle Sykerly

279. prate]? *emend* prece.
282. *MS.* Normandye.

Whende he had ben sone to hys norry.
Yette he wyste welle hyt was not so,
Butte yette hys Norry made hym so.
Yette ofte wolde he say: "That ffelowne!
I shalle sle hym that dyd þys tresone
To my fader *and* to my lynage."
And eu*er* the more he waxeth in age,
To alle the pepuH, as they deuyse,
He lykned mocheH Ector and Parys
Off stature, of vysage, and off bonne.
The pepulle ther-fore ofte gonne
To hys Norry for to enquere
Yeff thys chylde hys sone were;
And eu*er* he sayde sykerly ye.
Where-fore thys man thoȝte þat he
Myghte notte welle a-byde there.
He thoȝte he wolde goo yelse-where.
And pryuely, when he had spase,
He putte hym alle in Goddys grace.
And pryuely be nyghte stale a-waye
And in-to Fraunce toke hys waye.
Nowe in-to Fraunce comyn be
Bothe Markomyrys And he.
Fraunce was named tho ylke dayes [leaf 5, back]
Galles, as myne auctor seyes.
Ther-In was neyther Cyte, casteH, ne berowe.
A man myghte ryghte welle haue ryde þorowe,
In eu*ery* parte bothe of brede and lenghe,
He shulde neyther haue fownde no strenghe.
The pepuH were dysperplede here and there,
They were no-thynge a-rayed for werre.
Ther-In herbourghede mony a wylde beste.
Alle the londe was tho ny honde fforeste.
Ther-In was neyther Erle, duke, ne kynge;
Eche man was lorde of hys owne thynge.
Tylle hyt happened þat, at the entre*
Off the londe, Markomirys Norrye
Dyed, and þer-wyth as ffaste

His foster-father, thinking it was not safe to stay there,

takes him to France.

France was then in a wild state.

The foster-father dies.

*After* 312 *a line crossed out:* Now in-to Fraunse comyn be thay.
327. oh *crossed out before* of. 328. *MS.* entrynge.

He brente hys bon*us* in grette haste,
That [was] the vsage of that contre.
In-to seruyse tho drogħe he.
Thys yonge mañ, thys ylke Markomirys,
He was manly, semely, and ryghte wyse;
For hys seruyse hym ryghte goode wage.
He seruyed nonne but of lynage
Where the grettes off alle þat ylke londe.
Curteyse *and* lowly hys lorde hym eu*er* fonde.

Marcomiris speaks of his descent.

On a Day when he luste for to talke
Wyth hys lorde, as he allone dyd walke,
He tolde of Troye alle the case,
Of the desstruccione, *and* eke how þat he was
The kyngus sone of Troye Pryame,
And preuely in-to a shyppe he came*
Off Anchyses, vnwyste of any wyghte.
Hys master tho wyth hys* herte *and* myghte
Was glade *and* Ioyfuħ, *and* made hym grette chere,
And made hym telle, þat alle men myghte here,
The processe a-gayne, *and* alle the case,
And how kynge Pryame sone he was.
They herde hys tale alle goodely,
They helde hym trew, wyse, *and* eke redy.
And then* he tolde hem forthe of Eneas,

He warns the people against Eneas.

Wyche a man of Armes that he was,
And wyche materyes he dyd in Ytalye,
Howe he conquered by *and* bye.
"He dothe thurgħe-owte what hym luste," sayde he,
"Rydethe *and* brenneth *and* raunsomethe eche cuntre.
Thys ys the cause for they haue no strenghe
In alle the cuntre, neyther in brede ne lenghe.
He maketh the pepulle thralle and bownde ychcone. [lf. 6]
Hyt ys fulle lyke he shalle yow yeke so donne,
Butte yeffe ye ordeyne a-gayne hym other strenghe,
He shalle yowe ouer-ryde in brede and lenghe."

and advises them

He hem conselleth they shalle strenghes make,
And then he durste welle vnder-take,

332. contre *or* cuntre, *apparently corrected from* contre.
345. he came] *MS.* come he. 347. hys] *MS.* hym.
354. then] *MS.* them.

And they wolle to-geder hem in habyte,
They shulde fynde ther-in grette [de]lyte,
And walle here Cytees *and* borovs rownde a-bowte,
Then myghte they slepe sykerly, *and* haue no dowte
Off no Enemyes, whens so euer they were.
In thys wyse he can hem faste lere.
They lyked welle hys conselle *and* hys rede.
Cytees and castelles they made *in* grette spede,
Welle I-walled in the beste wyse.
For hys wytte a-non chyffe Iustyce
They hym made, *and* sette hym vp as a lorde.
They dyde no-thynge *wyth*-owte hys a-corde.
A wyffe they geffe hym, borne of hye kynrede,
And then they made hym lorde, *wyth*-owte drede,
Alle hys lyffe vn-tyll hys endynge-daye,
Off hem alle, thys ys wyth-owten naye.
When he wes dede, hys sone prynse they made
Off hem alle, of whome they were fulle gladde.
He hem gouernyd in welthe *and* grette honowre;
He was to hem a nobulle gouernowre.
And after hym fro eyre to eyre hyt yede.
Here names to telle I trowe hyt be no nede,
They bythe not putte yette in Remembraunce
In thys cronycle wyche I rede of Fraunce.
Prynces they were so of here maner.
Butte the ffrenshe boke me dothe lere
That longe after a prynce syker they hadde,
Wyche in wele and prosperite hem ladde,
Wyche was of the ryalle blode of Troye.
Off hym alle Fraunce hade so muche Ioye
That they hym loued a-boue all erthely thynge.
He was the ffryste that euer was named kynge.
He made lawes and moche other thynge,
And made hem drawe *wyth*-owte lesynge
To be obeysaunte* to here kynggus lawe,
Bothe wyth ffeyrnesse *and* eke *wyth* awe.
He made the lawes, as y gesse,
For batellus, for customys, *and* ffrauncheses,

368 to fortify their country.

372

376

Marcomiris is made the ruler of the country.

380

384

388 His descendants reigned after him,

392

396

and later on became kings of France.

400

404

391. co (*or* to) *crossed out before* cronycle.
402. *MS.* obeysaunce.

Off thefes *and* traytowres also here Iewy[s]es.
Thus he made the lawes wythe-owten lese. [leaf 6, back]
In ryghte and trowthe euer hys pepulle he ladde.
Ther-fore alle hys lyfe-dayes he hade
A-monge hem Ioye, welthe, and prosperite.
Yeres and dayes fulle mony regned he,
And then after, when aH-myghty Gode wolde,
A sone he hadde, þat after hym rengne shulde.

Ludon was the second king.

LUdon *hyghte thys chylde þat shulde be
Here kynge, þat of wytte lacked grette plente.
Off other goodes lytelle he hadde.
Ther-fore mochе hys pepulle he dradde,
Wher-fore in chamber hym-selfe he hade.
Fulle ofte hys peple lawes he ladde,
Chorles he cheresede, and no-þynge Ientyle.
He levyde notte butte a whyle.

His son, Clovis, was converted to Christianity by St. Remis.

Affter hym came hys sone and eyre,
And he made a-yen to repeyre
AH þat contrarye hys ffader lawe,
Sum wyth ffeyrenes *and* some wyth awe.
Hym to Crystes lawe seynte Remys
Conuerted, longe or than seynte Denys
Kame in-to Fraunce ; and eke the clergye
He loued, *and* cheresshyde chyuallerye.
Cleouels thys nobelle kynge hyghte.

He was an excellent king.

He proued hym-selfe a nobelle knyghte.
Grette werre he helde alle hys lyfe.
Wyth Sareȝines he foughte mony a sythe,*
For sethen he the crowne namme,
He so wyse *and* so ryghtefulle kynge be-came
Ther was no manne of hym complayned
Off ronge, a-none he hyt restrayne[d],
And wolde se where the trowthe stode.
And then he wolde wyth esy mode
Redresse hyt as resone were.
And so he hadde a goode manere :
The porallis ryghte esely here he wolde,

406. ad *crossed out before* &.
411. *MS. possibly* many.
414. *MS.* aNdon *or* aUdon.
431. proued] o *like* e.
433. *MS.* syghe.

A lorde also, yeff þat he shulde;
To eu*e*ry m*a*nne, after hys state were,
He wolde redresse hyt in esy manere.
Off knyghtehode fully he bare the pryse.
Ther-to he was ryghte m*a*nly and wyse.
So wysely hys re*m*me gouern*e*d he
That he lyued eu*e*r in prosperite.
Thys nobelle kynge, þys nobelle co*n*querowre,
Wanne many a Cyte wyth many a towre,
That ffro Chyrbron in-to Russye
Was ther neu*e*r m*a*nne so hardye [leaf 7]
To don a-geynste hys co*m*m*a*undeme*n*te;
And yeffe he dyd, he were butte shente.
Off Arderne the towre also,
Ther co*n*trary*e*d no m*a*nne þat he wolde haue do.
In thys Arderne, as seythe thys geste,
Ther ys a grette and a huge fforeste.
Hyt lyethe in lenghe bothe este *and* weste;
Ther-In dwellythe mony a wylde beste;
The porsewte ys fulle large a-bowte.
Ther-fore h*y*t ys, w*yth*-owten dowte,
Grette perelle a man ther-In to come;
Ther-In to herborough*e* ys no man wonne.
For shyppes that passe by the See,
For no nede dar notte he
Arryue in-to the huge fforestes
For drede of the wylde bestes.
In olde bookes, as I rede,
I fynde wryten, w*yth*-owten drede,
Off lyones *and* lebardes hyt ys ffulle.
The wylde bore and eke the bulle
Haue there here haunte destawntly.
The cause I wolle telle yowe why
That I thys fforeste thys deuyse,
For owte of thys moste mochie thynge ryse
That longethe vn-to my matere.
Lystenethe nowe, and ye shalle here.
THys kynge Cleouels, þys worthy m*a*nne,
Syn ffryste þe tyme that he be-gan
Crowne on hedde ffryste to bere,

444 448 452 456 460 464 468 472 476 480

Nobody dared to oppose him, not even in the Ardennes.

In the Ardennes were all kinds of wild animals.

Clovis was fond of hunting there.

Also for to holden in honde a spere,
Nexte dede of armes he louede bestes
To hunte in Arderne, thys huge fforeste,
And *wyth* strenghe of howndes and men
The boore to chasse owte of hys den.
So hyt be-ffell that on a daye
To ffynde the boore he wolde assaye.
Hys hyntes he* warnede ryghte a-*nonne*
That to thys foreste he wolde gon.
The King had a nephew, named Partonope, Than hade thys kynge a suster there
That was to hym full lefe and dere,
þat nexte hys owne weddute wyffe
He loued here as hys owne lyffe.
Lucresse thys noble lady hyghte.
A sone she had, that be goode ryghte
who was to be Earl of Anjou and Blois Erle of Angowe shulde be
And of Bloys, so telleth me [leaf 7, back]
The olde booke* full well I-wryted,
In ffrenshe also, and fayre endyted.
And ye wolle wytte what he hyte,
Partonope be Gode almythe
Named he was, when he was bore,
Of hys godfader atte the churche-dore.
And playnely to tell yow of thys ma*nne*
Thys tale trewly I be-gan.
Thys yonge man of whome I telle,
Of Ientylnes he was the verey welle.
The nobelle kynge hym loued so
That where þat eu*er* he rydde or go,
Nexte hym he ys of alle men,
To hym also nyghe of kyn,
That [nexte] hys suster or hys wyffe
He loued hym beste of any lyffe.
He was so gentyll of worde and dede
That thorowe all Fraunce, where þat he yede,
Off hys worshyppe men myghte here.
For off hys age he had no pere.

490. he] *MS.* we, *perhaps only intended for* warned.
500. booke] *MS.* boode.

Hys age was forsothe, as I gesse,
xviij yere, neyther more ne lesse.
What a-venture feH nowe of þys man)
I wolle telle forthe now as I can).
THys kynge of whome I of tolde,
He ys shape w*yth* baronys bolde
To [t]hys foreste for to ryde,
Wyth knyght *and* squyer hym be-syde,
And also wyth nowmber of men),
The bore to chasse owte of hys den).
To thys foreste he ys come
W*yth* hvnte *and* hownde as he was won).
Off thys hyt nedeth no more to telle :
The hornes sownen) as any belle,
The howndes arne vncowpeled than).
There loketh vp fuH mony a man)
Here tryste on) euery syde to kepe,
Hyt ys no tyme for hem to slepe.
And nexte the kynge of any man)
Stonde Partonope, hys tryste man).
Ryghte sone after, wyth-owten) more, [leaf 8]
Fownde ys the wylde boore.
The howntes to blowe spare notte then).
The grette lymowres ere lette renne.
A-bowte the wodde the boore ys broghte ;
Alle the day they spare noghte
Hym to hvnte thorowe thyke *and* thynne,
Tylle the boore, fulle wery of renne,
A-yen) Euyn) the bay a-bodde.
Partonope, there as he stode,
Pullud owte hys swyrde lychе a manne,
And ffreshely to thys bore he ranne.
Be-twyn) was then) a grette stryfe,
Butte yet the boore there loste hys lyfe.
Seynge, the kynge, there as he stode,
Then) sayde he : " Be Goddys rode,
Thys was welle don), as of a chylde,

and who was then eighteen years old.

He accompanied the King to the Ardennes.

Partonope kills a boar

529. chasse] *hole in vellum for* a.
555. go *crossed out before* goddys.

TYLER STATE COLLEGE LIBRARY

To sle a boore so fers and wylde.
Nowe Gode, I thanke the as I can).
He ys ryght̃e lyke to ben) a man).”
Another boar is roused. The kynge in talkynge as he stode,
Sawe where ther come wyth̃ eger mode
A-nother boore, alle ffreshe I-fownde.
To hym the howndes dyd renne fuH rownde.
The kynge comaunded ryght̃e a-nonne
The huntes they shulde eu*e*ry-chone
Drawe vp there howndus by *and* by.
The cause shalle I telle yow why;
For faste westwarde draweth þe so*n*ne,
The howndes ben) fulle wery for ronne.
Also he sey hyt drew nere nyghte.
To hys loggyng' he wente fulle ryghte.
The kyng' co*m*maunded Partonope
Partonope pursues the boar. T[h]at swyth̃e on horsebacke shulde he be,
Prycke after faste, sette horne to mowth̃e
To drawe of the howndes, yeff þ*a*t he cowth̃e.
Thys Partonope no lettyng made,
But dyd ryghte as the kynge hy*m* bade.
A-pon) hys horse a-none he lepe,
Thorough̃e thyke and thynne toke he no kepe
The boore to folowe, I yowe plyghte,
And draw yefter hym, yeff that he myghte.
So faste hys hors he prycketh̃ thanne
That hym folowe myghte no ma*n*ne. [leaf 8, back]
The boore was neue*r* owte of hys syghte,
Night closes in. The sothe to sayne, tylle darke nyghte
So faste felle on) in that tyde,
No ferther myghte he se to ryde.
He wyste neue*r* where that he was,
Thys was to hy*m* a sory case.
The kynge a-no*n*ne loste had he.
Thynge þ*a*t ys ordeyned nedes moste be
By ffortune vn-to eu*e*ry ma*n*ne.
Partonope hys horne be-gan)
In honde to take, *and* blewe hy*t* lowde.

561. *MS. scarcely* came.
583. fow *crossed out before* folowe.

But for no crafte that euer he cowde,
Men ne horne cowde he non here.
Than gan he waxe of heuy chere,
For he hadde don a foly thynge
So for to drawe hym fro hys kynge.
Nowe wolle I leue thys manne so ynge,
And telle yowe forthe of the kynge,
*þat* homwarde to hys loggyng rydethe.
After hym for sothe no manne a-bydethe.
He wenyth Partonope were I-come.
The hunte hys howndus hath vp nome,
And come was to hys loggynge.
A-none hym axed thys worthy kynge
After hys Neuowe Partonope.
He cowde not telle whether *þat* he
Were come home, or els be-hynde.
A-none hyt ran the kynge in mynde
Howe he hym had bode gon
To drawe the howndus of echone.
Then he comaundethe *wyth* all hys myghte
That men wythe hornes alle *þat* nyghte
Shulde noyse make on euery syde,
And in the foreste alle nyghte to ryde,
Yeff any grace myghte be
Thys chylde to fynde in any degre.
Now after hym euery man, as he ys bedyn,
Vn-to the foreste ys he ryden.
Grette noyse they make all *þat* nyghte,
Tylle on the morowe *þe* sone bryghte
Owte of the este gan showe hyr so
That euery manne myghte se to goo
Or ryde where so euer hym luste. [leaf 9]
Thorough thyke and thynne in *þat* fforeste
Ryghte faste they soghte euerychone,
Butte tydynges cowde they here nonne
Off thys chylde in no degre.
Gretter sorowe myghte not be

The King rides home.

Partonope is lost.

599. *MS.* for, *or possibly* far.
614. comaundethe] *hole in vellum for* u.
616. alle *þat crossed out before* on.

Then was a-monge the mayne tho :
" Allas ! " they sayde, " thys chylde y[s] go
And loste for euer, thys ys no nay."
There ys songe but welewaye.
The boar disappears. Thys grette boore of home I tolde,
Thorowe the foreste ys bente full bolde,
Tylle he come to the see-syde.
There thozte he longe not to a-byde ;
Hys lyppe vn-to the see he nomme,
And ffaste thorowe the see he swomme,
And ouer see faste hym hyede,
Tylle he come in-to the other Syde.
Whan he was the perelle paste,
He hydd hym so wonder faste
To the wyldernes, I dar well Saye,
And lyued there many a longe daye.
Partonope is alone in the forest. NOwe wolle I speke of Partonope.
Whatte to do wotte not he.
Hownde *and* horne had he loste ;
Hys horse for sothe ys alle-moste
Dede for wery in that stonde,
And sodenly ys falle to grownde.
Alle drery stonte Partonope.
" Lorde alle-myghty Gode," sayde he,
" Saue me nowe I be not lore,
As thowe were of a mayden bore."
" Allas," he thoghte, " what may I do ?
For colde and honger I am fulle wo.
A-ferde also nowe of my lyffe.
Helpe me lorde Gode *and* eke seynte Sythe
That thes wylde and wodde bestes
Deuowre me not in thes fforestes ! "
Thys yonge man wyste not what to do,
But at the laste he drewe hym to
An olde tre, an holowe thynge,
Ther-in to haue hys loggyng.
Alle nyghte ther-in he laye
Tylle on the morowe þat hyt was daye.
Alle that nyghte fulle sore he wepte,
For sorowe *and* drede slepe he no slepe.

Be-tyme a-morowe he gan to ryse. [leaf 9, back]
He loked a-bowte, and gan to deuyse
Wyche cuntre homwarde he myghte beste
Drawe owte of thys wylde fforeste.
Vn-to hys horse he yede ffaste,
And by the brydelle atte the laste
Hym he dreue on hys ffette.
In-to the sadelle a-none he lepe,
Homwarde to drawe for sothe he wende.
Gode hym *grace* ther-to sende!
But alle for noghte, hyt wyll not be,
Alle a-weywardys the wey taketh he.
Alle *þat* day he rode fulle ffaste,
Mony a perlows water he paste.
The ffrenshe boke thus dothe me telle
xx waters he passed fulle ffelle.
He rode as faste as euer he myghte
Alle that day, tylle hyt was nyghte.
When nyghte was come, thys ys no nay,
The mone shone as bryghte as day.
He loked apon the mone so bryghte:
"Nowe, lorde," he sayde, "that made thys lyghte
Man to comforte and also beste,
Brynge me welle owte of thys fforeste!"
He houyde stylle, he loked a-bowte.
Than sawe he, wyth-owten dowte,
Where he was in a medow stronge,
The grasse vp to hys styroppe longe
Was grow on heyghte, as I hope,
For hyt hadde neuer be mow ne rope,
But beddet fulle of bestes wylde.
Fulle sore a-ferde tho was thys chylde.
Forthe tho rode Partonope,
Tylle atte the laste he sawe the see
Ebbe and flowe and noyse make.
Hys herte wyth-In be-gan to quake,
He wende fully dedde to be,
He thoȝte he myghte no ferther fle.

The next day he tries in vain to find his way home.

At night he arrives at the sea-shore.

6-8. stronge] st *and* o *indistinct; the* t *is apparently altered from* n

And fferther lokede he in-to the stronde,
There he sees a ship. Hym thoȝte that faste by the londe
A Shyppe he sawe there rydynge,
Ryghte welle a-rayede, tho any kynge
There shulde haue passede the See.
And of thys shyppe ryghte glade was he;
He thoȝte he shulde haue some comforte
Off them þat ryuede atte the porte,
And wyth hem conselle howe he myghte beste [leaf 10]
Scape owte of thys wylde foreste.
He heyede faste tylle he was there,
And sone he neȝhede þe shyppe fulle nere.
When he come vn-to the stronde,
Partonope goes on board, Owte of the shyppe vn-to þe londe
A brygge was leyde fulle goode and stronge,
Ryghte brodde hyt was and also longe,
And man thyder-in myghte go ryghte well,
And noȝte to wete hys fotte a delle.
And when he to the brygge came,
Then thoȝte he: "My Gode and man,
In wolle I go, what so be-tyde,
No lenger here wolle I a-byde."
Downe of hys horse he lepte a-none,
In-to the shyppe he gan to gon,
leading his horse after him. Hys hors he lede in by hys Syde,
"And what so euer me be-tyde,
He shalle not lefe be-hynde me,
For then I shulde hym neuer se."
Thys ys the sothe, he luste welle slepe,
But fryste of o thynge he toke gret kepe
Nobody is to be seen on board. That man on lyffe Sawe he non.
Hys herte gan colde as any stonne.
To hym-selfe thus sayde he:
"Thys ys a Shyppe of ffayre
Or thynge made be Enchauntemente.
Nowe helpe me, lorde Omnypotente,
That the deuelle no power haue
My sowle wyth hym to helle craue,

737. h *crossed out before* se. 740. h *crossed out before* non)
747. ca *crossed out before* craue.

And saue me, lorde, yeffe hyt be thy wylle,
That I neu*er* in thys shyppe spylle."
And whe*n* he had sayde thes wordes,
He layde hym on) the shyppe-bordes,
Whatte for honger and for slepe,
Off hym-selfe toke he no kepe.
Whe*n* he for wery was downe layde,
Vn-to slepe he fell a lytell brayde.
No ryghte goode slepe for sothe he toke,
But halfe wakynge, as seyth þe boke,
And as he lay thy[s] in slu*mm*erynge,
There befelle a wonder thynge.'
Thys ryalle shyppe of wyche I tolde,
The sayle a-non) gan) owte to folde.
Ryghte a-pon) the toppe an hye
The sayle ys pullud by and by.
A mevable wynde then) had he, [leaf 10, back]
He sawe the sayle vp in the see
A-fore the wynde in water clere.
A wonder thynge hyt ys to here
Wyth-owten helpe a shyppe to sayle,
The wynde so fulle vppon the sayle,
And helpe of man) ther-in non) ys.
A fulle grette meruelle me thynketh was thys.
Partonope whe*n* he a-woke,
A-bowte hym faste he gan) to loke,
Be-thoȝte hym-selfe where þ*at* he was :
"Thys ys," thoghte he, "a wonder case,
A Shyppe to sayle w*yth*-outen) gyde.
Gode helpe," sayde he, "nowe in thys tyde."
He sawe no-þynge but water clere ;
For syghte of londe fer ne nere
Cowde he a-spye in no wyse.
Then) gan) he faste for to devyse
Where thys ffloreste was be-come,
Owte of hys syghte hyt ys be-nome.
"Nowe, goode Gode," sayde Partonope,
"Thowe fortune thus haþe shapen) me

Partonope falls asleep.

The ship sails.

When he awoke, he had lost sight of land.

762. non (?) *crossed out before* pon).
770. ys non *crossed out before* in.

That I shalle dye in thys place,
Allmyghty Gode, do me grace!"
To hym-selfe he sayde thus:
Partonope prays to God. "O mercy, lorde, swete Ihe*sus*,
Man wotte lytell what ys hys beste.
For when I was in yender fforeste,
Off my lyffe I was in drad;
For very fere I was ny mad.
In-to þe shyppe for seker I came,
And In wyth me my horse I name.
I howpet to haue a better yere;
And nowe for soþe bett*er* me were
In yender foreste to haue ben
Than in thys shyppe, as I wene.
For yette by possibilite
Eue*r*y man know may he
A man þat ys in dry lande
Yet su*m* way may he fownde
Hym-selfe to helpe owte of dyssece
In mony a wyse, w*yth*-owten lese.
But in water for to be
I can for sothe in no degre
Devyse how any helpe to haue,
Butte Gode allone he may me saue."
And thus he lyethe *and* sorow maketh;
He dar not Slepe, butte alle-wey wakethe [leaf 11]
For drede of peresynge in the see.
But alle for noghte, hyt wyll not be,
Hys a-venture he moste a-byde,
For nowe ys fortune for sothe hys gyde.
The ship sails all that night and the following day. And thus he sayleth alle the nyghte,
Tylle on the morowe þat hyt was lyghte,
Then on the shyppe gan faste he
Deuyse and loke howe hyt myghte be
That hyt shulde sayle in any londe
Wythe-owten helpe of m*a*nnus honde.
But for to speke of thys shyppe,
The more þe*r*-of þat he toke keppe,

789. *On margin of MS. in the same hand:* Nota.
796. *Does MS.* yere *stand for* fere?

Euer̃ to hym hyt was more mervayle :
Off clothe and selke þen was þe sayle ;
Ther-to hyt was so welle graue
That of entayle, so Gode me saue,
Ther cowde no werkeman̄ hyt a-mende.
Then̄ prayde he Gode hym grace sende
Hys lyffe to saue, yeff hys wyH be.
And forthe alle day thys sayleth̄ he,
Tylle hyt was derke nyghte aH-moste,
And then̄ þe shyppe vn-to a coste
Helde euen hys course, as þat he
By mannes honde gyded had be.
Whan̄ to þe londe the shyppe was come,
Partonope, as he was won̄,
Loked owte to se the tyde.
Than̄ sawe he where be-syde
Ther stode a towne, wyth-owten̄ dowte,
Ryghte welle I-walled rownde a-bowte.
A-myddes the towne, wyth̄-in the walle,
There stode a castelle þat was ryalle,
Wyth̄ towres grette on̄ euery syde,
For any kynge ther-In to a-byde.
A grette mervayle þen sawe he,
For nyghte hyt was vppon̄ þe see,
And in þe Cuntre hyt was as bryghte
As thowe hyt had be day lyghte.
The brygge a-non̄ he toke in honde,
And fro þe shyppe vn-to the londe
He layde hyt owte, *and* þat a-none,
That he myghte vn-to þe londe gon̄.
When he to þe londe come was,
He thonked Gode tho of hys grace,
That alle thes perellys he had welle paste. [leaf 11, back]
Butte yette fulle sore was he a-gaste,
For he sawe no-þynge that [bare] lyffe,
Man̄ ne chylde, wydo ne wyffe.
And he also for thryste and honger̃
Was ryghte febeH, hyt was no wonder̃ ;
And on̄ hys hors honger was sene,
For lacke of mete he was ryghte lene.

In the evening it approaches a town.

Partonope goes ashore,

but does not see any human being.

Bvtte when þys chylde Partonope
On̄ londe was come, a-non̄ gan̄ he
A-bowte hym loke on euery syde.
He sawe the cuntre bothe large and wyde.
Yette on̄ thys shyppe he be-gan̄ to holde,
He sayde be hym that Iudas solde
Thys shyppe was me[r]velus made.
In alle hys lyffe he ne hadde
Sey so cvryous a wroghte thynge.
He then trowed þer was no man̄ leuynge
By crafte of honde cowde suche on̄ make,
Butte yeffe a clerke cowde vnder-take
By nygromansy to make hytte;
For hyt passeth mannes wytte.

He thinks he has come to an enchanted country.

The towne, the casteH he be-helde,
Howe curiusly they were bylde:
Off blacke marbeH was made þe waH,
Enchekeryd weH wyth̄ Crystalle,
Wyth̄ Iasper also, þat was so bryghte.
In-to the cuntre hyt gaffe grette lyghte.
Thys grette meruayle he can be-holde;
Hys herte be-gan̄ faste to colde.
He sayde: "Allas, what may þys be?"
He thozte he was but in fayre,
And weneth̄ hyt were þe develles werke.
For weH he wyste þe nyghte ys derke,
And nyghte hyt was vppon̄ þe see;
On̄ londe hyt was so lyghte* þat he
Myghte se to ryde alle a-bowte
In alle the cuntre, thys ys no dowte.
Also þe hauen was large and wyde,
x thowsande shyppes þer-yn myghte ryde
For any drede of þe see,
Whatte wynde or wedder euer hyt be.
When̄ he þe cuntre devysed had,
In herte he was no-þynge gladde,

Partonope rides into the town.

Butte forthe wyth-alle hys hors he toke,

867. and *written twice and the first crossed out.*
868. loke *crossed out before* holde.
891. *MS. adds* to so *after* lyghte.

And streyghte to towne, as seyetħ þe boke,
He rodde as faste as eu*er* he myghte,
And to the gate he came fulle ryghte. [leaf 12]
Butte when) he to þe gate come,
Hys eye he caste vppe ther-on),
Be-helde h*yt* wysely alle a-bowte,
And then he sayde w*yth*-owte dowte :
" Thys ys of so grette an) heyghte,
Ther can) no man) devyse be sleyghte
Thys towre to wy*n*ne in no wyse."
And harde hyt was for to deuyse
The curyous makynge þ*at* þ*er*-on) was.
And In he rydetħe an) esy pas.
The stretes were pauyd þ*at* were fuƚƚ longe ; Description of its splendour.
On) eu*er*y syde howsynge stronge
Off blacke marbeƚƚ fuƚƚ weƚƚ I-bake.
A-bofe þ*er*-on, I under'-take,
Pomelys þ*er* stode of golde fuƚƚ fyne ;
Ther-on) by crafte and goode engyne
Egelys of golde fflekerynge þ*er* stode,
Lebardes *and* lyonys also fulle goode
Vppon) þe gabellys * of golde I-pured,
And other bestes dyu*er*se fygured,
And alle, as they haden) ben) on) lyfe,
By crafte þey meuyde wonder blyfe,
þ*at* neu*er*, sethen) þ*at* he was boren),
Had he seyne suche a towne be-foren).
Thys fayre towne of wychħ I tolde,
The boke of ffrenshe, þ*at* ys fulle olde,
Hyt deuyseth in suche degre
Hyt were to longe as nowe for me
Alle þ*at* to telle, þ*ys* ys no naye.
þ*er*-fore I lefe h*yt* in goode faye,
And woƚƚ go forth vn-to my mater',
And h*yt* lyke yow me to here.
Thys yonge chylde Partonope,
For thryste *and* honger wotte not he
What to don)—Gode be h*ys* gyde—
And forthe fuƚƚ esely dothe he ryde.

916. I *crossed out before* weƚƚ. 922. *MS.* garbellys.

He þo3te of *þys* fayre syghte,
Hys herte sum-what be-gan to lyghte,
And sum-tyme he tho3te a-yen
Alle *þys* ne was butte fantayne.

Partonope enters a house,

Then sawe he where þe palys-yate
Stode wyde open, and in þer-atte
He rodde, *and* downe frome hys horse he lyghte,
For ferther ryde he ne myghte.
And when he of hys hors lyghte, [leaf 12, back]
Hym thoghte he sawe moche lyghte
Off torches and off ffyre also.
In-to the halle wente he thoo,
Fayre clothes he sawe *þer* layde
Thorowe þe halle on euery syde.
Off brede and wyne he sawe grette plente,
Off mete there lacked no maner of deynte.
He sawe stonde on þe cuppe-borde
Cuppes of golde for any lorde,
Sponys of golde and of Syluer also.
"Nowe, lorde," sayde he, "what may I do?
For ded I am ney for honger."
Also he had moche wonder
To se of Ryches so grette plente,
And no man on lyfe butte he.
Forthe thorowe þe halle walked he
The palys *wyth*-In forþe for to See.
When he was þorowe þe halle gon,

but observing a castle,

He sawe be-fore hym ryghte a-non
A towre of marbelle ryghte fayre *þer* stode;
The yates of Iron were fulle goode.
Vppon the towre then loked he.
"O lorde," he sayde, "what may thys be?"
Stylle he stode, *and* hyt be-helde,
In what wyse hyt was bylde.
Then was hyt a castelle stronge.
A-bowte þe walle fulle brode *and* longe
A dyche *þer* was of water clere.
The brygge there-ouer was fulle nere
An c ffote, I trowe, of lenghe;

955. maner deynte *gives a better reading.*

Hyt wolle be drawe wyth lytelle strenghte.
The fayre towne he sawe a-ffore
Hys grette bewte had I-lore.
Thys place was wonder fayre to se.
Than þozte thys chylde Partonope
þys place shulde be goode Resone
Be chyffe palys of the towne.
And to hym-selfe sayde he :
" Whatte [ys] ther-In I shalle se."
In atte the gate he made a loppe ;
Thys was the sothe, hyt [was] wyde ope,
Hys herte wexe lyghte as leffe on lynde,
For he supposeth ther-In to fynde
Men I-nowe hym to dysporte,
And wyth mete hym to comforte.
In-to the halle vp wente he, [leaf 13]
A ryghte goode fyre þer myghte he see.
The halle also fulle ryally
Wythe golden cloþes *and* attaby
Was hongyd fulle welle, wyth-owten dowte,
Off ryghte grette heyghte rownde a-bowte.
Off o þynge meruelyd grettely he :
Man ne chylde cowde he non see.
He sawe þer laye boþe cloþe *and* borde,*
þozе hyt had ben a-fore a lorde,
That sethe þe tyme þat he was borne
So fayre sawe he neuer be-fforne.
Than þozte þys chylde : " What may þys be ?
Thys ys deuyllys werke," seyde he.
And as he stode þus in thys thoghte,
A-none be-fore hym were I-broghte
A peyre of bassennys fayre I-curyd,
Off ffyne golde ryghte welle pured.
Alle thys be-helde Partonope.
Vn-to hym-selfe þys sayde he :
" These bassennys curyd þat I see,
For sothe be resone þynketh me
Ther-of to wasshe hyt arne broghte."

980 — 984 — 988 — 992 — 996 — 1000 — 1004 — 1008 — 1012 — 1016

he decides on continuing his way.

The gate was open

and Partonope enters the hall.

The tables were spread.

Invisible hands bring him basins to wash.

1002. *MS.* brede.
1004. *MS. possibly* sethen.

And to wasshe was he be-thoghte.*
He washed hys hondes ryghte a-none.
To soper þo3te he for to gone,
As he þat was for wery honger
Loste, for sothe, hyt was no wonder.
Whan he hys hondes wasshe hadde,
He sawe no wyghte þat ones hym bade
To soper sytte in no place.
þen tho3te he, be Goddys grace,
To soper sytte þen he wolde.

Partonope sits down to table.

A-none hym-selfe wyth herte bolde
A-myddes þe benche downe he sette.
The borde* a-none, wyth-owte lette,
Be-fore hym lay ryghte well a-rayed.
Off þys syghte he was dysmayed
So ryalle seruyse for to see,
And no man on lyfe per butte he.
Ryghte a-none, when he was sette,
Mete grette plente per was fette.
Torches be-fore þe mete In come,
Off lyghte ther was full mykel* wone.
Torches of broche by-fore* hym stode, [leaf 13, back]
Cuppys of golde wyth wyne fulle goode,
For sothe hym to yete ryghte welle.
Butte yette he was a-ferde sum delle.
A-bowte þe halle faste loked he,
On grette meruayle he myghte see :
He sawe þe bordes in þe halle,
Welle I-coveryd bothe grette *and* smale ;
Fulle of mete stode euery borde.

No word is spoken.

But thorowe þe halle ther was no worde,
For man ne woman sawe he none
In þe place but he allone.
Butte neuer the later, so seythe þe boke,
To hys mete ffresshely he toke ;
And for sothe hyt ys no wonder,
For per-to droffe hym very honger.
And when he had yete ryghte welle,

1017. be] *MS.* bo.
1029. *MS.* borne.
1037. *MS.* myker.
1038. fore *written twice.*

Fayne wolde he haue dronke hys fylle.
Alle-thoȝe he had grette thruste,
For sothe drynke he ne druste :
For in drynke, he seyde, be resone
Myghte welle be herberowed poysone.
For alle þat he sawe *wyth* hys eye,
Hym þoȝte hyt was but fantasye.
Cuppys of golde be-fore hym stode
*Wyth* dyuerse wynes, *and* þat fulle goode,
And *wyth* þat weH to drynke for soþe hym luste,
For he was Inly sore a-thruste.
A-ponn þe ryghte syde of þe deše
He sawe serued a ryalle messe,
As thoȝe a quene þer had bene;
And þat was ryghte weH a-sene,
For hyt was seruyd in hey deuyse.
*Wyth* metes and drynkes in dyuerse wyse.
Partonope hyt faste canu be-holde,
He sawe þe vesseH were aH of golde.
A-monges þes vesseH he sawe wyne stode
In a ryche cuppe þat was fulle goode.
Thys cuppe was of safer ffyne,
Hyt moste nedes showe weH wyne.
þe couacle was of Rube redde,
Thys chylde þer-of toke grette hede.
Wyth-In hym-selfe he ganu to þynke
Off þat cuppe he wolde drynke.
Ther-to þoȝte hym he had a skylle,
For the ssafer for sothe ne wylle
Suffer in hym no poysone to a-byde. [leaf 14]
"For soþe," he thoȝte, "what euer me tyde
Ther-of I wolle drynke a draghte."
And *wyth* hys honde þe cuppe he rawghte.
To hys mowthe he ganu hyt sette,
Hym þoȝte þey were ryghte weH I-mette.
There he dranke wyne fuH goode,
Hym þoȝte hyt comforte welle hys blode.

1056 Partonope is afraid of drinking,

1060

1064

1068

1072

1076 but at last overcomes his fear.

1080

1084

1088

1061. *MS.* santasye (*long* s).
1074. n *crossed out after* þes ; stode *written above* stonde, *which is crossed out.*

And when he had dronke þys drawghte,
To hys mete ffresshely he rawghte,
And to hym goode comforte toke,
Thys seyethe my auctor, þe ffrenshe boke.
Sythe he had dronke of þys cuppe,
He þozte he myghte þe Safer sowpe;
For thys was hys Opynion,
That cuppe wolle holde no poyson.
And he sowpethe alle in ese,
And maketh hym-selfe welle at ese.
When he had so sowped all hys wylle,
And of þe cuppe dronke hys ffylle,
Than hym luste no more to sowpe.

The tables are cleared.

Vppe gope þe mete and eke þe cuppe,
The clothe vp-drawe, þe towayle layde.
A-non ryghte in a lytelle brayde
He wasshe hys hondes, *and* vppe he stode.
Than gan chaunge alle hys blode,
He loked a-bowte, he myghte *þer* see
Off torches and lyghte grette plente,
Butte man on lyfe sawe he none.
"Lorde," sayde he, "what may I done?
I not," he sayde, "what me ys beste.
But he þat made bothe Este *and* weste,
Safe me, yeff hyt be hys wylle,
In thys myschyffe þat I ne spylle."
And when he had all þys I-þozte,
"Be Gode," he sayde, "þat me hath wrozte,
I wolle as ny as euer I can
Take herte to me, and be a man.
And what so euer me be-tyde,
Whyther so þat thys lyghte me gyde,
After I wolle, what euer be beste,
For sone ys tyme to go to reste."

Torches show him the way to a bed-room.

And so after *wyth*-In a lytell whyle,
I trowe þe mowntans of a myle,
To chamber the torches toke þe waye.
Than thozte the chylde: "Now, by my ffaye, [leaf 14, bk.]

1096. *MS. possibly* sythen. 1097. as *crossed out before* Safer.
1128. thorches *crossed out before* torches.

Folowe I wolle, what so be-tyde.
Gode of heuen, be nowe my gyde!"
When he was come in-to þe chamber,
The walles were as bryghte as ambere.
A bed þer-In ther henge fulle ffyne,
Hyt was honged be goode engyne.
The Couertowre was of Ermone goode.
Thys chylde be-helde, and stylle stode,
And sayde: "Lorde, what may thys be?"
And faste a-bowte he gan to See.
He blessyd hym thryes *wyth* goode entente.
þen sayde he: "Lorde Omnipotente,
þat haste me saued alle thys waye,
Be nowe my helpe, lorde, I þe praye;
For I wot neuer what to do,
Yeffe thy *grace* go nowe me ffro."
He gan fulle faste loke a-bowte,
Howe he myghte do he had grette dowte.
Then In þe chymneye he sawe a ffyre,
And to þe ffyre he drewe hym nere,
þe ryall fyre *and* þe bed he gan be-holde,
Clothes he sawe fulle mony a ffolde
Off golde fulle ryche, hyt ys no drede.
The grette ryche[s] ys nowe no nede
Me to deuyse, ne hyt to telle,
Hyt were full longe for me to dwelle.
Owte of þe chamber þe lyghte forth yede,
Then gan *þys* chylde haue mykell drede,
And þozte: "Allas, what may I do,
Nowe *þys* lyghte ys gonne me fro?"
A Shete of raynes full fayre I-sprade
Vppon a forme ryghte by þe bedde
He sawe, and downe *þer*-on hym sette,
And þozte he wolde *wyth*-owte lette
Make hym redy. What shulde he do?
He þozte he wolde to bedde go.
Hys Spores a-none were of I-take,
No lenger þozte he for to wake.
Off gowne, of hosen, of gon hys shone;
In-to þe bedde he yede a-none;

The torches disappear.

Partonope goes to bed.

þe clo̱þes to hy*m* fulle softe he drowe.
I trowe of fere he had I-nowe,
The room becomes dark. For þe*n* he sawe þe chamber all derke,
He þo3te thys was a wonder werke. [leaf 15]
For fere he dryste not ryghte well slepe,
He was In better poynte to wepe.
Thys lay he stylle all in a traunse;
He was a-ferde of some myschaunse
Shulde hy*m* be-falle or hyt was daye.
And as he was In thys a-ffraye,
And hys herte fulle nere quappynge,
A lady joins him in the bed. In þe flore he herde comynge
A þynge fulle softely what eue*r* hy*t* were,
Where-off fully he gan to fere.
Meruayle he had what hy*t* myghte be.
"Allas þe tyme," then sayde he,
"That eue*r* I was of woman bore,
For welle I wotte I am butte lore."
Vnder þe clo̱þys he can hy*m* hyde,
And drow hy*m* to þe beddys syde,
Weny[n]g hy*t* had ben su*m* euylle þynge
That he herde in þe flore comynge.
And þen hy*t* was, w*yth*-owte*n* drede,
A yonge mayde, ho so luste to rede
The story in frenshe, þ*er* shalle he se
She was a laydy of grette degre,
That homely to hyr owne bedde come.
And wyth hyr hondes vppe she nome
The clo̱þys alle, and In dyd crepe,
For þ*er* she wolde, she þo3te, slepe.
Whether she were fayre or ellys no,
Nere þe chylde she dressyd here tho.
Both lie still. Stylle sho lay, *and* no-þynge sayde,
A grette whyle after þ*at* she was layde;
For she ne herde ne felte no-þynge
Off Partonope þ*at* was so yenge.
Fulle stylle he lay and durste not stere,
Hys herte was so fulle of ffere,
For he ne wyste what þynge hy*t* was.
Me þynkethe he stode i*n* a wonder case:

In bedde they be thes to yonge,
They neyther to other sayde no-þynge.
The toñ dar not for very fere,
þe tother for shame can no chere.
A-shamed she ys for wo*m*manhede,
Thynkenge þ*a*t she haþe in here bedde
A lusty manꝺ, and she I-wys [leaf 15, back]
Wettynge welle a mayde she ys,
Here mayde*n*hode so yonge for to lese,
Supposyng welle she may not chese,
As she þ*a*t had in soche plyghte
Here-selfe broghte; for alle here delyte
And all here plesaunce was hy*m* to haue
To here husbande, and so to saue
Here worshyppe; for fully þ*y*s was her þo3te.
Off alle þe worlde no-þynge she Roghte,
Off kynꝺ, ne ffrynde, ne creature,
But þynkyng howe sho myghte endure
Euer of hym to haue plesauns;
For she wyth-owtenꝺ varyauns
Purposyd eu*er* to benꝺ hys.
What say ye loue*r*es, was h*y*t not thys
A gentylle herte of here þ*y*s was,
Off hyghe borne, *and* in suche case
Had bro3te here-selfe i*n* blame *and* balawnce,
That here honowre lay i*n* suche chaunse?
But here-after she fownde hy*m* vntrewe.
Alle here lyffe she myghte welle rewe
Vppon hyr-selfe, *and* eche manꝺ haue rowthe,
That euer so fayre onꝺ for here trowþe
Falssely shulde deseyuedꝺ be
Off here lofe in eny degre.
Butte atte þ*y*s tyme I wolle no more
Speke of þ*y*s mater, ne trete be-fore
Off parellys after þ*a*t may be-falle.
But to þ*a*t* lady I clepe and calle
That Venus ys calledꝺ, goddas of loue,
þat in heue*n* sytteste a-boue,

The Translator's, or an Interpolator's, reflections on the situation.

1231. *On margin of MS. in the same hand:* no*t*atur.
1245. *MS. adds* day *before* lady.

Brynge þys lady to here desyre, 1248
þat haste so sore sette on̄ ffyre
In here serues *þys* her trowbell̄ herte,
þat she here-after fele no smerte
For here trowþe, ne for here kyndenes. 1252

The lady is afraid that the guest should think her too forward.

Alle nyghte *þus* In grette dystresse
Lyethe *þys* goodely lady ffre.
For alle *þys* worlde not not she
In what wyse she myghte beste 1256
Be acquontede *wyth* here geste,
W*yth* here loue *þat* was so dere.
Ofte *þer*-fore she chawngeth̄ chere,
And In here-selfe thynkethe thys: 1260
"Yeffe I make hym chere, I-wysse, [leaf 16]
I am a-ferde leste he wolle wene,
And here-efter of me deme
Other-wyse *þen* godely were, 1264
Thys ys alle my moste ffere,
And falle here-after in Ielosye,
And *par*auen*t*ure þynke *þat* I
Off a-nother wolle be wonne 1268
As lyghtely, *and* *þen* were be-gonne
An endeles sorowe for eu*er*-moo,
Then̄ were my Ioye for eu*er* goo."
Thus laye *þys* lady arguynge 1272
In here-selfe *and* sore fferynge,
Prayinge Gode of hys grace
To be here conselle In *þys* case.
Thus caste she perellys, *and* In grette fere 1276
Lyethe alle nyghte, and I dar swere

Partonope fears the devil is at work.

On̄ the toder syde Partonope
Ys so a-ferde *þat* trewly he
Wenethe fully for to be dedde. 1280
He can̄ no concelle ne no redde,
But lyethe as stylle as any stone.
He not to home to make hys mone,
But wenythe h*yt* were Illusione 1284

1251. fle *crossed out before* fele.
1264. of me *seems to be crossed out before* þen.
1273. sore] e (*or* u ?) *corrected from some other letter.*

Off þe deuylle *and* of conivrysone,
Dar he not speke In no wyse.
Lette se nowe ho can beste deuyse
þes tweyne to make a-quentyd to be.
For sothe I dar welle seye þat she
For shamefaste dar noȝte saye,
The toder weneth for to dye.
Off alle þys fere make we a fyne.
þe ffrenshe boke fulle welle In Ryme
Telleth hyt shortely, *and* noȝte in prose.
Ther-fore fully I me purpose
After myn auctor to make an ende.
Thy[s] fayre lady þat was so hende,
Streyghte forþe here legge, *and* happed to ffele,
Frewly þe ffrenshe boke seyeth þe hele
Off þys wofulle Partonope.
"Owte! allas þen!" sayde [s]he,
And In a maner gan to crye,
For sothe I wolle not lye,
Myne auctor seyeth hyt was not lowde.
Hyt semed welle for soþe she cowde [leaf 16, back]
Mykelle goode, *and* per-fore she
Spake fulle softe, for þer shulde be
No grette a-ffray, ne no sterynge.
She þoȝte þys mater In to brynge
That here worshyppe sauyd were,
For þat euer was here moste ffere.
As In anger tho she sayde thys:
"Owte of my bedde, thow mester man,
Hye þe faste, *and* þat a-none!
Hoo may þou be? what doste þou here?
Hyt were better for þe þou were
An hunderd thowsande myle henne.
For and hyt were wyste of my men,
Thowe sholde not skape, þou shuldeste be dedde.
Hey þe faste owte of my bedde.
For and I crey *and* make a-ffray,
Or yeffe þou ly stylle tylle hyt be daye,
Haddeste thowe an honderde mennes lyves,

1288 1292 1296 1300 1304 1308 1312 1316 1320

The lady happens to touch Partonope.

She orders him angrily to leave the bed.

1317. *MS. scarcely* thowsonde.

Thowe shuldeste ben alle to-hewe w*yth* knyves.
Hey þe faste þat þou were hennes!
Ey mayde Mary! of what contre or whennes
Arte þou come so boldely
In-to thys contre? I telle þe I
Am quene *and* lady of þys londe.
How dorste þou euer take on honde
In-to bedde onus thy ffote to sette
W*yth*-owte my leve? Fulle euelle mette
Shalte þou be or to-morowe nonne;
For þou shalte se þan fulle sone
Thowe shalte w*yth* ffeterys be harde knytte,
And depe prowe-downe In-to a pytte,
Where þou shalte neuer þy hondes see
As longe on lyve as þowe shalte be.
Allas, allas! betrayed I am
Of a comelynge straunge, a stronge man."

She is the Queen of the country.

Thys yonge man, þys Partonope,
A-ffrayde he was, but yet was he
Comforted well in oo þynge.
He wyste welle, w*yth*-owte lesynge
H*yt* was ne deuelle ne no ffynde
For he herde her haue in mynde
Crystes moder, the mayden Mary.

Partonope hopes to obtain the lady's favour.

[leaf 17]

And be þat worde he gan a-spy
Hyt was a woman, what euer she were,
But of o thynge he was to lere
Whether she were wydo, mayden, or wyffe.
But glade was he þat of hys lyffe
He howpethe fully to be in swerte,
For he wyste welle syker þat she
Was of so hye kynrede borne,
Alle-þo she had spoke be-fforne
Wordes of malys *and* cruelte,
Yette fully trusteth *and* howpeth he
That he shalle haue of hyr fulle g*race*.
And þer-w*yth*-alle he þynketh to enbrace
Thys ffayre lady in hys armes too.
Then he be-thozte hym, *and* I do soo,
I notte þer-of what harme myghte falle.

And ryghte a-non) þer-w*yth*-alle·
He gan) to Syghe fulle pytuosly:
" Medame," he sayde, " I axe mercy
Off yow þat arne so mercyable,
For I wolle make to yow no ffabelle,
Butte telle yow playnely my desece,
In howpe yowre wrathe to a-pese
And stoppe alle yowre malencoly.
Thys ys þe soþe, medame, þat I
Happed to chase a wylde beste
Yender in Arderne, þat huge foreste.
A bore hyt was, I wolle not ly,
After hym so faste I ganne to hy,
Tylle derke nyghte felle vpponn̄ me;
And þen I myghte no lenger see
Thys wylde borre forthn̄ to chase.
And þen I þo3te to chese a place
Where-In þat I myghte be
Herberowed; an hy vppon) a tre
I me sette for very ffere,
For I sawe alle a-bowte me where
Wylde bestes fulle þyke layen).
I was fulle Sore a-ferde to dyen)
Alle þat nyghte, tylle hyt was daye.
And In þe mornynge for soþe I saye [leaf 17, back]
A shyppe rydynge in þe see.
Thyder þo3te to hye me,
And [when] I to þe shyppe kame,
Off þe fayrenes grette kepe I name,
And þer howped refresshyd to be.
Theder-In þerfore I hyed me
W*yth* myne hakeney in my honde.
And þus, medame, in-to thys londe
I am come and in-to þys cyte,
Where-of ye clayme lady to be,
And in-to bedde w*yth*-owten) leve.
Ther-fore I pray yowe no3te to greue.
For alle þys day in þe towne
I haue go bothn̄ vppe and downe.

1364 1368 1372 1376 1380 1384 1388 1392 1396 1400

He relates his adventure,

and how he has come to the country

1382. any *crossed out before* an.

Man) ne chylde cowde I non) see;
And þus my-selfe I herborowed me;
Where-fore, my lady, mercy I cry.
For truly, medame, þo3e I shulde dy,
And I shulde departe yowe fro,
I notte to home ne wheder to go.
I knowe no cuntre fer ne nere,
And þus I am yowre p*re*sonere.
Blessyd be fortune þ*at* w*yth* h*ys* whele
Hath alle my sorowe turned to wele,
For þ*er* I wende w*yth* wylde beste
Haue be deuowred in yon) fforeste,
Haþe me sende in-to yowre honde,
þ*at* arne chyffe lady of alle þ*ys* londe,
To be my lady and my gyde.
What eu*er* ye wolle þ*at* me be-tyde,
I wolle þe same, what eu*er* h*yt* be,
My dere lady, haue mercy on) me."

The lady repeats her command.

"SIr," sayde þ*ys* lady, "I haue not to do
Off þyne ese ne of þyne woo,
Butte faste I bydde þe hey þe henne.
For wytte ryghte weH þ*at* I haue men)
þ*at* wolle a-raye the fulle Ille,
And þ*er*-fore wyth þy goode wylle
I conselle þe faste hens to gone.
Wette ryghte welle I am not allone."

Partonope asks her permission to stay.

"MAdame," he sayde, "h*yt* ys no skylle,
Ne resone neyþ*er*, but by yowre wylle, [leaf 18]
That eu*er* I shulde here he[r]borowde be,
Saue onely þorowe yowre benygnite
And yowre gracius homanhede,
Where-of I truste ye wolle take hede."

She threatens him.

"Syr, h*yt* nedythe no man) yowe teche
Off fantesy ne of ffayre speche,"
Sayde thys lady. "I fele ryghte welle,
Butte alle þ*ys* helpeth þe neu*er* a delle,
For þo3e þowe were as worthy a knyghte
As eu*er* was moste worthy, be nyghte
I haue knyghtes faste me be-syde

1436. s *crossed out before* ot.

That shulle a-bate alle thy pryde."
"MAdame," sayde Partonope, — Partonope insists on staying.
"Gode for-bede þat euer shulde be
In me founde suche a-vyse,
Ye myghte welle saye I were to nyse,
Yowe to showen dysdayne or pryde.
For I woll neuer be but glade to a-byde
And stonde to yowre ordynaunce,
And what euer so be my happe or chawnce,
þoȝe yowre knyghtes shulde me slene,
I wolle no ferther, I may not flene.
I say for me I wolle not ryse.
I can not þynke In what wyse
I myghte owte of þys chamber passe.
I putte me holy in yowre grace."
"Syr," she sayde, "ryse vppe a-none, — The lady orders him once more to rise.
And I my-selfe woll wyth þe gone,
And to þe dore I wolle þe lede.
Thy[s] ys my conselle *and* my rede.
Yeffe of my conselle ye geffe no forse,
To-morowe ye shulle wyth wylde horse
Be alle to-drawe as sone as daye,
Thys ys fulle sothe, wyth-owten nay."
"MEdame," he sayde, "truly, — Partonope refuses
I may not go, I am so wery,
Ther-fore yowre mercy euer I crye.
And yeff so be þat I shalle dye,
And wyth my dethe I may yowe plese,
Thys ys to me a ryghte grette ese.
For yeff ye woll I drawe be
Wyth hors and honged on a tre,
Rather þen we de-parte a-twyn, [leaf 18, back]
I geffe yowe lefe wyth-owte syn
Thys to sle me, so Gode me saue,
Recke I not yowre mercy to haue."
Thys yonge man, thys Partonope,
What more to sey wotte not he
But suffer hys payne pacyently,
In truste, in howpe to haue her mercy.

1419. to yowre *crossed out before* stonde.

He syked softely, he lyethe fulle stylle,
The lady takes pity on him. As he þat dar not say owte hys wylle.
When thys lady þys sykynge herde,
Here herte wyth-in her body fferde
Lyke as þe leffe dothe on a tre,
When hyt ys blowe, as þou may see,
Wyth hydowesse wynde *and* tempaste grette.
Here body was colde, yette dyed she swete;
Hyt semed as þowe hyt had be
Travelyed wyth þat in-ffyrmyte
That ffefer ys cleped, or else þe agwe.
She gan her repente *and* also rewe
Off thys desese þat sho had do
To þe chylde; sho þozte also
He was but yonge *and* tender of age,
Borne *and* broghte forþe of heye parage.
"Allas," she þozte, "þe ylke nyghte *and* whyle
þat euer I shulde hym so fowle revyle,
As þowe he were of no degre."
In here herte she gan to haue pyte.
Faste vppon hym þe mastery take,
Sho þozte fully a-mendes to make.
And wyth þat she be-gan to wepe;
The ters ranne downe by here cheke.
Sho sobbed, she syked petuesly,
Sho porposed her to aske mercy
Off hym þat fayne wolde mercy haue.
Nowe me þynketh, so Gode me saue,
Sho owte of very homanhede
Off hys desese to take grette hede.
And so sho dyed, þys ys no naye;
For also syker as any daye,
Ther ys in erthe no-þynge * so kynde
As be þys wymmen, ther as þey fynde
Here serwandes trewe and stydfaste. [leaf 19]
Ther-fore þys lady at the laste
þozte fulle on hym to haue pyte.

1506. s *crossed out after* to.
1513. *MS.* þyngo.

She haþe loste here wordes of cruelte,
And syketħe *and* wepyth tenderlye.
And þen a-none fulle softely,
Ther as sho fryste to hym warde laye,
On here ryghte syde, þys ys no naye,
Fro hym sho turned to þe lyfte syde.
So nye hym sho þozte sho nolde not abyde.
And þus sho lyetħe as stylle as a stonne.
Then þozte þys chylde: "What shalle I done?
Sho ys turnedꝭ a-way fro me.
I wolle here folowe, what euer Sho be."
Fro hym he putte forthe hys honde.
He soghte faste, tylle þat he fonde
Thys yonge lady, I yowe ensewre.
But suche a-nother creature
He ffelte neuer of flesche *and* bonne,
And nere þys lady he gan to gonne.
Ouer here hys arme he gan to laye,
Thys ys soþe as I yowe saye.
So softe, so clene she was to fele
þat where he was he wyste not welle.
Plesaunce had hym ouer-come
þat aꝫ hys wyttes were fro hym nome.
Whan þys lady hys honde can fele,
Whatte to done sho wotte not welle;
But ferssely hys honde sho put a-gayne,
Turnedꝭ her to hym warde, *and* sayde: "Lette ben!
Be warre," sho sayde, "whatte woꝫ ye do?"
Thys chylde no-þynge durste say *per*-to
For very shame, but stylle he laye
Ney alle þe nyghte tylle on þe daye.
Thys laye þey stylle be on a-corde,
He durste not speke for alle þe worlde.
Thys lay þey stylle, tylle at þe laste
After hys lady he gan to graspe
Wyth hys honde fuꝫ cowardely.
And forth *wyth*-aꝫ fuꝫ faste bye
Thys ffayre lady he can hym laye. [leaf 19, back]

Partonope approaches her.

He embraces the lady.

1554. S *crossed out after* fu".

For shame he durste no worde seye
Tylle longe *and* late, and atte þe laste
Hys arme ffreshely he ou*er* her caste,
And she hyt suffered pasyentlye.
Than sayde sho to hym fulle mekely:
"For þe loue of Gode, I praye yowe lette be."
And w*yth* þat worde a-none ganne he
In hys armes her faste to hy*m* brase.
And fulle softely þen sho sayde: "Allas!"
And her legges sho gan to knytte,
And w*yth* hys knees he gan hem on-shote.
And þ*er*-w*yth*-all she sayde: "Syr, mercy!"
He wolde not lefe ne be þ*er*-by;
For of her wordes toke he no hede;
But þys a-way her maydenhede
Haþe he þen rafte, *and* geffe her hys.
Thus Entergamynyd they I-wys.
Suche game a-fore he neu*er* a-sayde.
She is said, Thys yonge lady was alle dysmayde
Off her-selfe, for trewly she
In suche a plyȝte had neu*er* erste be.*
Thus haþe she sufferyd, sho seyeth ryȝte noȝte,
Butte lyethe fulle stylle alle in a thoȝte,
Tylle atte þe laste, w*yth* voyse fulle basse,
and begins to weep. Twyes she sayde: "Allas, allas,
That I am sore *and* also wery!
For, syr, I telle yowe truly,
Had I had strenghte or ells myghte,
I dar welle say In all þ*ys* fflyghte
Ye shulde not haue had þ*at* now ye haue.
But welle I wotte, so Gode me safe,
Myne a-mendes ys all I-made."
And w*yth* þ*at* worde she wox all sadde,
And tenderly she gan to wepe.
"My sorowe," sho sayde, "ys not to seke."
þ*at* worde herde Partonope.
Partonope comforts her. "My dere herte," þen sayde he,
"Be not heuy, ne be not wrothe,
For I wolle make to yow an wothe,

1566. on] o *like* a. 1576. *MS.* ben.

As sore as euer ye wolle me charge.
þoȝe I were ryghte nowe at large,
As I am yowre presonere,
I wolle be bothe ferre *and* nere
at youre
* * *
Off mony a semely manne they me tolde, [leaf 20]
Off knyghtes þat were in batayle fulle bolde,
Off mony one fulle of gentylnes.
Butte for to speke of more or lesse,
They that in Fraunce haue be,
Toke grette hede in euery degre
Wyche beste shulde be for my prowe.
Than had they moste Ioye of yowe.
þey tolde me they had fownde
A man, to seche þe worlde so rownde,
Suche a-nother myghte nonne be
Fownde ther-In in alle degre.
Semely he was *and* also yonge,
And cosyn he was vn-to þe kynge,
Broghte forþe *and* borne of hey degre.
Hys name [they sayde] ys Partonope.
Off yowe they tolde so grette goodenesse,
Off hey bewte so grette noblesse,
Of curtesy so grette abondans,
þat þorowe alle þe remme of Fraunce
Off gentylnes ye bere þe pryse,
*As* off yowre age also ryghte wyse.

The envoys sent to France had seen Partonope,

and praised him so much,

1598. *Catch-word* At youre. *The vellum ends here, the rest of the MS. is written on paper. One leaf, scarcely more, is lost in the middle. The Lady here makes herself known as Queen of Byzantium. As the Lords of the Empire wished her to marry, she had sent envoys round all the world.*
1606. hod ? *crossed out before* had.
1620. *As*] *MS. a kind of inverted short* s, *somewhat like a* d. *It may have been meant for* as *or* and.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1] A man), To seche the worlde Rounde,
Swiche a-nother myght none be
Founde as he was in alle degree.
Semely he was and also ying, [1 leaf 1]
And cosyn) nygh vn-to the kyng,
Brought forthe and brone of hygh degree.
Hys name they sayde ys Partanope.
Of yow tolde so grete goodenesse,
So hygh beaute, so mocheh nobylnesse,
Of curtasy so grete habundaunce,
That thurgh-oute alle the Rewme of Fraunce
Of gentylnesse ye beryth the pryse,
And as of yong age also Ryght wyse.

Thys was *pro*claymed þe hey renowne
that she at once fell in love with him, Off yowre man*h*ode þorowe eue*ry* towne.
Of yowre hey worshyppe whe*n* I hy*t* herde,
Trewly, my Ioye, myn) herte fferde 1624
As [tho3e] hyt hadde ffully be
For eue*r* rauesshy‹d› [awey] fro me.
And gode of loue þe*r*-w*yth* a-none
So sharpely shotte hy*s* fyre flone 1628
Thorowte myne ere in-to myne herte
þ*at* In no wyse I myghte a-sterte
To yowe onely for to obeye me
To loue yowe beste in alle degre. 1632
and determined to go to France. þen porposy‹d› I me a-none
þ*at* In-to Fraunce I wolde gon)
To haue knowlage of yowre pe*r*sone,
And thus my-selfe aH a-lone 1636
Shope me for to passe þe See.
W*yth* me þ*er* were [but] maydenes iij.
And streyghte in-to Normande [leaf 20, back]
Ouer the see, not for to lye, 1640
I Sayle‹d›, and ryue‹d› atte a porte,
She landed at Tresport. Wyche haue*n*) [ys] I-name‹d› Tresporte.
Frome thens streyghte *in*-to Fraunce
I yede to see the Ordynaunce 1644
Off þe kynge *and* of hys mayne.
And ther I sawe, my loue, howe ye
Were moste playinge w*yth* þe kynge.
Hy*t* seme‹d› weH he louy‹d› yowe a-bofe aH þynge; 1648

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thus was proclamed the hygh renown)
Of youre manhode thurgh euery thown).
Of youre hye worship when I hit herde,
Trewly, my Ioye, myn) hert ferde 1624
As thogh hit hadde fully be
For euer ravesshed a-way fro me.
And god of love therwith a-none
So sharply shotte hys fyry flone 1628
Thurgh-oute myn) Ere in-to my hert
That in no wyse I myght astert
But onely for to obey me
To love yow best in alle degree. 1632
And than) I purposid me a-none
That I wolde in-to Fraunce gone
To haue knowlech of youer persone,
And thus my-self alle alone 1636
Shope me for to passe the See.
Wyth me were but mayndens thre,
And streyght in-to Normandye
Ouer the See, not for to lye, 1640
I sayled, and Ryved at a porte,
Which haven).ys named Tresporte.
From) thennys streight in-to Fraunce
I yede to see the ordynaunce 1644
Of the kyng and of his meyne,
And there I sawe, my love, how ye
[1] Were moost Plesyng with the kyng.
Hyt semed he loved yow a-boue alle thyng; [[1] leaf 1, back] 1648

1628. *MS.* flome.

Alle þat ye dyd was hys a-corde,
Ye were be-louyd wyth alle þe worlde.
There sawe I yowe ffryste, my nowne Ioye.
Heuy I was to departe yowe ffro.
xv dayes I sogernyd ther;
And þat tyme myne herte dyd lere
A-boue alle other to loue yowe beste.
And streyghte fro thens to þe fforeste
Off Arderne þe kynge shope hym to come
To chasse þe boore,* as he was wonne.
Alle thys dyd I þorowe my crafte,
Tylle I hadde yowe frome hym rafte.
The boore I made so faste to ffle,
For I wyste welle, my loue, þat ye
Wyth cruelle herte ye wolde hym chasse.
And so ye dyd, tylle in suche place
He yowe broghte, tylle ye ne wyste
Where þat ye were in þat fforeste.
Thys borre all day chassed ye,
Tylle nyghte ffylle on, ye myghte not se.
And* on the morowe, when hyt was daye,
I made yowe se a shyppe fulle gaye
By an anker rydynge on the see.
Alle þys was made by crafte of me.
Thys crafte I dyd, yette more I can.
In alle þys tyme sawe [me] no man,
Ne noghte shalle vn-to þe daye
þat I be weddyd, þys ys no naye.

1652 1656 1660 1664 1668 1672 1676

Through her witch-craft she made Partonope follow the boar.

She sent the enchanted ship,

herself being invisible all the time.

1658. boore] *MS.* dere. 1669. And] *MS.* Tylle.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Alle that ye dyd was his a-corde,
Ye were be-lovyd of alle the worlde.
There see I yow first, myn owne Ioye.
Hevy I was to departe fro yow away.
Fyftene dayes I soiourned there ; 1653
And in this tyme myn hert did bere
A-boue alle other to love yow best.
And streyght from thens to the forest
Of Ardern the kyng shope hym to come
To chaace the Boore, as he was wonne.
Alle this dyd I thurgh my crafte,
Tylle I had yow from hym rafte. 1660
The Boore I made so fast flee,
For wele I wyst, my love, that yee
Wyth cruell hert wolde hym chaace.
And so ye dyd tylle in swche place
He yow brought, tyl ye ne wyst 1665
Where that ye were in that forest.
This boore alle day thus chased ye,
Tylle nyght fylle on, ye myght not see.
And in the morow, whan hit was day,
I made yow see a Shipp full gay 1670
By Ankyr rydyng in the See.
Alle this was made thorow crafte of me.
Thys crafte dyd I, yet more I canne.
Of alle this tyme say me no man,
Ne not ne shall in-to that day 1675
That I be weddyd, thys ys no nay.

Where-fore, my loue, I yowe praye
That ye neuer here-after þynke ne saye
That I shulde euer to hasty bee [leaf 21]
To loue lyghtely, in no degre,
To *par*forme any other hys plesyre,
Alle-thowe I suffer yowre desyre.
For when ye enteryd in-to thys cyte,
She had made everything ready for him in the city, I had ordeyned, my loue, þat ye
Shulde haue byn herberyd at yowre ese.
For alle þynge þat myghte yowe plese,
As ferforthe as Gode sende me wytte,
I hadde fully ordeyned hyt
In a palys fulle delectabelle—
Leuyth hyt well, þys ys no ffabelle—
Ther I had ordayned ye shulde haue be
Seruyd worchypfully for yowre degre,
Tylle I had holde my parlemente,
And alle my lordes, be on a-sente,
Hadden fully a-cordette be
That ye shulde haue wedded me.
And I þozte be on a-corde
Ye shulde haue be my souerayne lorde.
In-to a palys, þat ys large and wyde,
I sawe yowe enter, *and* þer-In a-byde
but he proceeded on his way, Wolde ye notte; but In þe palys
þat pryncipalle was, a-pon þe deyse,
Homely ye sate, my nowne swete.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Where-fore, my love, I yow pray
That neuer here-after ye thynk ne say
That I shulde euer to hasty be
To love lyghtly in ony degree
To parfourme now alle my desyre,
Therfore I suffer alle youre plesyre.
For whan ye entred in-to this Citee,
I had ordeynyd, my love, that yee
Shulde haue ben herbowred at youre ease. [1 leaf 2]
[1] For alle thyng that myght yow please,
As ferforth as euer God sent me wytte,
I hadde fully ordeynyd hite
In a paleys full delectable—
Leuyth well this ys no fable—
That I had ordeynyd ye shulde haue be
Servyd worshipfully for youre degree,
Tylle I had holde my parlament,
And alle my lordys, by one assent,
Hadde fully therto accorded be
That ye shulde haue weddyd me.
And thus I though[t] by her accorde
Ye shulde haue ben my souerayn lord.
In-to a paleys, that ys large and wyde,
I say yow entre, and theryn a-byde
Wolde ye not / but in the paleys,
That principall was / there vppon the days
Homely ye seeten, myn owne swete.

There sawe I yowe bothe drynke *and* ete.
And after þat, when þat ye luste,
To a chamber ye wente to haue yowre reste.
Ye spared not In-to my bedde
Homely to* gonne, alle on-ledde.
On-ware of me I fynde yowe here.
Ryghte welcome be ye, my herte dere,
My hertes Ioy, myn erthely make.
In euylle I pray yowe ye ne take
Thoȝe I suffer yowr plesauns.
I se þat hyt ys the ordynauns
Off gode of loue, howe sore me smerte.
Hyt was me shape or then my serke."
"MI dere lady," sayde Partonope,
"By yowre wordes I fele þat ye
Haue byseed yowe bothe ferre *and* nere
Off myne astate besely for to enquere.
By yowre wordes I fele ryghte welle [leaf 21, back]
Ye knowe my conselle eu*e*ry delle,
Wheder hyt haþe ben wysdome oþer foly.
Ther-fore w*yth* alle my herte nowe I
Thanke yowe, my nowne herte dere,
Off thys plesauns þat I had here.
Where-fore I pray yow eu*e*r þat ye
Wolle þynke þat I shalle eu*e*r be
Trewe to yowe w*yth*-owten varyans,

till at last she finds him in her bed.

Partonope thanks the Lady for the welcome she has given him,

and protests that he will always be faithful to her.

1708. to] *MS.* ye. 1718. fl *crossed out before* fele.
1724. *MS.* alle *twice.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

There say I yow bothe drynk and ete.
And afterward, when ye lyst,
To chambyr ye went to haue youre Rest.
Ye spared not in-to my bedde
Homely to gone alle vnbeede,
Vnware of me I fynde yow here.
Ryght welcome ye be, myn hert dere,
Myn hertys Ioye, myn erthly make,
In euyll I pray yow that ye ne take
Though I suffre alle youre plesaunce,
Sythen I see hyt ys the ordynaunce
Of god of love, how sore I smert.
Hyt was me shape rather than my shert."

"MY dere lady," sayde Partanope,
"By youre wordes I see that yee
Haue besyed yow bothe ferre and nere
Of myn astate besyly to enquere.
For by youre wordes I fele ryght wele
That ye know my gouernaun[c]e euery dele,
Whether hyt hath be wisdom or ellys foly, [1 leaf 2, back]
There-fore wyth alle myn hert now I
[1]Thank yow, myn owne herte dere,
Of this plesaunce that I haue now here.
Where-fore thogh that euer ye
Wylle thynk that I shall euer be
Trew to yow wythouten varyaunce,

And euer-more gladde to do yowe plesauns
A-bofe alle other creature;
Thys I am redy yowe to ensewre 1732
By othe or bonde, or in whatte wyse
Yowre gentylle herte can) beste deuyse.
Welle I wotte I am yowe dere,
Sethe ye haue chose me to be yowre ffere.* 1736
Ne trewly I can) not þynke þat ye
Wolle euer in any wyse be
Wonne lyghtely frome me *in* any wyse,
Suche thoȝte in me shalle neuer ryse. 1740

Partonope warns against jealousy.

Ne In yowre herte lette no ffoly
Brynge to yowre mynde þat Ielosy
Shulde euer suche a master be
þat I shulde þynke, my lady, þat ye 1744
In yowre herte cowde be vntrewe,
Or lyghtely chaunge [me] for a newe.
For welle I wotte here be-fore
I haue drad Ielosy, butte [n]euer-more 1748
Efter thys day haue hym in mynde
þat ffals traytore þat ofte reste vnkynde,
That loueres made vnstydfaste
Tylle here loues, tyH at þe laste 1752
Here grette loue was broghte to hate,
And after þat for euer debate.

1736. *MS.* sethe (*or* sethen) I haue chose yowe to be my ffere.
1746. *Second* chaunge *crossed out.*
1749. myn *crossed out before* mynde.
1752. loueres *crossed out before* loues.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And euer-more gladde to do yow plesaunce
A-boue any erthly creature;
This am I redy yow to ensure 1732
By othe or bonde in what wyse
Youre gentyle hert best canne devyse.
And welle I wote I am) youre dere,
Syth ye haue chose me to youre feere,
Ne trewly I canne not thynk that ye
Wolde euer in ony wyse be 1738
Wonne lyghtly in me in ony wyse
Swych thought fro me shall neuer aryse. 1740
Ne in youre hert let no foly
Bryng to youre mynde that Ielowsy
Shall euer so ouer-maystry me
That I shulde thynk, my lady, that ye
In youre hert couth be vntrew, 1745
Or lyghtly chonge me for ony new.
For wele I wote here be-fore
I haue dredde Ielowsy, but neuer-more
After this day haue hym in mynde 1749
That fals traytoure that ofte ys vnkynde,
Hath lovers made and vnstedfast
To her loves, tylle at the last, 1752
There grete love was / hath brought in hate,
And afterwarde euermore a debate.

And alle hys crafte ys but fals ymagynacion
Off þat was neuer put in exsecucione ; 1756
As ofte tyme a man shalle dreme a þynge
þat ys in-possibell, *and* yet in slepynge
He shalle wene hyt myghte be ryghte well,
And þat hyt were as sope as þe gospelle. 1760
Thys case felle onus in thys same londe [leaf 22]
Off a man þat bare hys wyffe on honde
þat he was Cokoolde, *and* sho was to hym vntrewe,
For euery day þat he wolde loue a newe. 1764
Yette cowde he neuer put þys þynge in preve.
þat he was cokoolde, hyt was hys fulle be-leve,
And euer hys wyffe wepte *and* sayde naye.
The sely woman was In grette affraye, 1768
And he so sore ymagened of þys thynge
That on a nyghte, as he lay slepynge,
Ielosy þozte he wolde make hym a-fferde.
He þozte he sawe hys neyzbore drawe owte hys swerde, 1772
And fulle hys scawbarte he þozte þat he pysse.
When he had don, where he be-come he nyste.
Owte of hys slepe woddely he a-woke,
For-ferde of Ielosy all hys body quoke. 1776
"Owte, allas!" sayde he, "þat I was boore!
Nowe hyt ys worse þen euer hyt was be-fore.
For welle I wotte be myne ymaginacion
The dede ys done *and* put in exsecucion. 1780
My dreme haþe showed me by experieauns
He þat pysse he[re]in my presauns
In my scawbarde, he haþe don þe dede."
And þus Ielosy haþe quytte þe fole hys mede. 1784
And þerfore putte Ielosy owte of mynde ;
For In þat case ye shalle me neuer ffynde,
þat euer mystrustye shalle I to yowe be.
And do þe same, whylle þat ye lyffe, to me ; 1788
And þen shalle owre hertes stonde in reste,
And eche of vs shalle welle oþer truste.

An example of the effects of jealousy.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And alle hys crafte ys but fals Imaginacion
Of thyng that neuer was putt in execucion) ; 1756
As ofte tyme a man shall dreme of thyng
That is vnpossyble, and yett in slepyng
He shall wene hyt myght be ryght wele,
And that hit were as sothe as gospell.
And ther-fore puttyth Ielowsy oute of mynde ; 1785
For in that caas ye shull me neuer fynde
That euer mystrusty shall I to yow be.
And do the same, whyle ye lyve, to me ; [leaf 3]
And than shulde bothe oure hertys stonde in rest, 1789
For eche of vs shall other welle trest.

But yff I yowe louyd, for sope I were vnkynde.
Partonope wishes to see the Lady, To do my plesauns euer redy I yowe ffynde. 1792
Ther-to so softe, so fayre shape ye be,
þat and hyt lyke yowe I myghte yowe onus see,
Ye shulde þer-wyth do me so hey plesauns,
Hyt shulde neuer passe owte of my remembrauns." 1796
"MI swete loue," sayde þys lady fre,
but she cannot comply with his desire till one year and a half has passed. "Ye shalle not fayle no nyghte to haue me
Redy to parforme yowre hertes desyre.
In kyssynge, in felynge, *and in* aH þat may be plesyre, 1800
To yowe, my herte, I wolle euer redy be;
Safe onely syghte desyre þat noghte of me, [leaf 22, back]
Tylle tyme come, wyche ys neyder fer ne nere
Butte too yere hen *and* eueñ halfe a yere. 1804
Thys shalle to yowe be no hevy a-bydynge.
In the meantime he may have all kinds of pleasures. Off me ye shalle haue playe, speche, *and* ffelynge,
Howndes [and] hawkes yè shalle haue eke I-nowe,
Mules and stedes also to bere yowe 1808
Bothe in foreste *and* eke also In ryvere,
Where euer ye luste, ferre or else nere.
Clothes of sylke ye shalle haue goode *and* fyne,
Fyshe *and* fflesshe, goode bredde *and* eke goode wyne, 1812
Fayre townes and castelles to hell In your hede,
And euery nyghte a fayre* *and* a softe bedde,

1807. *MS. perhaps* ek. 1814. *MS. adds* fyre *after* fayre.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But I yow loued, for sothe I were vnkynde.
To my plesaunce euyr redy I yow fynde.
Therto so softe, so fayre shapte be ye,
That and hit lykyd yow I myght yow onys see,
Ye shulde do me therwith so hye plesaunce,
Hyt shulde neuer passe oute of my remembraunce." 1796
"MY swete loue," sayde this lady free,
"A nyghtys ye shulle redy haue me
To parforme alle youre hertys desyre.
In kyssyng, in feelyng at alle youre plesyre 1800
To yow, my hert, I wylle euer redy be;
Saue onely syght desyre ye not of me,
Tylle tyme come, which ys nother ferre ne nere
But two yere henne and one half a yere, 1804
This shall to yow be none hevy a-bydyng.
Of me ye shulle haue speche, play, and felyng.
Howndys and hawkys ye shulle haue y-now, 1807
Mulys and Stedys redy to bere yow
Bothe in-to forest and in-to Ryuere,
Where euer ye lust, ferre or ellys nere.
Clothis of Sylk ye shall haue goode and fyne,
Fysshe and flessh, goode Brede and ryght goode wyne, 1812
Fayre townes and Castellys to hylle in youre hede,
And euery nyght a fayre and a softe bedde.

And me þer-In redy yowe to comforte,
Wyth alle my herte to make yowe dysporte. 1816
Other company gete ye non but me
Off no man ne woman, tyll þese yeres be
Passed and gon and fully broghte to ende.
And be þat tyme þynge þat ys nowe blynde, 1820
Shalle be to yowe ryghte opon I-nowe.
Ye shall se all folke, *and* all folke shall se yowe.
Be consell of my kynges* ye shalle þen se
I shall be wedded vn-to yowe, Partonope.* 1824
In thys mene whyle hyt shalle so ordenyte be
þys loue be-twyn vs shall be kepte preve.
Be then shalle all þe londe be [on] a-corde
Assente ye shalle be my souerayne lorde. 1828
[Thynkyth not this tyme shall be to longe;]
þys ys þe acorde be-twyn my lordes *and* me,
þat alle þys tyme sene shalle ye not be,
Tylle I haue chosen suche on þat lyketh me. 1832
Nowe haue I chose soche on as me luste to haue.
Alle þys dydde I for yowe, so Gode me safe.
þe order of knyghtehode in þys tyme shall ye take,
þe pepull may yowe þen in no wyse for-sake. 1836
Hyt shall on yowe þen be so semely a syghte
þat þorowe þe worlde þey cowde not chese a knyghte

She will join him every night; otherwise he is to be alone.

When the time has expired, he is to marry the Queen by the assent of all her lords.

1823. kynges] *MS.* knyghtes. 1824. *MS.* Partonape.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And me ther-in redy yow to Comforte,
Wyth alle my herte to make yow dysporte. 1816
Other company gete ye none but me
Of man ne woman, tylle these yeres be
Passyd and gone and fully brought to ende.
And by that tyme thyng that now ys blynde, 1820
Shall be thenne to yow ryght opyn y-nowe.
Ye shalle see alle folke, and they shall see yow.
Be Counsayle of alle my kyngys ye shall than see
I shall be weddyd to yow, Partanope.
In this meane while hit shall so ordeynyd be 1825
This love betwen vs shall be kept pryvee.
Be than shall alle my londe by one a-corde [leaf 8, back]
Assent that ye shall be my souerayn lorde. 1828
Thynkyth not this tyme shall be to longe;
This ys the agrement of my londe,
That say all this tyme I shal not be
Weddyd / tylle I haue chose suche as lyketh me. 1832
Now haue I chosen one as me lyketh to haue.
Alle this I dyd for yow, so God me save.
The ordre of knyght in this tyme shall ye take, 1835
The peple than may not yow forsake.
Of yow than shall be so semely a syght
That in the worlde they cowde not chese a knyght

A more a-beller to be here gouernowre,
þoȝe þey wolde haue here lorde and Emperowre. 1840

Being of Hector's blood,

Off Ectorys blode ye be þat worthy knyghte,
Where euer [he were] In batelle or in fyghte
Off knyghte-hode euer he bare þe pryse a-waye.
Ye know thys wylle, hyt may neuer be sayde nay. [leaf 23]
Alle-way he louyde cheualrye. 1845
þys was on cause, my dere herte, þat I
Chesse yowe to be my lorde *and* eke my loue,
þys ys trowþe be Gode þat syttetħe a-bofe. 1848
And setħe ye be come of gentylle blode,
Off Ector of Troye, þat sette no pryse be goode,

he must show himself an accomplished knight.

Butte sette hys loue euer in knyghte-hode,
Loke ye sewe forþe þat no-belle blode, 1852
And sette yowre herte euer in cheualry.
Loke In yowre persone fayle no curtesy,
And be lowly to smale as welle as to grete,
þat men mowe say þat passe by þe strete: 1856
"Loo, yender goþe the welle of gentylnes."
þus shaħ ye bere the name of hey nobles.
Thys þorowe þe londe of yowe shalle ryse a fame,
þat þorowe þe worlde Enhaunsed shaħ be your name, 1860
Wycħe shalle be so hey a Ioye to me
þat I may þonke Gode þat I may see

1849. *MS. possibly* sethen.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A more able tó be her governoure.
Though they wolde haue to her lorde an Emperoure. 1840
Of Ectors blode ye be that worthi knyght,
Where euer he were in batayle or fyght,
Of knyghthode he bare the pryse a-wey.
Ye knowe this; hit may not be sayde nay.* 1844
A-boue alle thyngys he loved cheualry.
This was oo cause, myn hert, that I
Chese yow to my lorde and eke my love,
This ys trouth by God that sytteth a-boue. 1848
And syth ye be come of gentyle bloode,
Of Ector that sette no pryse by goode,
But sette his lust in high knyghthode,
Loke yow sew forth that manhode,
And sette youre hert euer in cheualry.
And in youre persone lat fayle no curtasy 1854
And lowlynesse bothe to smalle and grete,
That they may say, as ye passe by strete:
"Loo, yonder gothe the welle of gentylnesse." 1857
Thus shaħ ye bere the name of nobylnesse.
Thorow the lande of yow shaħ ryse a fame,
And enhaunced shal be youre name,
Which shaħ so hye Ioye to me be
That I myght thank God that day to see 1862

1844–45. *Inverted order of lines in MS.*

þat ylke daye þat y was so fulℏ of *g*race
þat I be-sette my loue In so goode a place,
To se my loue þe worthyeste of þe worlde.
And goode, sw[e]te herte, beþe* nowe of myn) a-corde,
And be not heuy, thowe ye may* notte se
As yet my *per*sone; for trewly h*y*t shaℏ not be
Here after-warde owre bothes beste.
Lette no soche þo;tes reve yowe of yo*ur* reste,
And loke here-after ye neue*r* desyrious be
Be crafte of Nygroman*s*y to haue þe syghte of me,
Vn-to þe tyme þe day be come *and* goo
þat we mowe openly showe vs bothe too.
For yeff ye do, trewly ye shalle be dedde.
Ye mowe not scape, to ley a lasse wedde,
And I shulde lese my name for eue*r*-moo.
My goode, dere herte, loke ye do neue*r* Soo.
Alle soche fantasyes, for Goddys loue, lette be;
A-bofe aℏ þynge haue m*e*rcy, my swete loue, on) me!
MI fayre loue, my goode, swete herte dere,
Off my p*er*sone haue ye no ffere.
Demytℏe me not to be an) eueℏ þynge
That shulde be crafte yowre sowle In synne bry*n*ge,
Hytte to departe frome heuen) blysse." [leaf 23, back]
And w*y*th þat worde she can) hym kysse,
W*y*th wepynge, and sayde: "For soþe I am)

If he tries to see her, it will prove fatal to both of them.

He has nothing to fear;

1866. *MS.* keþe. 1867. may] *MS.* me.
1869. *A letter crossed out after* beste.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye to haue goodely so moche grace;
Therto God send yow bothe tyme and space.
And swete hert, be now of myn) a-corde,
[1] As I haue yow chosen) for my lorde,
And be not hevy thogℏ ye may not see
My p*er*sone / yet truly hit shaℏ be
Here-after for oure bothes best. [1 leaf 4]
Let no suche thoughtes reve youre Rest,
And here-after ye neuer desyrous be
By ony crafte to haue the syght of me,
In-to the tyme that day be come and goo
That we may opinly shew vs bothe two.
And yf ye do otherwyse ye shaℏ be dede.
Ye mow not scape, thogℏ ye wolde lay other wed
And I shulde leese my name for euer-moo.
My dere hert, loke ye do neue*r* soo.
Alle suche fantasyes now lat be;
A-bove alle thyng save my worshiℙ and me.
My fayre love, my swete hert dere,
Of me feere ye not in no manere;
Ne demyth that I shulde be an evyℏ thyng
That shulde youre soule to myschief bryng,
Hyt to departe fully fro hevyn) blysse."
And with that worde She gan hym fast kysse.
Wyth wepyng She sayde: "For sothe I am)

she is a true Christian,

Borne *and* broghte for-þe a trewe crysten woman),
And my lefe ys fully In Crystes lore,
And eu*er* haþe ben sethe I was bore.
Truste h*y*t weⱡ, my dere loue, I woⱡ not lye,
I truste I[n] Cryste þ*at* was borne of Marye,
þ*at* boghte vs frome heⱡ w*yth* h*y*s pr*e*siou*s* blodde.
I aske of yowe, my herte, neu*er* more goode
Butte for h*y*s loue þ*at* ye wolle loue me beste.

and will not sin against Jesus.

þan may I þynke my herte ys sette atte reste.
For ye shalle neu*er* wytte me do any þynge
To Ih*e*su Cryste þ*at* shulde be dysplesynge;
þ*at* ys eu*er* *and* shalle be myne entente
Fully to kepe h*y*s com*m*awndemente.
I Pray yowe, loue, þ*at* ye woⱡ do þe same.
A-boue alle þynge I loue Ih*e*su name.
Off alle þe worlde he ys lorde *and* syre;
He made erthe, water, Eyre, *and* ffyre.
He ys maker of eu*er*y creature;
He made man euen aft*er* hys ffygure."

Partonope is sorry that he is not allowed to see her.

Whan sho had sayde, þ*us* onswered Partonope:
"I am ryghte gladde þ*at* I may knowe *and* see
þ*at* ye truste *and* loue Gode almyghte.
But sory I am I may not haue þe syghte
Off yowe þ*at* ben my sou*er*eyn lady dere.
I shalle fulle longe þynke* on þ*y*s ij. yere
And other halfe. Howe shaⱡ I þ*us* endure?

1890. *MS. possibly* sethen. 1912. *MS.* þynge

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Borne A trew Crystyn woman), 1888
And my beleve ys fully Crystes lore,
And euer hath ben syth I was bore.
My love, trusteth wele, I welle not lye,
I be-leve on Cryste that was borne of Mary, 1892
That bought vs wyth hys precious bloode.
I aske of yow neuer no more goode
But for his love that ye love me best.
Than may I think that I am in rest.
For to me ye shaⱡ do that thyng 1897
That to Ihesu Cryst shulde be dysplesyng;
This ys and euer shaⱡ be myn entent
Fully to kepe his comaundement.
I pray yow, love, that ye wylle do the same. 1901

A-boue alle thing I love Ihesu ys name.
Of alle the worlde he is lorde and Syre;
He made erthe, water, Eyre, and fyre.
[1] He ys maker of euery creature; 1905
And made man after his fugure."
Whan She had saide, Thus answerid Partanope: [1 leaf 4, back]
"I am ryght gladde that know and see
That ye trust and leeve on God almyght. 1909
But sory I am that I may not haue the syght
Of yow that be my lady souerayn dere.
I shaⱡ long think on this two yere
And other half. How shaⱡ I thus endure? 1913

Lette me yowe se, *and* I yowe ensvre."—
"Speketh not of syghte, let all þes wordes be.
I pray yowe fully ye wolł haue mercy on) me,
And byse yowe all-way myne honowre to saue,
And saue your-selfe, þat ye no harme haue."
Partonope ys nowe faste falle on) slepe.
Hys fayre lady than) takethe on) hym grette kepe,
And kyssethe hym swete, *and* þynketh fully þat sho
In other heuen) kepte neuer for to be.
Offte sho was In porpose hym to wake
To haue more plesauns of hym· þat ys her make.
Wyth hym to play was all her moste delyte.
Yette alle her luste sho wolł putte In respyte. [leaf 24]
She þozte grette trauayle all þat nyzte had he;
Hym to wake, hyt had ben) grette pyte.
Stylle sho lay, tylle hyt was opyn) daye,
That she myghte, In bedde as sho laye,
Se þe sonne he[r] bemus sprede In so bryghte
þat all þe chamber was laughynge lyghte.
Thys Partonope owte of hys slepe a-woke.
As he caste vp hys ey, sodenly he gan) loke
Alle a-bowte þe chamber; he sey so gret a lyghte,
Alle þe dayes of hys lyffe he seye neuer soche a syghte.
Grette Ioye had he of þys chamber, as he myghte welle.
Butte yette was þer on) þynge þat lyked hym no delle:
He loked after hys lady þat he louyd soo.

Partonope falls asleep.

When he awakes the next morning, the Lady is gone.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Lat me yow seen), and I yow ensure."
"Spekyth of no sewerte, lat alle this be.
I pray yow fully to haue mercy on) me,
And besy yow myn) honoure for to save,
And youre-self, that ye none ha[r]m haue."
Partanope ys now softe fatt on) sleepe.
This fayre lady of hym) takyth keepe,
And kyssith hym) swte, and thinkyth that She
In other hevyn) kepith neuer to be.
Ofte She was in purpose hym) to a-wake
To haue more plesaunce of hym), hir make.
With hym) to play was hir moost delyte.
Yet alle hir lust she put in respyte.
She thought grete trauaile that nyght had he;
Hym) to wake had She grete pyte.
Stylle She lyeth, tytt hit was vpon) day
That Beemys of the sonne than) She say.
This Partanope of his sleepe a-woke*.
As he cast vp his eye, sodenly gan) he loke
A-boute the chamber, he sawe grete lyght;
In his lyffe sawe he neuer suche a syght,
As he had of the chambre as myght wele.
Yet oo thyng lyked hym) neuer a dele:
He loked after his lady that he louyd soo.

1933. *MS. adds* to *before* a-woke, *which was first written* a-wake.

Hys lokynge *se*ruyde hy*m* not, for sho ys frome hy*m* goo,
That feleth̄e thys wofulle Partonope. 1941
" Allas," he sayde, " what may thys be?
My Ioye ys gonne, whyder I ne wotte,
And what to do for so*þ*e I notte." 1944
And so*þ*e to sey *and* not to lye,
Vppon) *þ*e bedde he caste hy*s* eye,
And seye *þ*e chamber so ryc̄he a-rayed
*Þ*at off *þ*e bewte he was Dysmayed. 1948
He mervelyth̄e grettely of *þ*e bryghtnes.
And *þ*er-w*yth* he be-gynneth̄e hy*m*-selfe to dresse
Owte of hys bedde, *þ*y*s* ys no dowte.
And as he loked thys a-bowte, 1952
Vppon) *þ*e bedde he seye where laye
New clothes lie ready for him. A gowne alle newe, *þ*y*s* ys no naye.
He *þ*o*ȝ*te *þ*at *þ*y*s* [noble] garmente
Was layde there to *þ*at entente 1956
*Þ*at he shulde hy*t* on) hym do,
And, shorte tale to make, he dyd so.
And when he hadde hyt on) hys backe,
In the gowne fownde he no lacke. 1960
For to hy*m* hy*t* was as welle I-shape
As thowe *þ*e mesure had ben) I-take
For hy*m* verely off Porpose.
And *þ*er-w*yth*-alle a-non) he rosse. 1964
Hosen) *and* shone a-none he fonde ther
A-rayde for hy*m* *in* *þ*e beste manere.
He dresses, Whan) he was redy and a-rayed,
Off hys newe clo*þ*es he was welle payde. [leaf 24, back] 1968

1958. *Two letters crossed out after* to.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Hit servyd of nought, for than) She was goo. 1940
Than sayde this woofull Partanope:
" Allas, what may this be?
My Ioye ys goo, whider I ne note.
And I shall do I note wele wote." 1944
He saw the chamber so ryche a-rayed
[1]That of the beaute he was dysmayed.
He mervayled gretely of the bryghtnesse. [[1] leaf 5] 1949
And there-withall he gan) hym) dresse
Oute of his bedde, this ys no doute.
And as he loked thus now a-boute, 1952
Vppon) the bedde he sawe where lay
A Gown) alle new, this ys no nay,
He thought that this noble garment
Was layde there to that intent 1956
That he shulde hit vpon) hym) doo,
And, short tale to make, he dyd soo.
And whan) he had hit do vpon) his bakke,
In that gowne fonde he no lakke. 1960
Hosyn) and shone than) fonde he there
Arayed for hym) in the best manere.
Whan) he was redy and full araied,
Of his new clothes he was well payed.

Owte of the chamber he þo3te to goo.
Then) Soudenly was broghte hym too
A newer of water and a bassyne,
Bothe hyt were of golde fulle ffyne,
A towelle *þer-wyth* of Parys werke.
Thys seruyse was to hym fuH derke,
For man) ne chylde cowde he non) See.
He wysshe hys hondes, *and* owte yede he
Off *þys* chamber, þat was so gaye,
In-to þe halle, *and* þer he Saye
The bordes coueryd *wyth* clo*þ*es fyne.
Hyt was made redy for he shulde dyne.
Than) þys yonge Partonope þo3te :
"Alle thys a-raye ys for me broghte."
A-myddes þe benche downe he hym sette,
þer was no wyghte hym for to lette.
Off mete *and* drynke had he plente,
þus seyethe þe boke, þer lacked no deynte.
Off on) þynge he was heuy *and* sadde :
þer sayde to hym no man) 'be gladde,'
Ne bade hym ne mery be *and* blythe.
He sawe no-þynge þat euer bare lyve.
When he had dyned, he þo3te tho :
"Alle *þys* day whatte may I do?"
And streyghte he rose vp fro þe deyse ;
And þorowe þe halle *and* downe by þe gryse
In-to þe cowrte streyghte yede he.

and goes to breakfast in the hall.

He goes down into the palace yard,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Oute of the chamber he thought to goo.
Than) sodenly was brought hym) tho
An) ewer wyth watyr and a basyn),
Bothe they were of golde fuH fyne,
A towelH therwyth of Parys werke.
This servyce was to hym) fuH derke,
For man) ne childe cowde he none see.
He wasshith his handes, and oute yede he
Oute of this chamber, that was so gay,
In-to the halle, and there he say
The Bordes couered with clothis fyne.
Hit was made redy for he shulde dyne.
Than) thought this yonge Partanope :
"Alle this aray ys made for me."
Amyddes the benche he down) hym) sett,
There was [no] wight hym) to lett.
Of mete and drynke had he plente,
Thus sayth the Booke, he lakked no deynte. [1 leaf 5, back]
Of oo thyng was he hevy and sadde :
There sayde to hym) no man) be gladde,
Ne bad hym) ete merily ne blyve.
He saw no-thing that euer bare lyffe.
[1] Whan) he had dyned, he thought tho :
"Alle this day what may I doo?"
And streyght vp he rose fro the dees.
Thorow the halle and down) by the grees
In-to the court streyght yede he.

He loked a-bowte, he cowde not se
Off hys wery *and* lene hakeney
That he *þer* lafte yesterdaye.
He loked a-bowte, and faste be-helde
*Þys* castelle ryalle, howe h*yt* was bylde.
And as he ceste h*ys* eye a-bowte,
He sawe where stode, w*yth*-owten dowte,
where a black horse is brought to him. A Corser *þat* was bothe fayre *and* able
For any kynge, *þat* streyghte owte of *þe* stabelle
Was broghte for he shulde on hy*m* ryde.
He was a-ferde hy*m* for to be-stryde,
Or for to lepe vppon hys backe,
Be-cause *þat* he was so blacke.
Some euelle thynge he wende h*yt* had be, [leaf 25]
And stylle stante thys Partonope,
And off *þys* courser toke grette kepe,
Partonope rides to the tower. And atte *þe* laste vppon hy*m* lepe.
Nowe ys yonge Partonope
Vppon hors-backe, *and* streyghte rydeth he
Thorowte *þe* cowrte ryghte to *þe* gate.
Whe*n* he was *þer*, he *þo*ȝte alle-gate
That fayre towre he wolde See.
Fro horsebacke lyghtely lepyth he.
Vppe *þ*orowe *þe* towre he go*þe* w*yth*-alle.
From its top he looks about him. He lafte not tylle he was on *þe* walle,
There as he myghte se rownde a-bowte,
The castelle wyth-In, *þe* cyte w*yth*-owte.
To the south is the sea. Towarde *þe* sonne *þan* loketh he.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He loked a-boute, he cowde not see
Of his leene and wery hakney 1997
That he now left there but yesterday.
He lokyd a-boute, and fast be-heelde
This castyH, how hit was by elde. 2000
And as he cast his eye weH a-boute,
He sawe where stode alle withoute
A courser that was fayre and able
For ony kyng / that streyght oute of stable 2004
Was brought that he shulde on) hym) ryde.
He was a-ferde hym) to be-stryde,
Som) evyH he wenyth hit had be, 2009
For blak hit was / stylle stode Partanope,
And of this courser toke grete kepe,
Yet atte last on) hym) he leepe. 2012
And thourow the courte vn-to the yate
Rydeth he, and thought algate 2016
That fayre Toure he wolde see.
From) horsbak lyghtly lepeth he.
Vp thorow the toure he gothe withalle.
He leveth not tylle he was on the walle, 2020
There as he myght see rounde a-boute,
The casteH wythin) / the citee withoute.
To-warde the Svnne that loked he.

Alle þe coste* was notte but see,
Thorowe wyche he sawe be resone
By shyppe come marchandyse *in*-to þe towne,
Clo*þes* of golde and Spycery
Frome Alysaunder *and* fro Surry,
Clowys, macys, *and* Galyngale,
Off suger *and* canelle fulle mony a bale,
Off medecynes bo*þe* more *and* lesse
To hele folke of here Sekenes.
On þe toder syde þe*n* loked he :
A M$^{t}$ Erberys *per* myghte he se
þ*at* longen to þe Cyte3ines of þe towne,
There myghte he se he*m* walke vp *and* downe.
Ther-to he sawe so mony-gardynes,
And by þe [see-]syde * no-þynge but vynes.
On þe thryde quarter gan he loke
Off þe castelle, as seyethe þe boke,
þ*at* ys of ffrenshe, wyche ys myn auctor.
Ther as he loked ou*er* þe towre,
As fferre as eu*er* he myghte see,
Hyt was butte corne alle þe cont[r]e,
And medowe w*yth* gras so welle I-growe,
And euyn redy for to mowe.
On þe iiij quarter of þe castelle
He lokethe owte, *and* vysethe hy*m* welle.
Many fayre syghtes sawe he there,
Hem shalle I telle *and* ye wolle here :
Ther sawe he þe haven large *and* wyde. [leaf 25, back]

In the opposite direction are gardens,

on the third side meadows.

On the fourth side is the port,

2024. *MS.* castelle. 2031. *A letter crossed out before* bo*þe*.
2038. *MS.* sydes.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Alle that Cooste was nought but see,
Thurgh which he sayled by reson
Be Shipp come Merchandyse to the town. 2026
On the tother syde then loked he : 2033
A thousand herbers there myght he see
That longyd to Cite3enis of the town),
There myght hem see walk vp and down. 2036
Ther-to he saw so many gardynes,
And by the See-syde no-thing but vynes.
On the thirde quarter gan he loke
[1] Of the Castell, as sayth the Booke,
That ys french, which ys myn auctoure.
There as he loked than ouer the Toure,
As ferre as he euer myght see, [1 leaf 6]
Hyt was Corne all that contree 2044
And medowe with grasse so well by-growe,
And evyn redy for to mowe.
On the fourth quarter of this Castell
He loked oute and a-vysed hym well.
Many fayre syghtys say he there. 2049
Hem shall I telle yf ye wylle here :
There saw he the haven large and wyde.

A M$^{l}$ shyppes þer-on̄ myghte ryde
Saffe I-nowe for any tempaste,
Thus tellethe me þe ffrenshe geste.
Ouer thys hauen þen sawe he
A brygge of stonne *and* not of tre,
W*yth* towres *and* cornellys so weℓℓ I-made,
On̄ them to loke hys herte dyd$^{e}$ glade.
Atte þe ende of þe brygge *in* þe contre
beyond which there is a castle, A castelle aℓℓ Newe þ*er* myghte he se
So welle I-towred, so large a-bowte,
Ther-In myghte herborowe, w*yth*-owten̄ dowte,
Mony a knyghte *and* mony a squyer,
A kynge hym̄ þo3te w*yth* alle hys power.
He my3te see no-þynge x myle a brede
surrounded by large fields Butte alle was corne *and* grene mede;
Off lengℏe h*y*t was mony a myle.
þ*ys* towre be-helde he a ry$\grave{g}$hte grette whyle.
and a huge forest. Be-ende aℓℓ þ*ys* was huge ffloreste,
No-þynge þ*er* but brydde *and* beste.
Thys yonge man̄ alle þ*ys* be-helde,
The towne, þe castelle, so weℓℓ I-bylde,
þe See, þe vynes, þe gardynes large,
The haven̄ so fulle of shyppe *and* barge,
Off corne, of mede so grette plente.
He þo3te þ*ys* was a delectabeℓℓ contre.
At night-fall, Thys droffe he fforþe w*yth* ffayre syghte
The longe day, tylle h*y*t was nyghte.

2054. gr *crossed out before* geste.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A thousand Shippys theryn̄ myght ryde
Saffe ynogh for any tempest, 2053
Thus tellyth now the french geest.
Ouer this haven̄ then̄ sawe he
A brygge of Stone and not of tree,
Wyth Towres and cornellis so weℓℓ y-made,
On̄ hit to loke his hert was glade.
Atte ende of the brygge in-to the Contree 2059
A castell alle new there myght he see
Weℓℓ towred, and so large a-boute,
Theryn̄ myght be herbowred, withoute doute,
Many a knyght and many a Squier
And a lorde of fuℓℓ grete power. 2064
He myght see then myle on̄ breede
But alle Corne and grene meede;
Of lenght hit was many a myle.
He by-helde than̄ a grete whyle.
Be-yonde alle this was huge forest,
No-thyng theryn̄ but whilde best. 2070
Thus the vynes and gardynes large,
The havyn̄ fuℓℓ of Shippes and barge,
Of Corn̄, of mede so grete plente, 2075
He be-heelde wele alle the contree,
So delectable vn-to his syght
That welny comyth vn̄-to nyght. 2078

Downe fro þe towre now* þynkeþe he goo.
When he was downe, *þer* founde he þo
The fayre corser *þat* was so blacke.
And streyghte he lepeþe vppon hys backe,
And rydeth forþe to þe halle dore,
There as he fownde *þys* hors be-fore.
Frome hors he lepeth *wyth*-owten moo;
In-to þe halle þen doþe he goo,
That was cheffe of þe palys.
There as þe fyre was a-fore þe deyse,
In a cheyer homely he hym sette.
Whatte he wolde haue, a-none was fette.
And *þus* he warmeþe hym by þe fyre,
Tylle tyme was to goo vn-to sopere.
And when hys soper was redy dyghte, [leaf 26]
He ryseth a-none ryghte,
And sette hym euen a-myddes þe deyse,
And sowpeþe alle in goode pesse.
Ther was no wyghte *þer*-of hym lette,
Ne atte hys soper hym on*us* grette.
And thus he sowpeþe atte goode leysere.
When he had done, streyghte vn-to þe ffyre
He goþe, *and* warmeþe hym atte þe beste,
Tylle hyt was tyme to go to reste.
And when tyme was to go to bedde,
*Wyth* torches he was thyder ledde,
In-to þe chamber *þat* was so bryghte.
In shorte tyme after voyded þe lyghte.

Partonope rides back to the palace.

After supper the torches guide him to the bedroom.

2079. now] *MS.* he. 2099. s (?) *crossed out before* he.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Downe of the Toure now thenketh he goo,
The fayre Courser he fonde redy tho,
[1] That he there lefte, and vpon he leepe,
And so rydeth here and there, and toke goode kepe [[1] leaf 6, back]
Of that fayre Paleys, and atte last be-fore the halle
There he lyght, and went in att dore with-att,
Where he fonde a fyre be-fore the deys
In the halle of that fayre Paleys.
In a chayre homely he hym sette
With no man he there mette.
And thus he warmyth hym by the fyre,
Tille tyme was to goo vn-to Sopere.
Than he sytteth a-myddys the dees,
And Soopeth meryly and ys in pees.
Welle ys he servid in alle manere degree,
Yett neyither man ne woman sawe he.
Whan he hath Sooped at his leysyr,
He rose vp, and went to the fyre.
Lyght of Torches he saw in that stede.
And whan tyme was to go to bedde,
In-to the Chambyr went the Torchis.
He foloweth after and thydyr approchis.

He made hym redy w*yth*-owte moo
Streyghte in-to þe bedde to goo.
The Lady joins him. And when he was in bedde layde,
Sone after, w*yth*-In a lytelle brayde,
Comethe hys ladye fayre *and* ffre.
Her In hys Armes þen takethe he,
And kyssethe her, *and* makethe her feste,
And w*yth* her dope what euer hym leste.
Than seyde þys ladye, þys ys no naye :
She asks her lover how he has spent the day, "My loue," quod sho, "howe hape þys daye
Bynne spente, *and* In whatte manere ?
Tellethe me nowe, myne owne herte dere."—
'Madame," Sayde Partonope,
"I haue hyt spente *in* þys degre :
Ouer þe yate I haue be,
On þat grette towre, where I myghte see
The towne, þe castelle rownde a-bowte,
And alle þe contre, w*yth*-owten dowte,
So plentuos of wyne *and* corne.
I sawe neuer suche a syghte be-forne."
and tells him that she has arranged this beautiful place "Syr," sayde þe lady, "þys is sope.
As ffer as any man rydeth or gope
Thorowe þe worlde þat ys so rownde,
So ffayre a place may neuer be ffownde
þat hape In hym so grette delyte,
And þer-to stante in so ffayre a syghte.
When ffryste I herde of yowe tydynge,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He made hym redy to go to bedde ;
Hit was redy and fayre spredde.
And whan he was in bedde layde,
The lyght was voyded at a brayde.
To hym come his lady fayre and free.
Hir in his armes than taketh he,
And hir clyppith swetely, and kyst,
And dothe with hyr what hym lyst.
THanne sayde this lady in hyr manere :
"Telle me, my love, my swete and dere,
How this day ye haue be rewlid in dysporte ?"
"Trewly," sayde he, "I had grete comforte.
For on the grete Toure atte yate a-ferre
I haue be this day at my layser,
Where I myght see the town a-boute,
The Castell and the Contre, withouten doute,
So plentevous of grasse, vyne, and Corne.
I sawe neuer such a syght be-forne."
"Love," She sayde, "for oure bothe profyte [1 leaf 7]
I made this place Plesaunt in delyte.
Whan I of yow had fryst tydyng,

I lefte besynes of other þynge,*
And made *þys* place so fresshe *and* gaye,
Thynkynge, my herte, þat ye yowre playe [leaf 26, back] 2136 for their secret love.
Shulde haue þer-In and I also,
Wyth-owten knowlage of any moo.
And *þer*-fore nowe, my herte dere,
Sythe ye nowe haue ensured me here 2140
*þat* ye shulle neu*er* by crafte me see,
Yowre ensurawnce in no wyse breke ye,
But kepethe tenderly vn-to my daye,
Tylle eche of vs of other maye 2144
Vn-grucchede of eny haue plesaunce;
Ellys myghte *þer* ffalle grette dystaunce
For eu*er* be-twyn yowe *and* me,
Wyche Gode for-bede *þat* eu*er* shulde be. 2148
And *þer*-fore dope fully by my rede;
Ye myghte fulle lyghtely ellys be dede,
And I shamed for eu*er*-moo.
My goode swete, dope neu*er* Soo; 2152
Ye wolde, I trowe, holde me to blame.
Butte I tolde yowe the name
Off þe see *and* eke of *þys* castelle.
My loue, nowe vnderstonde me welle, 2156 The name of the city is Chef d'Oire.
Thys grette see ys named Doyre,
The cyte ys called Chyffe De Oyre.

2134. *MS.* þynger. 2140. *MS. possibly* sythen.
2154. the *written above* y my, *which is crossed out.*
2158. Oyd *crossed out before* Oyre.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For hit shulde be to youre plesyng,
Thinkyng that ye and I alle oure dysporte,
And to vs no man haue resorte.
And therefore now, myn hert fulle dere,
Syth ye haue ensured me here 2140
That ye shall neuer by crafte me see
Tylle that we shall weddyd be,
Youre surraunce kepith vnto that day;
And than freely ye me see may.
Ellys myght there falle grete dystaunce
And of youre myrth shrewde dysplesaunce, 2146
Which God forbede that ye shulde be so nyce, [vyce;
And there-fore dothe fully by myn a-
For yf ye do Contrary, hit shall turne to shame 2149
Of vs bothe / and lesyng of my name
For euer and yow to sheushipp also.
Therfore lat it be neuer so do.
And yf ye wylle wete of this castell
And of this See, I wylle yow tell, 2154
And of thie Names, How they be called:
This Castell that ys welle walled
Men calle hit Chief doire
And the See ys named Doyre. 2158

2155. *MS.* thie *or* this?

Thys Casteƚƚ sette I in þys fayre syghte,
þat we twayne myghte haue delyte
For euer In thys lusty place;
Ther-to I pray Gode sende vs grace.
Here, In þe dycƚƚe, for soþe I haue,
þat ys harde rocke, fulle mony a cave
Hewed *and* made by goode engyne,
Outside is Marbreon, where Ernoul used to live with his five sons. On caue þat ys alle of marbryne,
Where-In on hyghte Hernelus
Dwelled, þat had to hys spowse
One Betyryce, wycƚƚe was hys wyffe,
þat broghte hym forþe in here lyffe
.v. ssonnys, and alle had order of knyghte.
Bolde *and* harde þey were in ffyghte.
When þe gallyottys on þe See
Hadde robbyd marchandes, þen wolde he
Owte off fyghte wyth hem gonne.
Off hem he toke fulle mony onne,
And In-to presone made hem dye, [leaf 27]
And toke fro hem Robbery.
So of þys see the name ys Doyre,
The castelle hate Chyffe De Oyre,
Thatt ys y-bylte wyth mane towre.
Her own name is Melior. And, my leue, my name ys Meliowre.
And leuyd Ryȝth welle, þer ys no thynge
Thatt ys or may be ynne [my] kepynge,
Redy ytte schalle euer vnto yow be,
Yff ȝe ordeyne no crafte to see

2171. ode *crossed out before* order.
2175. *MS. perhaps* syghte, *but the passage is evidently corrupt.*
2181. *Here begins a new hand.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In the casteƚƚ Dyche forsotƚe I haue
In harde Roche fuƚƚ many a kave
Hewyn and made by goode engyne,
Of whiche oone ys Called Marbryne,
Where dwellyd oone that hight Hernelous
Sumtyme / and he had a spouse,
One Beatryce, that bare him Sones fyve
That after were knyghtys in her lyve.
And whan the Galyotƚys vpon the See
Had robbed Merchauntȝ of the contre,
Than wolde they oute and fyght with hem. [1 leaf 7, back]
And thus they toke many men,
And fro hem had grete robbery,
And in preson wolde make hym dye.
[1] And trustith wele, there ys no thyng
That ys or may be in my kepyng,
Redy hit shaƚƚ euer to yow be,
Yf ye ordeyn no crafte to see

My person) by-fore the assyngned day."
Partonope* answeryd *and* sayde: "Nay,
In me ther schalle neuer be fownd [such] fowly.
Trewly, my lady, y hade leuer dye."—
"Speke we no more of thus matere,"
Sey[d]e thus lady, "butt tellyth me where
To-morewe ye wylle desporte yowe
Wyth howndys or hawkys. Tellyth me nowe,
Wylle ȝe to Reuer or to wode goo?
Ye mowe now chese of bothe too.
Yff ȝe wylle to the wode gonne,
Affter dyner to yow anone
An horn) ther schalle to yow be brogthe.
Thowe a man) hadde Parys sogthte,
Sucche an horn) cowde no man) fynde.
Loke ye leue ytte noȝth be-hynde.
And whenne ye be the medowys passyd,
Sette horn) to mowthe, an blowe ytt faste.
Be-fore yow ȝe schalle see anone
Rennynge* howndys fulle many wone,
Fayre grayhowndes *and* grete lymores.
And yeffe ye* luste to see Reueres,
In a chamber here be-hynde
I schalle yow bryngge ther ȝe schalle fynde
Sacrys, lanard[s], Tarcellys gentylle,
Gerfawkones, ffawkonys, thatt fleyth so hye

She asks Partonope whether he would like to go to the forest or to the river.

2188. *MS.* Partompe. 2206. *MS.* Renygnynge.
2208. ye] *MS.* the.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My persone be-fore this assygned day."
Partanope answeryd and saide, "Nay,
In me shatt ther [never] be founde suche foly.
Forsoth, lady, me had leuer to dye."—
"Speke we no more of this matere,"
Seid this lady, "but telle me where
To-morow ye wylle dysporte yow
With houndes or hawkes, telle me now,
Wylle ye to the Ryvere or to the woode go?
Ye mowe now chese of bothe two.
if ye wole to the woode gone,
After youre dyner to yow a-none
An) horne shatt be brought in) youre syght.
Take hit and go forthe futt ryght.
And whan) ye be the medowes past,
Sett hit to youre mouth, and blowe hit fast.
Be-fore yow ye shatt see a-none
Rennyng houndes futt many one,
Fayre Grehoundes and grete lymours.
And yf ye lust to see the Revours,
In a Chamber here be-hynde
I shatt you teche were ye shatt fynde
Sacres, laners, Tercelles many,
Gerfawcon), ffawcon), that fle so hye

In-to the skye thatt Ioye ys to see.
He prefers hunting in the forest. Of alle these dysportes now chese* ye."—
"Madame," he sayde, "me luste beste
To-morewe to hunte yn) the foreste."— 2216
"Nowe, sere," sche sayde, "do as ye luste." [leaf 27, back]
And there-wyth-alle sche hym kyste,
They fall asleep. And [sone] affter they fylle onne slepe,
Wat they dydde more toke y no kepe. 2220
In bedde thay laye, thus ys no naye,
Tylle onne the morewe ligth daye
Into the chamber yeff sucche a lyȝthte
Thatt welle to ryse see he mygthte. 2224
Vppe he rose, for ytte was tyme.
After breakfast Partonope mounts his horse. He made hym) redy for to dyne.
Wanne he hadde dynyd, he toke the horne,
Thatt onne the walle henge hym be-forne, 2228
Lepte vppe on) hys hors, *and* rydyth faste
Tylle he was alle the medawys paste.
He blows his horn, He blewe hys horn), thus ys no dowte;
He was welle herde ij myle abowte. 2232
and hounds of various kinds come running towards him. Whenne he hadde blowe, thenne mygth he see
[M]ywtes of howndes come nygheynge nere,
Copelud wyth sulke and noȝth wyth here.
Lemers to hym) thenne come lepynge, 2236
They where as soffte as eny selke,
And ther-to whyte as eny mylke.

2214. *MS.* cheses.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In-to the Skye that Ioye ys to see. 2213
Of alle these dysportys now chese ye."
"Madame," he sayde "me lyketh best
To-morow to hunt in the forest."—
"Now Syr" she sayde "do as yow lest." 2217
And so therwith She hym) kyst,
And sone after they fell on) sleepe,
Of other Ioye toke they no kepe. 2220
And Thus in play and sleepe thay lay
Tylle on) the morow that hit was day,
Than) his lady was forth past. [1 leaf 8]
[1] He Cowde no Better but rose at last.
And whan) he had dyned, he toke the horne 2227
That on) the walle heng hym) be-forne,
Lepeth vpon) hors, and forth he rydeth
Tylle he was past the medowes sydes.
He blew his horn), this ys no doute,
Hyt was wele herd two myle a-boute.
Mutes of houndes of alle degree 2233
Came toward hym), as he myght see,
Coupled with Sylk and not wyth heere.
Lemours a-boute her nekkes bere
Her lees were as softe as sylk,
And therto whyte as ony Mylk. 2238

2235. u *in* coupled *has one stroke too many; similarly* 2243. *in* Vncoupleth.

Into the foreste he rydythe apase ;
Anone fownde alle ffreschely the *trace*, 2240 The hounds find the track of a boar.
Off a passyng wylde bore.
Thys Partonope, wyth-owte more,
Vnkowpelyd hys howndes, *and* taketh in lesse
These fayre lemers, *and* thay not sesee 2244
Alle the howndes to seke the foreste,
Tylle fownde ys the wylde beste.
Now ys the wylde bore fownde.
The howndes to hym now Rennyth fulle rownde, 2248
The grete as welle as do the * leste.
The crye to here yt were a feste
For an emperowr an for a lorde.
So hole they Renne by one acorde 2252 They follow the boar,
To thys bore, thus ys no naye,
So ffresche thay Renne alle the daye,
Tylle he ganne wery, thus ys no dowte, till he becomes exhausted,
They broghte [hym] so faste abowte. 2256
Atte the laste thus wylde beste [leaf 28]
For-sakethe clene the thycke foreste.
Vnto the lande drawyth he,
There as stode Partonope 2260
Wythe the lemers ynne hys lesse.
He lette hem slyppe, *and* faste they presse
To-ward the beste ; and þat seyth he.
Wythe alle hys myȝthe he gynnyth flee. 2264
Hys flyȝthte may hym serue of nowȝthte ;

2243. w *underdotted before* &. 2249. do the] *MS.* dothe, *for* dothe the ?
2255. he] *MS.* ye.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In-to the fforest he rydeth a paas, 2239
A-none he fonde alle fressh the traas
Of a passyng sterne, wylde Boore.
This Partanope, withouten more,
Vncoupleth his houndes in-to the forest
Forto fynde now this wylde Beest.
Wh[e]n this Boore was y-ffounde, 2247
They rvnne to hym hoole and sounde
Bothe the moost and eke the leest.
The crye to here hit ys a feest
For an emperoure or for a lorde.
So cloos they ranne by one a-corde, 2252
So fresshly they rvnne alle that day,
Tylle he wex wery of hys way. 2255
They broughte hym so thykke a-boute
That he was fayne of alle that route.
And atte last this wylde greete beest
For-saketh the thykke forest,
And to the launde than draweth he,
There as ys stondyng Partanope 2260
Than with the lymours in hys lees,
He lettith hem slyppe, and forth thay prees
Toward that Boore, and that sawe he.
Wyth alle hys myght he gynneth to fle, 2264
But hys flyght servith hym of nought ;

For ynne sucche pleyte thay haue hem) broȝthte,
and stands at bay. He myȝthte noȝth couer yn)-to hys denne.
Ther-to he was so wery off Renne,
He myȝhte no ferther, thys ys no naye.
Stylle he standythe, and bydythe the baye.
There-to come anone fulle Rownde
Alle the racches, *and* down) to grownde
They haue hym drawe wyth grete stryffe,
And thus the bore [hath] loste hys lyffe.
Partonope kills the boar, Wat dothe thenne Partonope?
Hys swerde anone drawyth owte he,
And alle to-brekyth the wylde beste,
And wyth yt makyth hys howndes a feste.
Be than) alle thys thynge was done,
and rides home. Hytte was hye tyme to drawe home,
There as he thoȝthte to haue hys Reste.
He bare noȝth wyth hym off thus beste;
Hys hors he toke, *and* onne hym) lepe*,
He takes with him two hounds that are to keep him company in the day-time. More of hys howndes toke he no kepe,
Saue ij lemers, thus ys no naye,
Wyth hym he toke, and Rode hys waye,
That onne dayly he myȝthte dysporte.
For tylle nyȝthte come hadde he no sporte.
Nowe Rydyth he strawȝte to the castelle,
Where as he fownde alle thyng' Ryȝth welle,
Hys soper redy and welle y-made.

2272. *MS.* ratches? 2282. bare] a *like* o.
2283. *MS.* lepte. 2290. fownde] o *like* a.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For in suche plyte they haue hym) brought, [1 leaf 8, back]
[1] He myght not Cover to hys denne.
Therto he was so wery of renne,
He myght no further, this ys no nay.
Stylle he stont, and bydeth a-bay.
Therto come a-none fuⱡ rounde
The Racches, and doun) to the grounde
They haue hym drawe with grete stryfe,
And thus the Boore hath lost hys lyfe.
What dothe than) this Partanope?
Hys Swerde a-none oute draweth he,
And alle to-bryttenyth this wylde best,
And with hit makith hys houndes feest.
Be than) alle thys thyng was done,
Hyt was tyme to drawe home,
There as he thought to haue his rest.
He bare not wyth hym) of this beest;
Hys hors he toke and on) hym) leepe.
More of these houndes toke he no kepe
Save two lymers, this ys no nay,
With hym) he toke, and rode his way,
That on) day-lyght myght hym) dysporte.
For tylle nyght he had no more comforte.
Now rydeth he streyght to the casteⱡ,
Where he fonde alle thyng ryght weⱡ,
Hys Sope redy and weⱡ y-made,

He sopyd freschely and make3th hym gladde. 2292
From soper Rysyth Partonope, He goes to bed,
And ynne-to Chamber thenne gothe he,
Weder thatt the torches strey3th hym ledde.
He makyth hym redy and gothe to bedde, 2296
Where as he fyndyth fayre Meliowre, and there finds fair Melior.
Thatt ys chefe lady of the towre,
Wyche thatt he ffeynte euer ynne* O pleyte. [leaf 28, back]
For here Ioye and here delyte 2300
Ys hym to make Ioye *and* playe.
That ffeynte he bothe ny3th and daye.
Nowe may thys man grete Ioye make,
That loue hath sende hym sucche a make 2304
That he may bathe* ynne so hye a blysse.
Alle ny3thte they leye *and* clyppe and kysse,*
And she hym tellyth nobel storyes,
Offe loue of kny3thode olde victoryes. 2308
Hym to dysporte faste besyeth sche.
Alas, thus story schendyth me. The Poet complains of the cruelty of his Lady.
For alle my loue canne y haue no3thte
Butte cawse of care *and* sorow *and* tho3thte. 2312
Now wolde God hytte my3th be soo
Thatt sche loued me as y here doo.
Partonope stonde *in* blessed plyte,
For of hys lady he hathe hys delyte. 2316
He lackyth no-thyng of here grace,
And y stonde euen *in contraryys* case.
He seyth here no3th, but he hath leyser

2299. *MS. adds a second* yn.
2305. *MS.* bothe. 2306. *MS.* clypte and kyssyde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He soopeth fresshly and maketh hym glade. 2292
From Soper ryseth than Partanope,
And in-to Chamber so gooth he,
Whider as the Torches streyght hym ledde, 2295
He maketh hym redy and goth to bedde,
Where as he fyndeth fayre Melyoure,
That ys chief lady of that Toure,
Which maketh hym grete plesaunce.
She hym loveth withoute varyaunce.
They lye bothe in Ioye and blysse, 2305
Alle nyght they clyppe and kysse,
And She hym telleth noble storyes
Of love and knyg[t]hode olde storyes.
PArtanope stont in Blessid plyte,
[1] For of here ladyshyppe he hath fulle delyte. [1 leaf 9]
He lakkith no-thyng of her grace,
But hath hys tyme and space 2318
To speke, to play alle in the derke.
He may be Ioyfull in his werke,

*After* 2309 *catchword*: ffor of here.

To fele, to kysse, and to haue hys plesowr'. 2320
And y se my lady day be daye,
Here gracyous worth ys euer naye.
[I] Have the euyl and [he] the gode,
Where-fore me thynkyth myn herte-bloode 2324
Fulle offte tyme away dothe mylte.
I fare thenne as y ne felte
Gode ner hylle, but lye ynne a trawnce.
Thys hathe ffortune caȝthte me ynne a chanse 2328
Vppon hys dyce thatt neuer wylle turne.
Thus muste y euer yn wo soiorne.
Butte playnely excusyth me,
I am noȝth in thus in-firmyte. 2332
God schelde me euer fro that mischaunce
To hoppe so ferre ynne loue-ys dawnce.
The Translator is commanded by his Sovereign to do the French story into English.
For y am comawndyt of my souereyne
Thys story to drawe fulle *and* playne, 2336
Be-cawse yt was ful vnkowthe *and* lytel knowe,
Frome frenche ynne-to yngelysche, that bet*er* nowe
Hyt myȝth be to euer-y wyȝthte.
There-fore y do alle my myȝthte 2340
To saue my autor ynne sucche wyse
As he that mater luste devyse, [leaf 29]
Where he makyth ynne grete compleynte
In frenche so fayre thatt yt to paynte 2344
In Engelysche tunngge y saye for me
My wyttys alle to dullet bee.
He tellyth hys tale of sentament,*
I vnd*er*-stonde noȝth hys entent, 2348
Ne wolle ne besy me to lere.
There-fore strayȝthte to the matere
I wylle go of Partonope.
Twelve months have passed.
Fulle xij mo[n]thys hathe he now be 2352
In hert-ys Ioye fulle playnere,*
One day to hunte, another to þe Reuere.
Thys hath he broȝth the ȝere to ȝende,

2343. ynne *emend* an? 2353. playnere] *MS.* of plesower.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thus in hertys Ioye fulle playnere, 2353
O day to hunt, a-nother in the Ryvere.
And so hath he brought the yere to ende. 2355

That canne remembraunce put* hym) *in* mynde 2356
In wat pleyte he ys bro3thte ynne.
He hath for-3ete alle hys kynne;
He thynckyth [on no-thyng] ferre ne nere,
Butt on) howndes and hawkes for the reuere, 2360
And onne hys lady fayre and bry3thte,
Tylle ytte be-ffelle vppon) a ny3thte
Thatt ynne [the] monythe that was of Septembere
Thatt can he ffully hym remembre 2364
Off Cleobolys, the gode [kyng] of France,
And off hys mod*er*, that ynne grete dystawnce
And ynne werte stote of hys lyffe.
Hys dethe* wyth eu*e*ry man) was Ryffe, 2368
No man) cowde speke of hys welefare.
There-fore he wote welle yn) grete care
Stante hys moder ffor hys sake.
Where-fore he purposyth amendys to make, 2372
Now thynckyth ynne hys hert Ry3th hye:
"I wolle take leue to goo and see
My moder, the kynge my E*m*me alle-soo."
There-wyth he makyth hym) redy to goo 2376
Straygthte to bedde, so ytte was Eue.
For there he tho3the to take hys leue.
In-to the bedde nowe goyth hee,
Where as he ffeynte hys lady ffre, 2380
Redy to make hym gode chere. [leaf 29, back]
Here lesson) was not newe to lere.
Now be-gynnyth to speke Partonope

Then Partonope happens to think of Clovis and his mother.

He asks his Lady's leave to go home.

2356. put] *MS* but. 2368. *MS.* denthe *or* deuthe.
2371. *or* stonte?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Than) he gan) to put in his mynde 2356
In what plyte he ys brought ynne.
He hath forgeten) alle hys kynne;
He thynketh on) no-thyng ferre ne nere
But on) hundes and hawkes for the Ryvere, 2360
And on) his lady fayre and bryght,
Tylle hyt be-fell onys on) a nyght,
In the moneth that was of Septembr'
Than) he ganne hym) to remenbr' 2364
Of Cleobelys, the goode kyng of Fraunce,
And of hys modyr that in grete dystaunce
And in werousnes stoode of hys lyffe.
Hys deth wyth eu*e*ry man) was ryffe, 2368
For no man) of hys Contre cowth telle
Whether he fared evyll or welle.
Therfore he wote welle in grete care
Stont hys moder of hys welfare. 2372
Now in) his hert thynketh he:
"I wole take leve to go and see
My moder, the king myn) eme also."
And whan) he had leyser therto, 2376
Than) to speke begynneth Partanope

To hys lady: "Madame," seyde hee,
"I praye yow thatt ȝe in no wyse greve
Off my wordys, for trewly of leue
I muste praye yow, thus ys no naye;
For ytte ys go fulle money a daye
Offe my fryndys thatt y ne herde.
I wolde ffayne wete howe they ferde."—

Melior grants his request, adding that

"My nowne loue," thenne sayde sche,
"Ye schalle haue gode leue of me;
And lokyth alle-way thatt ȝe be trewe
To me, and chancheth for no newe:
For Fraunce stonde *in* sucche plyte nowe,
Hytte [hath] ryȝthte grete nede of yow;

King Clovis is dead,

For kynge Cleobolys hathe loste hys lyffe; *
In Fraunce ys not but werre and stryffe.
The power of Fraunce ys dyscum*fyte*.
And y schalle telle yow yn wate plyte
Yowr fader stande, for he ys dede.
Yowr mod*er* leuyth, an canne no rede;

and that enemies have invaded France.

And Bloys stante thus wyth-owten dowte,
Hytte ys beseget Rownde abowte.
Drawe yow to armes *and* knygthode,
And loke there lacke ynne yow no manhode.
Loke ȝe be large and geuyth faste.

"Be brave and generous," she says.

Where to haue goode be not agaste;
Ye schalle haue y-nowe of me.
And [yf] ye canne aspye ther be

2397. *MS.* wyffe. 2403. *or* stonte?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To hys lady: "Madame," sayde he,
I pray ycw that ye in no wyse greve
Of my wordes that I shall meve.
I must pray yow of leve, this ys no nay;
For hit gone ys full many a day
Of my frendes that I ne herde. [1 lf. 9, bk.]
I wolde fayne wytte how they ferde."—
"Myn owne love," then sayde She,
"Ye shall haue goode leve of me;
[1]And loke Alwey That ye be Trew
To me, and chonge not for a New.
For Fraunce stont in suche plyte now
Hyt hath ryght grete nede of yow;
For kyng Cleouelys hath lost hys lyffe;
In Fraunce ys but werre and stryffe.
The power of Fraunce is dyscomfyte,
And I shall telle yow in what plyte
Youre fadyr stont, for he ys dede.
Youre Modyr lyvyth, and can no rede,
And Bloys stont thus wythouten
dowte:
Hyt ys seeged rounde a-boute.
Drawe yow to armes and to knyg[t]hode,
And loke ye lakke no manhode.
Looke ye be large and gevyth fast.
Where to haue goode be not a-gast;
Ye shall haue ynough of me.
Any yf ye can espye that ther be

Any worthy knygthtys thorow the londe,
In alle the haste loke that ye fownde, 2412
There as they bene yn armes bolde,
Wyth gode y-now hem to wyth-holde.
Loke thatt ye be gentyH, lowly, and meke,
And geuyth to hem gode clothys eke. 2416
Alle-so of speche beyth fayre and lowlyche
As wele to the pore as to the Reche.
Affter my cowncel loke thatt ye* wyrke, [leaf 30]
And louyth* welle God and holy chyrche. 2420
Ye mowe notte fayle of hye cheualrye,
Yff ȝe loue God and owr lady.
And o thyng, my loue, y praye * yowe
That yn no wyse ye* ne besy yow howe 2424 "Above all, beware of treason;
By craffte of nygromansy me to see.
For yt wolle for yowr worse be.
Whenne ȝe haue y-broȝthte thus worke to a ȝende—
Ther-to sone yow Gode grace sende— 2428 and come back to me as soon as the war is over."
In Fraunce loke affter dwelle not ȝe,
Butte faste hye yow agayne to me.
Tylle ye be [at] Doyre loke ȝe not cesse
For yowr worchypp *and* myne ese."— 2432
"Medame," sayde he, "thus gode lesson
Schalle y welle kepe and thys sermone. Partonope assures her that he will never break his word.
Nor neuer for ku*nny*[n]ge thatt here speke*

2419. ye] *MS.* thow. 2420. *MS.* louyd.
2423. *MS. adds* the *before* yowe. 2424. ye] *MS.* of.
2435. *MS.* spepe.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And worthy knyghtys thurgh the londe,
In alle the haast looke ye foonde 2412
There as they been in armes bolde
Wyth goode ynowgh hem to with-holde.
Looke ye be gentyH, lowly, and meeke,
And gyffe to hem clothis eke. 2416
Also of speche both free and lowlych
As wele to poore as to Rych.
After my counseH looke ye wyrche,
And love wele God and holy Chirche.
Ye may not fayle of hye chevalry, 2421
If ye love God and worship oure lady.
And oo thyng love, I pray yow
That in no-thyng ye be besy now 2424
By crafte of Nygromansy me to see.
For hit wolle for youre worst be.
Whan ye haue brought this werre to ende—
Therto God yow grace sende— 2428
In Fraunce longe after dwelle not ye,
But fast hye yow ayen to me.
Tylle ye be at Doyre loke ye not cees
[1] For youre worship and myn ease."—
"Madame," sayde he, "this goode lesson 2433
Shall I kepe for my sermon. [1 leaf 10]
And for no-thyng that I can here speke

Schalle y neuer my Couenaunte breke,
Ne yn) no wyse besy me
Er the day sette yow to see."
Nowe haue thay bothe lafte talkynge
And falle ynto grete thynckynge.
Thys lyyth Partonope tylle yt ys day,
Thenne he abowte hym) se welle may
To ryde or go where so hym) luste.
In bedde he thynckyth no lengger reste.

The following day Partonope embarks with his black steed and his two hounds.

He rysyth vppe ynne grete haste,
An on) hys Iorney hyythte hym) faste.
He toke hys cowerser that was Coole blacke,
And lyȝthtely lepyth apon) hys backe,
And takyth wyth hym) hys lemers too;
Off meyne wyth hym) taketh he no moo.
Hyt nedythte noȝth telle how he toke hys leve,
He dydde yt preuely ouer eve.
Off oder thyng takethe he no kepe,
Butte straygth he rydyth forthe to the [s]chyppe,
Wyche furste hym) broȝthte to thatt Cetee.
Wyth-owten) more there-in gothe he, [leaf 30, back]
And takyth hys horse wyth hym in honde.
Wanne he was there-ynne he* fownde
A bedde alle redy and clenly made,
Where-of he was Ryȝthte ynly gladde.
He made hym redy, and ynne dide crepe,
He hadde grete nede forto slepe.
Off thus fayre schyppe alle the mayne,

2458. he] *MS.* y.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My covenaunt wole I not breke." 2436
Now haue they bothe left talkyng
And falle in-to grete thenkyng. 2440
Thus lyeth Partanope tylle hit was day
That the lyght verryly he say.
In bedde he wole no longer rest.
To ryse vp hem) semyth best; 2446
And toke hys courser that was blak,
And lyghtly lepith vpon) hys bak,
And taketh wyth hym) his lymers twoo.
Of meyny takyth wyth hym) no moo.
Hit nedyd not to take more leve,
For it was do prevely over eve. 2452
Of other thyng toke he no kepe,
But streyght he rydeth to the Shippe,
Whych fyrst hym) brought to that cytee.
Wythoute more theryn) gothe he, 2456
And taketh hys hors with hym) on) honde.
Whan) he was yn) there, he fonde
A bedde redy, alle clennely made,
Wherof he was ryght Inly glade. 2460
He made hym) redy, and yn) dyd crepe,
He had grete nede for to slepe.

Off wyche he myȝthte noȝth on see,
Vppe drowe angker yn alle the haste.
The schyppe anone begynnyth sayle faste,
Thatt er thatt day was comen to ende—
The schyppe so saylythe afore the wynde—
He hadde alle passyd the grete see,
And ynne to Lyere was comyn hee,
Where as he muste nedys abyde;
He mygthte no ferther for thatt tyde.
The schyppe was grete, he myȝthte noȝth passe.
The water of Leyre alle-so was
Butte strayte, *and* eke yt was scholde.*
There thay can faste owte folde
The gabelle, on wyche the anker was
Tyed, owte, *and* a grete pas
The grete anker they lette owte slyde,
Be wyche thys grete schyppe schulde Ryde.
The schyppemen alle bothe more and lesse
Owte of the schyppe the bote gan dresse
In-to the watere thatt hatythe Leyre.
[A bed] Thay hym dressyd welle and ffayre
In-to the bote, and yt was arayede
Wythe clennely clothys, and *þer*-in they leyde
Alle slepyng Partonope.
Off thus araye nothynge wyste he.
Thys was me thenketh a wonder reyse.
Whenne he woke, then faste be Bloyse
Aryved thus ȝonge Partonope,

2464 2468 2472 2476 2480 2484 2488

The invisible crew heave anchor.

The ship sails up the Loire.

Partonope is landed, while still asleep.

He awakes near Blois.

2475. *MS.* schalde, *scarcely* scholde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Vp was the ankyr drawe in haste,
And the Sayle ys crosse the maste. 2465
Who hyt takeled he cowde not see,
But in pees so stylle lyeth he.
This Shyppe saylleth and passith the See,
And in-to the water of Lyer they comen be, 2470
Where as he must nedes a-byde;
He myght no further for the tyde.
The Shipp was grete, he myght not passe,
For the water so shalow was. 2474
Therfore the cable they gan oute folde
By which the anker was y-folde. [1 lf. 10, back]
[1]The anker They leete oute slyde
To make the Shippe to ryde. 2480
Anone a boote was sette in to Leyre, 2483
And a bedde theryn goode and fayre.
On thys bedde Partanope slepyng
Was leyde, therof not wetyng. 2488
This was now a wondyr reys.
Whan he woke, then fast by Bloys
Aryved this yong Partanope,

Wyche he knewe [welle] for hys contre. [leaf 31]' 2492
Wan) he was landyd, then) ganne he blyve
Hym) loke abowte, butte thynge on) lyve
Saue horse and grehowndys cowthe he non) se,
Wyche he broȝthte wyth hym to the see. 2496
The bote no lengger there wolde soiorne,
Butte to hys schyppe gan) faste returne.
Butte ho was gyde kowde he nott see
He thinks of Melior and bursts into tears. Off thus bote, and stylle stode he 2500
And thyncketh on) Melioure, hys hert swete.
For pety of here the terys a-downne crepe
Owte off hys eyen) down) by hys cheke.
Hys hert tenderyd, and ganne to wepe, 2504
And thynkethe sone to turne a-yenen)
To se hys lady, hys hertes quene.
Here-to he prayythe God sende grace;
Proceeding on his journey And onne hys Iorney he gynnyth to pace. 2508
Off the Cuntre he ny*m*myȝthte grete garde,
And seyth where Bloys stante, *and* thedyrwarde
The way fulle p*r*euely taketh he;
He wolde nogth blythely aspyed be. 2512
And as he nyed Bloys nere,
In the way he sawe [how and] where
he meets twelve black sumpter-horses, Agayne hym) come xii somerys,
Charged wythe golde *and* Ryche auerys*. 2516

2505. *MS.* thymkethe. 2516. *MS.* arayes.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Which he knew wele for his Contree.
Whan) he was landed, than) gan) he blyve 2493
Hym) loke a-boute, but thyng on) lyve
Save hors and grehoundes couthe he none see,
Which he brought wyth hym) to the See. 2496
The Boote no lenger wolde sogeourn)
But to his Shippe fast gan) retourne.
But who was gyde couth he not se
Of this Boote, and stylle stont he 2500
And thenketh on) Melior, his hert swete.
For pyte of hir hys teres doun) crepe
Oute of his eyen) doun) by his cheeke.
Hys hert tendred, and gan) to wepe, 2504
And thenkith soone to turne a-yen)
To see hys lady and his Queen).
Here-to he prayeth God send hym) grace;
And on) his Journey forthe he gan) passe. 2508
Of the contree he taketh grete garde,
He seeth where Bloys stont, and thyderwarde
The way fuⁿ pryvely taketh he;
He wole not blely aspyed be. 2512
And as he come then) Bloys nere,
In the wey he sawe how and where
Agayn) hym) Come xij Somers, 2515
Charged wyth golde and ryche auerys.

The horse were blacke eu*e*ry-chone,
Ry3th fayre courserys ; *and* wyth hem come
xij 3onge men thatt hem dede lede,
Welle cladde yn sylke, wyth-owt*en* drede.
Alle be-hynde there come a kny3thte
Thatt was ther master, and thatt was Ry3thte,
For he [had] Iarge of the message.
He was very whyte for age ;
He was fulle semely, of stature longe ;
In 3owthe hytte semed he hadde bene stronge.
Wanne he hadde sy3thte of Partonope, [leaf 31, back]
Hys message ynne thus wyse sayde he :
"Syr," he sayde, "y saye yow gretynge
Fro [s]wyche onne thatt aboue alle thynge
Thatt Erthely ys, to yow hathe geffe
Here body, here herte, and alle here loue.
And as ye* ben [here] herte swete,
Sche prayythe ye schulde not here for-gete.
Alle thys tresowre sche hathe yow sente,
And as to here loue, to thus entente
To mayntayne yowr warres, *and* that in armes
Ye schulde be worchyppfuH, *and* of Charmes
Be Ry3thte ware, that 3e ne be
Wythe [hem] be-gyled." Thenne seyde he
To thus kny3thte : "God me defende
Here ynne sucche wyse to offende."—

laden with gold, and led by twelve young men.

Their master, an old knight, tells him that these treasures have been sent by Melior to defray the expenses of war.

The knight warns him against charms.

2533. ye] *MS.* he.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The hors were blake eu*e*rychone,
Rygħt fayre coursers ; and with hem come 2518
Twelve young men that dyd hem lede,
Wele cladde in sylke, withouten drede.
Alle be-hynde there Come a knygħt
That was her mayster, and that was rygħt, [leaf 11]
For he had charge of the message.
He was alle white for verray age ; 2524
He was fuH semely, of stature longe ;
In youth hit semyd he had be stronge.
Whan he had sygħt of Partanope,
His message in this wyse sayde he : 2528
"Sir," he sayde, "I say yow gretyng
Fro suche one that a-bove alle thyng
That erthly ys, to yow hath yove
Hir body, hyr hert, and hir love. 2532
And as ye byn hir hert swete,
She prayeth yow that ye wol not hyr foryete.
Alle this tresoure She hath yow sent
As to hyr love, for this entent 2536
To mayntene youre werres, and that in armes
Ye shulde be worthy / and of charmes
Be weH ware that ye ne be 2539
With hem begyled." / Then sayde he
To this knyght : "God me defende
Euer in suche wyse her to offende."—

"Welle," seyde thys kny3tħte, "yette haue I to saye
To yow yett more. Sche dothe praye
Partonope is to be knighted by Melior, and by no other.
In armes *and tur*[n]ewmentys ye lusty to be,
In Iustys alle-so; butte lokytħe thatt 3e
Be ware thatt kny3thte no man) yow make.
Thatt dede wolle sche vppon) here take
Thatt day thatt 3e weddyd schulde bee.
Wythe yowr swerde anone wolle sche
Yow gyrde yn alle pepuħ sy3thte.
Sche schalle yow geue the worder of kny3thte.
And kepe yow welle for God-ys sake
That by no Craffte Eny man yow make
To se yowr lady er tyme be."
The messengers take their leave, and disappear.
And wythe thatt worthe alle wepyngꝰ he
Turned hym) *and* gothe hys waye.
These 3onge men), thatt yn) selke so gaye
Were clothyd, to hym) they come anone
To take ther leue; for they muste goone
Wyth here master home agayne.
And then) they seyde: "Syr, loke 3e bene
Euer-more to yowre lady trewe, [leaf 32]
Ellys yt wylle yow bothe rewe,
And thatt 3e not to longe solorne,
Butte to yowr lady sone returne."
And wyth thatt worthe sodenly they be
Vanaschyd away, that trewly he

2545. *tur*[n]ewmentys] u *or* n *written above* r.
2568. vanaschyd] *second* a *like* o.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Wele," sayth this knyght, "yet haue I to say
To yow more. She dothe yow pray
In armes, in turnementes ye lusty be
And in Iustes loke that be ye.
Be ware that yow knyght no man) make.
That dede wole She vpon) hir take
That day that ye shulle weddyd be.
With youre Swerde a-none wylle She
Yow gyrd in alle the peples sygħt.
She shaħ yow gyffe the ordre of knyght.
And kepe yow weħ for Goddys sake,
Be no crafte no man) yow make
To see youre lady or tyme be."
And with that worde alle wepyng he
Turned hym) and gothe his way.
These yonge men) in sylke so gay
Were clothid / to hym) they come a-none
To take theire leve, for they muste gone
[1] With hyr maister home a-yen).
And they sayde: "Syr, looke ye ben)
Euer to youre lady fuħ trew, [1 lf. 11, bk.]
And that ye not longe sogeourne,
But to youre lady sone returne."
And with that worde sodenly they be
Vanesshid a-way, that trewly he

Wote neuer were thay bene [be]come.
To Bloys hathe he the waye nome.
A-ffore hym) gothe thus xij somerys
Streyȝthte to the gate, where as the porterys
Stode to-gydere and sawe thus syȝthte,
And thanckyd hyely God alle-myȝthte.
They sawe the somerys Charged wyth Rycchęs.
The Castell stode ynne grete dystresse;
They thoȝth yt come by God-ys grase.
Inne they lette the somerys pace.
Sone affter came Partonope.
[And whan) they aspyed hit was he,
And they myght redyly hym) know,
Down) on knees they gan) falle low,
And welcomed hym) with alle her hert.
And in alle hast one in ded stert,
And to the lady, his moder, saide he:
"Youre Son) ys come, Partanope."]
Sche gan) to fraye of sodente,
Butte yette ynne haste vppe Rysyth sche,
And gothe here sone for to mete.
Whanne sche hym) sawe, sche gynnythe to wepe
For very Ioye, and ther-wyth-alle
Here armes, thatt were long and smale,
Abowte hys necke sche dede leye.
Sche myȝthte for Ioye no worthe seye,

Partonope arrives at Blois.

The porters, recognizing him, fall down on their knees.

His mother comes to welcome him.

2579. *MS. scarcely* come.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wote neuer where they be become.
To Bloys hath he the way nome.
Aforne hym) gone these xij Somers
Streyght to the yate, whe[re] as the porters
Stode to-gyder and sawe this syght,
And thanked hyghly God almyght.
They sawe the Somers charged with rychesse.
The castell stode in grete distresse;
They thought hit come by Goddys grace;
And in they lete these Somers passe.
Sone after come this Partanope,
And whan) they aspyed hit was he,
And they myght redyly hym) know,
Down) on) knees they gan) falle low,
And welcomed hym) with alle her hert.
And in alle hast one in ded stert,
And to the lady, his moder, saide he:
"Youre Son) ys come, Partanope."
She gan) affray of this sodeyn) caas,
And ryseth vp in a grete raas,
And gothe hir Son) for to mete.
Whan) Sye She gynneth to wepe
For verray Ioye, and therewith-all
Her armes, that were longe and small,
A-boute his nekke She dyd lay.
She myght no worde for Ioye say,

And kyssed hym wyth dedely chere.
Sche ferde as thow sche weste neuer where
Sche hadde bene, and ther-wyth downe
To grownde sche fylde onne a sownne.
And sone affter sche dydde awake
She asks where he has been this long time, Owte off here sownynge, *and* gynnythte take
Here hert to here fully agayne.
And then sche seyde: "Where haue ȝe bene,
My dere sone, my Erthely Ioye,
Thatt neuer y hadde tokyn fro the,
Letter ne worthe thatt me myȝth ese,
and complains of her distress. To me thus hathe bene grette dyssese.
Kynge Cleobollys he ys dede, [leaf 32, back]
Yowr fader alle-so; thus ys the threde
I stande, an am ynne grete dowte.
My neyȝthbowrys here rownde abowte
Haue Rebellyd and dysheryed me
Off fayre castellys no lesse thenne thre,
Thatt stonden here ynne the moresse
Rownde abowte the castel of Bloys."
Partonope comforts her. "Madame," sayde thus Partonope,
"Bethe off gode comfort; y hope that ȝe
In schorte tyme schalle stonde yn ese.
Y knowe Ryȝthte welle alle yowr dyssese.
Butte dothe dyscharge alle thys somerys,
And sendyth abowte for knyȝtes *and* squyers.

, 2609. stande] a *fairly distinct.* 2613. *MS. possibly* maresse.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And kessed hym with a dedely chere.
She ferd as thogh She wist not where
She had be, and therwith down)
To grounde She fallith in swoune. 2598
And whan) after She was a-wake
Oute of hir swownyng and gynneth take
Hir hert fully to hir a-yen), [leaf 12]
And then) She sayde: "Where haue
ye ben),
My dere Son), myn) herthly Ioye,
That neuer letter ne worde sent with
oye, 2604
That myn) hert gretly myght ease.
This hath be to me a grete dyssease.
King Cleouelys now ys dede,
And youre fader also/thus in drede 2608
I stonde, and am) in grete doute.
Myn) neyghbours here a-boute
Haue rebellid and disherited me 2611
Of ffayre castellis no lesse than) thre,
That stonde here in this Marreys
Rounde a-boute this Casteth of Bleys."
"MAdame" sayde this Partanope,
"Beth of goode comforte; I
hope that ye 2616
In short tyme shall stonde in ease
I know ryght wele youre dyssease,
But dothe discharge alle these Somers,
And sendyth a-boute for knyghtis and
Squyeris. 2620

I schalle noȝthte spare for no gyffte
Hem) to wyth-holde by my thryffte
To saue yow yowr herytage,
And c. M$^{li}$ y wolle welle wage."
In alle the haste thenne dothe sche
Here letterys sende alle the Cuntre
[For knyght, yomen), and goode Squyer
A certeyn) day to come to dyner.
Tydyng ranne thorow the contree]
Thatt home was comen) Partonope.
The tythyngys to hys fryndys· buthe gladde,
Hys Enmyys ther-off no Ioye made.
Whenne the cheualrye of the Cuntre
Herde saye thatt Partonope
In very trowthe* was come home,
Faste to hym) warde they gynne gone.
He hym) reseuyd wythe goodely chere,
They be Ryȝth gladde to feynde hym) there.*
To thowsand knyȝthtys there he wyth-helde,
Thatt redy were to go to the fylde,
When) thatt euere hym) lesste to Ryde.
Partonope wolde no lenger abyde,
Butte to the stronge Castellys thre
The streyȝthte way anon) wylle he*.

The knights of the country, hearing that Partonope has returned, hasten to Blois.

Partonope regains his mother's castles, and then goes to succour the King at Pontoise.

2635. *MS.* trawthe.
2638. *MS.* They feynde be Ryȝth gladde off hym) there.
2644. wylle he] *MS.* taketh he, *which properly belongs to* l. 2648, *the scribe having dropped four lines, here supplied from Univ. Coll. MS.*

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

I shaH not spare now for no yefte
Hem) to with-holde now by my thrifte
To saue yow and myn) heritage,
And hundreth thousand I wol wage."
In alle the hast than) dothe She
Hir letters send alle the Contree
For knyght, yomen), and goode Squyer
A certeyn) day to come to dyner.
Tydyng ranne thorow the contree
That home was come Partanope.
These tydyngis to his frendys were glade,
His enemyes herof no Ioye made.
Whan) the cheualry of that contree
Herde say how that Partanope
In verray trouth was come home,
Fast to hym) ward they gan) gone.
He hem) resseyvid with goodely chere.
They be right glade to fynde hym) here.
Two thousand knyghtes there [he] with-helde, [1 leaf 12, back]
[1]That redy were to go to feelde,
Whan) that euer hym) lyst to ryde.
Partanope wole no lenger byde,
But to these stronge Castelles thre
The streyght way a-none wylle he.

[Short tale to make, this ys no lees,
The castellys, the Contree he sett in pees.
Wythoute more lette than) Partanope
Streight to the kyng the way] taketh he . 2648
To a stronge Castell men) callythe Pvntyfe.
There lyythe the kynge, thatt of hys lyffe
Ys fulle wery, thus ys no * drede ;
For he hathe nother Counsel ne rede 2652
Off kynne, off frynde, ne off hys lyggys.
There-fore ynne grete drede hys he.
The brother king Agysor is devastating the country. And there ys a kynge hathe Agysor
Come in-to Fraunce, thatt as a bore 2656
Or lyon) or wolffe ys ravennous.*
He scleyth, he rubbythe, he leuyth no howse
Vnbrente, saffe Castelle and wallyd townys.
He hathe wythe* hym) dyuerse nacionys 2660
And grete Numbere of Cheualrye
Off Norway, of Glygland, of Orcanye,
Off Erlond, off Fresselond, of Denmarke,
Thatt fully destroyen) alle thatt marche. 2664
He hopyth fully to conquere Fraunce ;
Agaynyste hym) ther ys no resistaunce.
Another brother king is coming. Another ys there a grete werrowre,
A kynge thatt ys namyd Surnegowre, 2668

2651. no] *MS.* to. 2657. *MS.* revenaunce *or* revenaunce.
2660. wythe *written twice.*
2663–64. Denmarke : marche] a *like* o.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Short tale to make, this ys no lees,
The castellys, the Contree he sett in pees. 2646
Wythoute more lette than) Partanope
Streight to the kyng the way taketh he
To a stronge castelle men) calle Pountyfe.
There lyeth the kyng, that of his lyfe
Is full wery, this ys no drede ;
For he ne hath Counsayle ne rede 2652
Of kynne, nor frend', ne of his leeges.
Therfore in grete drede he now is.
For there ys a kyng that highteth Agysore
Come in-to Fraunce lyke as a Boore
Or a wolf that ys ravennous. 2657
H[e] sleeth, robbeth, and leveth none hous
Vn)-brent but castellis and wallid towrs.
He hath with hym) dyuers Chyvalours
Of Norwey, Glytlond, and Denmark nacion), 2662
That the marches put in) confusion).
He hopith fully to conquerre Fraunce ;
Ayen) him ys no resistaunce. 2666
A-nother ther ys a grete werrioure,
A king named Sir Sornogoure,

Yonge, hardy, manly yn fy3thte, — a worthy young knight.
And ther-to a passynge semely kny3thte.
For and he hadde bene off Crystys lore,
I trowe men haue neuer* by-fore 2672
In Romaunce herd a worthyer kynge.
He loued kny3thhode aboue alle thynge.
The kyng of Fraunce ys onne Pvntyfe.
Tydyng-ys he heryth* of werre and stryffe 2676
Thorowe alle Fraunce yn euery Cuntre.
In thus Casteⱡ wyth hym there be — The King of France has only ten thousand men;
Offe frenche an flemysche, as y wene,
Butte x M$^{ti}$; and there agaynys bene 2680
An .c. M$^{ti}$ wyth kynge Surnegowre, — Sornegour has one hundred thousand.
There-fore off Cheualrye he ys namyd folowre.
And alle thus heryth Partonope.
A-none to the kynge faste hyythe he, 2684
And wythe hym brynggythe a ffayre mayne, [leaf 33, back]
Fyffe M$^{ti}$ kny3thtes, wyche thatt be — Partonope brings with him five thousand knights.
In armes fresche and welle arayde;
Here wagys he hathe hem welle payde. 2688
Nowe tythynggyste of Partonope
To the kynge ys come, *and* gladde ys he,
And gothe agaynys hym owte of hys towre,
And reseuyd hym wyth grete honowre, 2692 — The King explains his hopeless position.
And hys desese tellyth in haste
To Partonope, and how sore agaste

2672. neuer] *MS.* here. 2676. *MS.* beryth.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Yong, hardy, and fuⱡ ffeers in fyght,*
And therto a passyng semely knyght.
The kyng of Fraunce ys now in Pountyfe. 2675
Tydynges he heryth of werre and stryfe
Thorow alle Fraunce in euery Contre.
In this casteⱡ with hym ther be
Of ffrench, of fflemmynges, as I wene,
But ten thowsand; and there a-yenst bene 2680
An hundred thowsand with kyng Sornogoure,
That of chevalry ys named the floure.
Alle this herith yonge Partanope.
A-none to the kyng fast hyeth he, 2684
And with hym bryngith a fayre meyne
Feve hundreⱡ knyghtis, whiche that he [leaf 13]
In armes fresh and weⱡ a-rayde;
They be of her wages weⱡ payde. 2688
Now tydynges of this Partanope
Are come to the kyng, and gladde ys he,
And gothe a-yenst him owte of his toure,
And hym resseyvith with grete honoure, 2692
And his dyssease he tellith in hast
To Partanope, and how sore a-gast

2669. *MS.* syght.

He ys of kynge Sornagowre,
For he ys so stronge a werrowre. 2696
He thynckyth thus lond to conquere.
"I may not slepe for sorowe *and* fere:
He brennyth and wastyth alle the londe,
I haue no power hym to wyth-stonde." 2700
Alle thus herythe Partonope.
He seyyth butte lytel, butte more thynckyth he.
Atte the laste he sayde to the kynge:
"Me mervelyth gretely off on thynge. 2704
Why sende ȝe noȝthe for alle menne
Thatt to yowr Crowne lege bene?"—
His liegemen will not obey him. "So haue y do," thenne seyde the kynge.
"They wylle obbeye me nothynge. 2708
Y canne ynne no wyse trewly see
Butt thatt they neyder holde me
For kynge, for souereyne, ne for no lorde."
Partonope answeryd atte thatt worthe: 2712
"Thenne sethen ytte wolle no beter be,
Pray God of helpe, and he wolle see
To hys seruand euer yn nede.
I canne no more butte thus I rede." 2716
The kynge now leuyth alle thys mater,
And streyȝthte gothe in to [hys] dyner,
And wyth hym takythe Partonope.
Pontoise is strongly fortified, Ryȝth gladde of hym for sothe ys he.* [leaf 34] 2720
Thys Pyntyfe ys a Castel Ryalle,

*The first four lines of leaf* 34 *are a repetition of* ll. 2702–5, *with the following differences of spelling*: seyythe, lytel, thynkyth, seyde, mervelythe, of O thyynge, noȝthte.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He ys of this kyng Sornogoure,
For he ys so ffeers a werrioure. 2696
Partanope answerith the kyng: 2703
"Me mervèylith gretly of oo thing.
Why sende ye not ffor alle men
That to youre crown lyege been?"—
"So haue I do," then sayde the kyng,
"They wolle a-bey me no-thyng, 2708
Ne know me for her souereyn lorde."
Partanope answerith at that worde:
"What yf yt wolle no better be, 2713
Prayeth God of helpe, and he wole see
To his Seruaunt at euery nede.
I canne no more, but thus I rede."
The kyng leveth alle this matere, 2717
And comyth in-to the halle,
And ryght a-none therwith-alle,
And streyght gothe in to his dynere,
And with hym taketh Partanope.
Ryght gladde of hym forsothe ys he.
This Pountyfe ys a Castel ryall, 2721

Closyd welle wyth Ry3th a stronge walle,
Fulle of towres wyth-owten dowte.
A deche ry3the depe goythe Rownde abowte,
Fulle of water, and harde to wynne.
Ther-to the Castel ys wyth-ynne
Off men of armes stuffet welle.
Off warre vesture hyt* lackethe neuer a delle.
Nowe hadde these hethen men *in* costome
Eue*ry* day armed ffreschely to come
To profere skermesche to thys castelle.
Thay spare no3thte to come Ry3thte to the walle.
And these were kny3thtes of kynge Sornagowre,
Wyche off cheualrye bare the flowre,
Where-of he lafte hadde atte the Castelle of Chanarde
A M^ti kny3thtys and neuer a cowarde.
xx^ti M^ti he lafte be-hynde
Wyth kynge Agysor* soior[n]ynge.
No wonder ys thowe the kynge be
Off Fraunce aferde, for fewe folke hathe he.
There-fore he comawndyth ynne grete haste
The porterys to sparre the gatys faste,
Thatt ther schulde no man owte Isse,
Kny3thte ne squyer, butte be hys avyse.
The Ethen wyth grete boste *and* cryynge
To the Castelle-gate for Scarmesynge
Eny day comen wyth grette pryde,
The Cuntre prayden yn eue*ry* syde.

but is threatened every day by Sornegour's warriors,

thousands of whom are left partly at Chars, partly with Agisor.

2728. hyt] *MS.* hys. 2729. *MS.* costonne.
2734. *MS.* bore? 2738. *MS.* Caysar.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wele closyd with water and walle. 2722
The hethen men had in custom 2729
Armed fresshly euery day to come
To profer Skyrmyssh to this Castell.
They spare hit not neuer a dele, 2732
And thise were knyghtes of Sornogoure,
Whiche of cheualry bare the floure,
Where-of he had left at Castell Chaynard
Ten thowsand knyghtes to kepe the warde. 2736
And twenty thowsand he lefte be-hynde
[1] With kyng Gysore sogeournyng.
No wondyr ys thoght the kyng be 2739
Of Fraunce a-ferde, for few folke had he; [1 leaf 13, back]
Wherfore he comaundeth that none shulde be nyse
To passe the yates but hit be at his a-vyse. 2744
The hethen with grete booste and crying
To the Castell-gate for skermysshing
Euer they come with grete pryde, 2747
And take grete pray on euery syde.

The booty is all sent to Agisor.

Watte euer ther prayes where nette, schepe, or horse,
Thay sende alle to kynge Agysores.

Sornegour himself is at Chars.

Atte Chars lyethe kynge Sornegowre [leaf 34, back]
As fers ynne batyl as eny bore 2752
Thatt wylde ys, and lyythe ynne Denne.
He comawndythe sertayn) of hys men)

He commands his rear to join him on Saint James's day.

To Ryde to hys re[re]warde,
Thatt thay schulde geue hym) in charge 2756
To euery man) in hys degree
Thatt they algate schulde be
Wythe hym) atte synt Iames ffeste,
Thatt hathe Baptyste bothe moste and leste. 2760
Thys was vppon) wytsoneday
That kynge Sornegowre at Chars leye,
Hys Rennerys dyscoueryd the Cuntre,
There herde he fyrste of Partonope. 2764
Wanne thatt tythyngys they ganne here,
Off Partonope thenne dydde they ffere.
The saryȝynys ganne here cownceH take,
And charged alle men) they schulde make 2768
Hem redy and arme hym) faste,
For they wolde ryde yn) alle haste.

Ten thousand men ride at once to Pontoise, without waiting for their king.

A none x M$^{li}$ redy were
Onne horse-backe armed wyth schelde and spere. 2772
v. c. off these, as I rede,
Helden) hole to-gyder wyth-owten) drede.
The oder v. c. owte of araye
Ranne and pryckyd the Cuntre alle daye.* 2776

2749. prayes] s *like* r. 2763. *MS.* Remerys.
*On leaf* 34, *back, the last nine lines* (*after* 2776) *are crossed out in MS. Then follows catch-word:* ranne and pryked, *and at the top of leaf* 35 *is repeated*: Ranne and prekyde the Cuntre alle daye.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

At Charse lyeth kyng Sornogoure 2751
As feers in batayle as any Boore. 2752
He sendith to his rewarde tho 2755
That they shuH make hem) redy and come hym) to.
This was vpon) the whitsonday 2761
That Sornogouore made this a-ray.
His Renners dyscouered alle the contree,
And there they herde first of Partanope. 2764
The Saraȝyns than) they gonne feere,
And a Counsaile then) makyn) there.
Anone ten) thowsand redy were 2771
On horsbak armed with Sheelde and Spere.
Fyve hundred of these, as I rede,
Helde hole to-gyther withouten) drede.
The tother oute of aray than)
Alle day the Countree pryked and ranne; 2776

Thay rafte maney manꝺ hys lyffe. [leaf 35]
Thay cesyd nott tylle thay where atte Pvntyffe.
Thorow the Contre thenne Rose the crye.
The frenchemenꝺ onne the castel onne hye,
Owte of the Cuntre herde grette afraye,
Whyth hymꝺ-sylfe hadde grette dysmaye.
The hethenꝺ luste notte to abyde here kynge,
The ffrenche menꝺ thay dradde no-thynge.
A-none as euer Partonope
Thys noyse heryth, watt dothe he
Faste butte armethe hym in alle haste?
And Comaw[n]dythe hys sowdyowres faste
They make hemꝺ redy, for he wolle Ryde,
He thynckyth no lenger for to abyde.
v. c. now onꝺ horse-backe [he hade]
Welle armed; and thenne hee bade *
The porterys faste vndo the ȝate.
Butte he wolle lette no manꝺ passe ther-ate,
Tylle tyme thatt he the kynge muȝthte y-see
Redy to ryde and hys mayne.
The kyngꝰ ys armed and Redy to Ryde.
Affter hymꝺ ther wolle no manꝺ abyde.
Two Mᵗʰ menꝺ alle redy he
Armed hadde, and thenne Partonope
Spake to the kyngꝰ ynne thus wyse:
["Sir, I pray yow, lat me devyse]
Howe thatt ȝe gouernyd schalle be.
Kepythe to-gedyr alle yowrꝰ mayne,

Partonope arms himself.

He bids the porters open the gate.

Two thousand men are ready to sally.

The King is to remain behind.

2788. *MS.* sawdyowres.
2792. hee bade] *MS.* bade hee.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They refte many a man of his lyfe.
They sees not tylle they come to Pountyfe. 2778
Thus they made a sudeynꝺ affray. 2781
They in the Castell ganꝺ dysmay.
Anone as euer this Partanope 2785
This noyse herith, what dothe he?
Armedꝺ hymꝺ in alle that hast,
And with alle his soudiours as fast
He thenketh no lenger for to a-byde,
But to hymꝺ ys redy for to ryde. 2790
He bade the porters vndo the yate, 2793
But they wolde not late none oute therate, 2794
Tylle the kyng were redy to ryde. 2797
Thanꝺ after hym, he dothe a-byde. 2798
[1] He spake to the kyng in This wyse:
"Sir, I pray yow, lat me devyse 2802
How that ye shall governed be. [1 lf. 14]
Kepeth hole to-gydyr youre meyne,

And y schalle go affore and mete
Wyth these hethen; butte locke ȝe lete
None off yowr hoste fro yow goo.
Butte ȝyff ȝe se ytte stonde soo 2808
Thatt of helpe y haue grete nede,
Me * to Rescowe than faste ȝe spede."
Now [of] the kynge Partonope
Partonope rides into the field, and is at once attacked by a heathen knight. Hys leue takyth, and ffreschely Rydyth he 2812
Ouer the brygge yn-to the fylde,
To hym war[d] comyng he be-helde
Freschely armed an hethen knyȝthte
Thatt hym asawylett wyth alle hys myȝthte. 2816
Partonope pulleth owte hys swerde,
As he [that] was no-thynge aferde. [leaf 35, back]
He gaffe the hethen knyȝth a dynte
Wythte hys swerde thatt neuer stynte, 2820
Partonope cleaves his head. Tylle cleuen was hede and helme anone,
Streyȝthte vnto the breste bone.
He ffelle downe dede yn alle here syȝthte.
This knight's name was Heldin. Heldines hyȝth* thus knyȝthte. 2824
He was of grete* reputacon
Amonge the hethen, for here gownfanon
He bare euer-more ynne Batayle.
Thus sayyth myn Autor wyth-owten fayle. 2828
Thys hathe Heldynes harde y-hent
Off thus skarmosche the fyrste dent.
Partonope wolde noȝth sese
Off grete strokys, butte yn be-gynnythe to prese, 2832

2810. Me] *MS.* ye. 2824. *MS.* bryȝth. 2825. *MS.* crete.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And I shall goo a-fore and meete 2805
With these hethen; but looke ye leete
None of youre Oost from yow goo.
But yf ye wyle see het stant soo 2808
That I of helpe haue grete nede,
Me to rescow than fast ye spede."
NOw of the kyng this Partanope
His leve takith, and forthe rydeth he
Over the Brygge in-to the feelde, 2813
Where he sawe and be-heelde
How that an hethen knyght
Be-gan hym to assayle with his myght.
Partanope pulleth oute his Swerde,
And of hym is no-thyng a-ferde. 2818
He gaff that knyght suche a dynt
That thurgh his hede hit glynt.
He fylle doune dede alle in her syght.
Heldenes was the name of this knyght.
He was a man of grete reputacion 2825
Amonge the hethen, for he her ganfanon
Bare euermore in any Batayle.
Thus sayth myn autoure withoute fayle. 2828
Now Partanope wole not sees 2831
To gyff grete strokes in that prees,

As he thatt was bothe hardy and bolde.
Sucche a stroke he gaffe Burnolde,
An hethen) man), thatt alle my3tht see.
The quarter wythe the harme he made flee
From) the body in-to the fylde.
Sucche strokys men) haue y-sen butte sylde.
Partonope cryed : "O Crysten) men) !
Leye onne faste, thatt the hethen)
Neuer mowe thatt day se
Thatt we schulle of them) be
Dyscumfyte, or ellys be wyth-drawe
Off sucche pepelle of false lawe."
The hethen) hertys gan) faste colde
Be-cawse of Heldine *and* of Burnolde
Where so deden); for bothe too
Were gode kny3thtys; *and* Partonope ther-to
So fersely leyyth onne rownde abowte;
Moche folke he sleythe of the hethen) Rowte.
Amonge the hethen) he so pressythe,
And of fy3thtyng neuer sessythe.
He leyyth on) the hethen) soo
They mow nott chese, away th[e]y goo,
Alle blody *and* beten) owte of the fy3thte*,
Thus buth thay thus day alle scumfyte;
A-way they flee an huge pace.
Partonope* folewyth wythe the chase [leaf 36]
Wythe alle hys power by hys syde.

Partonope then slays Burnold.

He encourages his men to fight valiantly.

The enemies retreat.

2836. *MS.* quorter? 2855. *MS.* fly3thte.
2858. *MS.* Partonotope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For he was bothe hardy and boolde.
And suche a stroke he gaffe Bornolde
That a hethen) knyght was he.
The quarter with the arme he made flee [1 leaf 14, back]
Fro the Body in-to the feelde.
Su[c]he strookes men) haue sey seelde.
Partanope cryed : "O ye cristen) men),
Lay on) fast vpon) the hethen),
That they se not vs withdrawe.
Kelle these people of fals lawe !"
The hethen) hertes gan faste Coolde
[1]Be-cause of Hildenes and Bornolde
Were dede so ; for bothe they two
Were worthey knyghtes / but now ys so
That Partanope feersly hym) a-boute
Sleeth folke of the hethen) rowte.
Amonge the hethen) he so presed,
And of fyghtyng he neuer sesed,
But overledde the hethen) soo
Th[e]y may not chese, a-way they goo,
Alle blody and bethyn) oute of fyght,*
Thus be they this day dyscomfyte.
A-wey they flee an) huge paas.
Partanope feersly pursueth the Chaas
With alle his power be his syde.

2835. *MS.* syght.

There was sene he cowde beste ryde.
The hethen) for fere ganne quake,
Partonope hathe hem* ouer-take.
Now enter-mellyd a3en) they be.
The Crysten) lyen) onne, thatt hyt to* see
Or here, hyt was, me thynkythte, grete Ioye.
Partonope thatt day dydde grete noye
To the sary3ynys; for trewly abyde
Durste they neuer not; for wonde[r] wyde
Dysparcled ynne the felde they bee.
Many an helme ther men) my3thte y-see
Alle to-clatered *and* scheldes schake.
The sar3ynes effte sone he ganne make
To leue ther grownde, *and* to fly3thte
He putte hem) alle; *and* ther a kny3thte
Ho slowe, hose name was Farrees*,
He sclowe as he rode thorȝw the presse.
He mette anoder hygth̄ Maroes,
He sclow hy*m* alle-so, thus ys no lese.
Owte of the presse nowe dothe he Ryde
Hym to brethe, butte there abyde
He wolle no3th̄ long', butte ynne agayne.
Thatt sawe the sar3ynes, *and* faste to flene
They ganne echone* wyth̄-owten) lette.
Amonge hem was on) hygthte bele Sawrette,
A sar3yne, a luste man), an a 3onge.
He was Newoo vnto Surnegowre the kynge.

Partonope overtakes them, and the battle begins afresh.

He slays the heathen knights Fares and Mares,

and Bel Sauret, nephew of king Sornegour.

2862. hem] *MS.* bene. 2864. to] *MS.* may.
2868. abyde *underdotted before* wyde.
2875. *MS.* Marrees.
2883. *MS.* euchene, *emend* echone *or* eurychone.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

There hit was seen) who cowde ryde.
The hethyn) for feere they gan) quake,
Partanope hath̄ hem) now overtake.
Now entermedlid a-yen they be.
The Crysten) fyghten, Ioye hit ys to see; 2864
And the hethen) drust not a-byde, 2867
For Partanope made hym) sparble wyde.
And many an) helme there men) myght see
Alle to-clateryd and broken) be. 2871
The hethen) her grounde gan) for-sake;
Her flyght a-way they dyd make.
There Partanope in that fyght
Slow many a doughty knyght.
He slow the lorde Mores 2875
And a knyght that hyght Fores. 2877
Amonge hem) was oon) Bele Soret, 2884
A lusty Sara3yn), wythoute lette.
Strong he was and wele lykyng,
Nevew to Sornogoure the kyng. 2886

Welle horsyd and ffreschely armyd was hee.
Off hym toke kepe Partonope.
He spowrythe hys stede wyth alle hys myȝthte,
He thoȝthte thatt sarȝyne schulde alyȝthte.
And wyth grete haste wythe hym) he mette,
And so sore hym) wyth-sette,
The sarȝyne mowȝth yn) no wyse chese.
Partonope made hym) there to lese
Hys lyffe; ther-wyth Partonope
Lokythe abowte affter hys mayne,
And to hym drawyth a sowffte pace. [leaf 36, back]
The hethen) cryed alas alas,*
Off hys dethe thay hadde grete pety.
"Watte manne hy[s] thus Partonope?"
They sayde alle, in Crystyante
Was nott sucche anoder as hee.
Partonope ys nowe wythe hys mayne.
Hem to-geder nowe drawethe hee;
And dothe off hys helme hem to abrethe.
He loked be-hynde, and on a hethe
The kynge of Fraunce ther sawe he comynge
Wythe alle hys Oste, wyche was gode tythyngge
To alle the power of Partonope.
For nothyng lengger abyde wolde he.
Onne goythe the helme, forthe Rennythe the stede
Amonge alle the bodyys thatt there laye dede,
Tylle he was, wyth-owte lese,

The heathen are seized with fear.

Partonope pulls off his helmet to recover breath. He then sees the King of France approaching.

Partonope attacks the Saracens again,

2898. *MS.* The cryed alas alas hethen) sayd alas.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wele horsed and armed was he.
Of hym) toke heede this Partanope.
In grete hast with hym) he mette,
And suche a stroke on) hym) he sette
That he myght in no wyse chese,
But his lyfe dyd tho leese. [1 leaf 15]
[1] And therwith this goode Partanope
Loketh a-boute for his meyne,
And to hem) draweth a softe paas.
The hethen) cryed allas allas,
Of his deth they had grete pytee.
"What man) ys this Partanope?"
They sayde in alle Crystyante
Was not suche a-nother as he.
Partanope ys now with his meyne,
For they now to-gyder be.
He dothe of his helme for to a-brethe.
He loked be-hynde, and vnnethe
The kyng of Fraunce he saw comyng
With alle his Oste; that was goode tydyng
To alle the power of Partanope.
For no-thyng lenger a-byde wolde he.
On) gothe the helme, forthe renneth the Stede
Amonge the bodyes that there lye dede,
Tylle he was, withouten) lees,

Amyddes the sarȝynes yn alle the prese.
He leyyth abowte hym wyth hys brande.
Many an hethen there loste hys hande, 2916
The armes fro the body clene
He made flee ynto the grene.

and kills a knight named Lugan.

Whan the sarȝynes thus dyd see,
Alle atte ons thay gan [to] flee. 2920
Amonges these [hethen] was a man,
A worthy [knyght], thatt hygth Lugan.
Wyth hym mette Partonope.
Hys hede anone he made flee 2924
From the body ynto the fylde.
Many a sarȝyne hytte be-helde.
Off thus stroke they were aferde;
They cursed hym sore and eke hys swerde. 2928
Partonope leyyth [onne] ynne euery syde.
Now gynnythe the hethen faste on hym Ryde,
And wyth fers hert hym to asayle.
Now at Erste be-gynnythe the Batayle. 2932

The King of France arrives with two thousand of his liegemen.

Ther-wyth-alle comythe the kynge
Off Fraunce, *and* wythe hym alle prekynge
To M$^{li}$ of hys lege men, [leaf 37]
Thatt freschely the prees of* the ethen 2936
Wythe sturdy speres and swerdes [br]eke.
Onne grownde of the hethen falleth maney freke.

2930. *or* an)?
2936. the prees of] *MS.* pressyth vppon).

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Amydde the Sarazyns in alle the prees.
He laythe a-boute hym with his brond.
Many an hethen there lost his hond.
The armes fro the body clene 2917
He made flyng vn-to the Grene.
Whan the Sarazyns this dyd se,
Alle at onys they gan to flee. 2920
Amonge these hethen was a man,
A worthy knyght that hyght Lugan.
With hym mette this Partanope.
His heede anone he made flee 2924
From the body in-to the feelde.
Many a Sarazyn hit byhelde.
Of this stroke they were a-ferde;
They cursid hym sore and eke his swerde. 2928
Partanope lyeth on vpon euery syde.
Now gynne they faste on hym ryde,
And with feerse hert hym assayle.
Now at eerst be-gynneth the batayle.
[1] Therwithall now Comyth the kyng
Of Fraunce, and with hym fast prekyng
Two thowsand of his lyegemen, 2935
That fresly the prees of the hethen
With sturdy Speres and Swerdes breke. [1 leaf 15, back]
To grounde of the hethen fylle many a freeke.

The ȝonge kynge hym̃-sylffe dothe fyȝthte,
Off hym ytte was a ryȝth̃ gode syȝthte.
There bydeth̃ notte onne, butte faste thay flee
To Chars,* here Casteł; and Partonope
Charchet hem streyȝthte to the castelle,
Where-ynne was many a sarȝyne felle,
Thatt to the gate faste* Ranne.
A-none owte gothe the grete gunne.
There-wyth they made an huge shryche;
Partonope hurlythe hem *in*-to the deche.
The bowes of brake er ‚bent' ẏnne haste;
They bent here arowblastys *and* stones caste.
Partonope thatt day vndeṛ hys schelde
xx hethen̄ he hathe slayn̄ yn the fylde.
Wythe thatt he hadde of money moo
Broken̄ the armes and leggys a-twoo.
The frenche men̄ thatt were leffte *in* Pvntyffe,
Felle sodenly yn̄ grete stryffe.
And alle was for here abydynge,
Thatt they schulde leue be-hynde here kynge.
They armed hym̄ yn grete haste,
And affter the kynge hyed faste.
Eche man̄ schaped hym to gone;
And thus ys Pvntyffe leffte alone.
Whenne Surnegowṛ, the hethen̄ kynge,

The Saracens flee to Chars.

The French left at Pontoise also take part in the battle.

When Sorne gour hears

2942. *MS.* Iars. 2944. *or* mony?
2945. *MS.* farste.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The ȝong kyng hym-selfe dothe fyght.
The hethen̄ in hast are put to flyght,
There bydeth̃ not one / but fast gan̄ flee
To Charse her Casteł; and Partanope
Chaseth̃ hem̄ fast to the Casteł,
Where was many an̄ hethen̄ feł, 2944
That to the yate fast tho rvnne.
Anone oute gothe the grete gvnne.
Therwith̃ they made an̄ huge slyrke
Partanope hurlyth̃ hem̄ in-to the dyke.
The bowes of brake are bent in hast;
They bend her arow-blastes and stones cast. 2950
Partanope that day vndyr his Sheelde
Twenty hethen̄ hat slayn̄ in the feelde.
With̃ that he had of many moo 2953
Broken̄ the legges and armes in two.
The french̃ that were left in Pountyfe,
Fylle sodenly in a grete stryfe. 2956
And alle was for her a-bydyng
To longe be-hynde after her kyng.
They armed hem̄ in grete haste,
And after the kyng they highed faste.
Eche man̄ shapeth̃ hym̄ for to gone;
And thus ys Pountyfe left allone.
Whan̄ Sornogoure, the hethen̄ kyng,

the noise and the shouting of his men, he arms himself and hurries to the gate.

Herde the noyce and the cryinge
Off thus mayne, he* armed hym faste,
An to the ȝate he ganne haste.
Whenne he to the baryerys come,
Hys stede freschely ther he nome.
He wente to haue an issue fre*,
Butte of hys purpose lette was he.
The kynge off Fraunce was atte that Res,
And Partonope the erle of Bloys;
There was eke the kynge-ys oste. [leaf 37, back]

Five thousand French keep the bars, so that the Saracens cannot get out of the castle.

Partonope hadde atte hys coste
v M$^{ti}$ men armed welle
Wyth helmes Burneschyd wyth bryȝthte style.
Thay schette the Barryers anone Ryȝthte,
Thatt the hethen hathe no myȝthte
Owte of the Castell forder to Isse.
There ȝede strokes fulle thycke y-wysse.
The ffrenche there wythe the hethen [dyd] fyȝthte,

At night the fight ceases.

Tylle aponne hym felle durke nyȝthte,
Thatt [n]onne* off them myȝthte oder see.

2965. he] *MS.* here. 2969. an issue fre] *MS.* Partonope.
2983. *MS.* onne *with* nne *underdotted*; *the dots may have been put inadvertently, a letter* (o ?) *before* off *having been blotted and marked for erasure.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Herde this noyse and this crying
Of his meyne, he armed hem fast,
And to the yate he hyed in hast.
And whan he to the Barres come,
His steede feersly there he nome.
He wende to haue and Issue free,
But of his purpose lette was he.
The kyng of Fraunce at that reys,
[1] And Partanope, The Erle of Bloys,
And therwithall the kyngis Ooste.
Partanope had there at his coste [1 lf. 16]
Fyve thowsand men armed wele
In armoure bryght made of steele,
That shette the barres a-none ryght,
That the hethen had no myght
Oute of the Castell further to goo.
There yede strokes many tho. [fyght
The french with the hethen there dyd
Tylle vpon hem fylle derke nyght,
That none of hem myght other see.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] H . . de þis noyse *and* þis cryinge
. f his meyne, he armede hy*m* faste,
And to þe yate he hyede in haste.
When he to þe barres come, [1 leaf 8]
His stede freshly *þer* he nome.
He wende to haue hade issue fre,
But of his p*or*pose let was he.
The kynge of Frau*n*ce at *þat* reyse,
And Par*t*onope, þe erle of Bloysse,
And *þer*-wi*th*-all þe kynge*s* oste.
Par*t*onope hade *þer* at his coste
Fyve þousonde armede well
In armore bright made of steel,
That shet þe barres anone right
That þe hethyn hade no myght
Out of þe castell for*þer* to goo.
There yede strok*es* manye þo.
The frenche wi*th* þe hethyn dede fight
Till vppon fill dyrke nyght,
That none of hem myght o*þer* se.

*Between* 2970 *and* 2971 *MS. adds:* The kynge of Fraunce let was he.

The kynge comawndyd hys men) lette be
Off thus skermysche and thus stryve,
And takethe the way to Pvntyffe.
The hethen) takethe Surnegowre,
Here kynge, *and* streyȝthte *in*-to the towre—
For ytte was nyȝthte—thay hym ladde.
They conseld hym), *and* they hym) redde
To kepe thatt castel yn) saue garde,
Tylle he hadde alle hys reerwarde.

To Pvntyffe ys now reden) the kynge;
And Partonope, bothe luste *and* ȝonge,
In thus Iornay hathe geten) hym a name,
Thatt alle men) be-gynne to *pro*clame
Hys grete name and worthynys.
Ther-to there spake bothe more and lasse,
And seyden), sethen) the worle be-ganne,
Was ther neuer bore a sucche a mane
Off manhode, of worthynys, of fredome and of lowlynys.
For so hym) preysythe bothe more and lesse;
For he helde sucche opyn) husholde
Thatt wellcome was ho euer come wolde.
And grete gyftys gaue he, and thatt was ofte,

The French king rides back to Pontoise.

The Saracens counsel their king to remain in the castle.

Partonope's fame spreads throughout all France.

Whoever comes to him is welcome.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng comaundeth his men) let be
Alle this skyrmyssh and alle this stryfe,
And taken) the way to Pountyfe. 2986
The hethen / taketh Sornogoure,
Her kyng / and streyght to the Toure,
For hit was nyght / they hym ledde.
And alle they counsayle and redde
To kepe that Castell in safe garde,
Tylle he had alle his reward. 2992

TO Pountyfe ys now rydde the kyng;
And Partanope, bothe lusty and yeng,
In this Iurney hath a grete name,
That Thourgh alle Fraunce they gan) proclame 2996
His grete manhode and his worthinesse.
Therof they speke bothe more and lesse;

For he helde suche opyn) householde
That welcome was that come wolde.
Grete gyftes gaff he had that was ofte

*Rawl. MS.*

The kynge comondyth his men let be
Att þis skyrmyshe *and* att þis stryfe,
And toke þe wey to Pountyfe.
The hethyn take Sornogoure,
Her kynge, *and* streight to þe toure,
For it was nyght, þey hym lede. 2989
Att þey counsell hym *and* rede
To kepe þe castell in safe garde.

¶ To Pountyfe is rede þe kynge;

And Partonope, bothe lusty *and* yonge,
In þis Iorney hathe grete name,
That þorwe Fraunce þey *pro*clame 2996

His grete manhode *and* his worthynes.
There-of þey speke bothe more *and* lesse; 3002
For he helde soyche oppyn housolde
That welcome was þat come wolde.
Grete gyftes gafe he *and* ofte 3005

3002. *MS.* spoke?

Off clothes, off golde, and velavet soffte.
There-to so lowly [eke] was he
Notte onely to lordys butte to eu*e*ry degre, 3008
Thatt eu*e*ry man) of hym) hadde Ioye;
They lekened hym) to worthey Ector of Troye.
Thatt lady here loue cowde welle Chese
Thatte sucche onne chese, and cownde so plese [leaf 38] 3012
Alle the worle, *and* loued here beste;
Me thyncketh [here] herte stante ynne grete Reste.
Thys he ys spoken) off thorow alle Fraunce,
Thatt of hys wytte and of hys gouernaunce 3016
Kame neuer no sucche yn-to thatt Cuntre.
The pepele desyryd hym gretely to see,
And drewe to hym fro* eu*e*ry syde.
Kny3thte ne squyer wolde non) abyde, 3020
Butte alle drew to Partonope.
Hem so godely thenne reseuyd he
Thatt gladde of hym) ys eu*e*ry wy3thte.
He was so plesawnt yn) here sy3thte 3024
Thatt ther was neyd*e*r kny3thte ne squyer
Thatt for hys loue or for hys favowrr*e*
Throw-owte alle Frawnce was gladde to be
A-queyntyd wythe Partonope. 3028

He gives them plenty of gold and silver.

And tho thatt comythe he dothe wyth-holde
He yeuyth hem) plenty of syluer and golde.

3019. fro] *MS.* fers.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of clothes, of golde, and welwett*es* softe. 3006
And therto lowly eke was he
Not onely to lordys but to alle degree
That euery man) of hym had Ioye;
They lykned hym to Ector of Troye.
Thus ys he spoken of thorow alle Fraunce, 3015
That of hys witte and of his gouernaunce
Come neuer suche in that contree.
The people desyreth hym) gretly to see,
[1] And drawe to hym) from) euery syde.
Knyght nor Squyer wylle not a-byde,
And alle that comen) he dothe with-holde. [1 leaf 16, back] 3029
He gyffe hem) plente of his golde.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Of clothis of golde, velwet softe. [1 leaf 8, back]
And þer-to lovely eke was he
Not only to lord*es* but to aⱡ degre 3008
That eu*e*ry man) of hym hade Ioye;
They lekenede hym to Ectore of Troye.
Thus is he spokyn) of In Frau*n*ce, 3015
That of his wyte *and* his gou*e*rnau*n*ce
Come neu*e*r soyche In þat contre.
The pepiⱡ desyrethe hym gretly to se,
And drewe to hym fro eu*e*ry syde.
Knyght, squyre wiⱡ not abyde. 3020
And aⱡ þat come he dyde *with*-holde.

3021. *On margin is added by another hand:* Knyght squior ȝong & oolde.

To plece hom alle he dothe hys myȝthte,
Hys worchyppe to saue, and eke the * Ryȝthte 3032
Off Fraunce *and* of hys lege lorde.
Fro maney partyes of the worlde
Moche pepele to hym ys comande,
Now a .c., now IJ c., now a thosande. 3036
To Fraunce was he a stronge poste;
[Day by day encresith the Ooste.
Or than a moneth was alle past]
Chyualrye to hym can dr[a]we faste, 3040
Thatt there were numberyd in the fylde
An .c. M$^{li}$ wythe spere and schylde.
The re[re]ward of kynge Surnegour
Ys now y-come, where-ynne the flowre * 3044
Ys herborewed of thus Chyualrye.
Where-fore anone he made do crye
Thatt they schulde alle y-armed bee
The nexte day, thatt he myȝthte y-see 3048

His army increases by thousands.

Within a month he has a hundred thousand men.

The rearguard of king Sornegour having arrived,

3031. *MS.* hom *or* ham.
3032. the] *MS.* hys.
3044. flowre] *MS.* towre.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To please hem) alle he dothe his myght
Hys worship to save and the ryght
Of Fraunce and of his lyege lorde.
Fro many partyes of the worlde 3034
Moche people come to hym) warde,
Bothe by thousandes and hundred.
To Fraunce was he a stronge poste;
Day by day encresith the Ooste.
Or than) a moneth was alle past
Chevalry to hym) drow wel fast, 3040
That there were nomberd in the feelde
An) hundred thousand with Spere and Sheelde.
THe rereward of kyng Sornogoure
Ys now comyn), wherin) the floure 3044
Is herbowred of his cheualrye.
Wherefore a-none he made do crye
That they shulde alle armed be
The next day, that he myght see 3048

*Rawl. MS.*

To plese hem all he dothe hys myght,
His worchipe to saue *and* þe right 3032
Of Fraunce *and* his lege lorde.
From many partes of þe worde
Moche pepill come to hymwarde,
Bothe be þousonde *and* by honderde.
Of France was he a stronge poste; 3037
Day be day encreseth his oste.
Ore þen a month was all paste
Chevalry to hem drewe faste, 3040
That þer were nomberde In þe felde
An honderde with spere *and* shelde.

¶ The rerewarde of kynge Sornogoure

Ys nowe come, where-in þe floure 3044
Ys herberwyde of chevallrye.
Where-fore anone he made do crye
That þey shulde all armede be
The nexte day þat he myght se 3048

3036. b (?) *erased before* poste.
3042. mill *written above* honderde (*by another hand* ?).
3044. whe *erased before* where.

the heathen army numbers more than two hundred thousand men.

Whatt pepele he hadde onne the fylde.
The herodes ther nummberyd wyth spere *and* schylde
IJ hunderyd M$^{ti}$ * wyth-owten alblasterys,
Wythe-owte gyldenys and archerys,* 3052
Were-of the numbere they cownde notte telle. [leaf 38, back]
Sornego*ur* the kynge, thatt was so felle,
Whenne alle these pepele he dyd see,
The kynge of Fraunce thenne manasyd* he, 3056
And sayde prowdely he wolde no3the fayle
To holde the fylde and geue hym batayle.
Partonope herytħ alle thus;

From various countries men gather round Partonope.

And to hym comyng sodenly ys 3060
Moche pepele of Loreyne *and* of Freslonde,
Wythe-owte letter of hym or [any] sonde,
The poytowys, the aunguys,* the Gascon),
The frenche, the almayne, the Breton). 3064
Moche pepele come of Pavy,
And alle-so owte of Lumbardy.

3051 *MS.* II M$^{ti}$ hunderyd, ll. 3051–52 *are in inverse order in MS.*
3056. manasyd] *MS.* namyd.
3063. *MS.* paytowys? *MS.* amguys.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

What people he had in the feelde,
Whiche were nombred of Spere and Sheelde
An hundred thousand withouten arblasters,
Withoute gyldenes and archers, 3052
Where-of the nombre they cowde not tell.
Sornogoure the kyng, that was ryght fell,
Whan) alle these peple he dyd see,
The kyng of Fraunce then) manased he,
And sayde proudely: "I wole not fayle
To holde the [feelde] and gyff hym) batayle." 3058
Partanope by spyes herytħ alle this;
And to hym) sodenly comen) ys
Moche people of Loreyege and Fryse londe
Withoute letter or any sonde, 3062
The Pyetes, the aungyus, the Gascouns,
The frenchħ, the almayns, the Bretouns.
Moche people there come of Pavy, 3065
And also in Lombardy. [leaf 17]

*Rawl. MS.*

What pepiħ he hade In þe felde,
Wheche were nomberde of spere *and* shelde
An .c. þousonde with-out arblastes,
With-out gildenes *and* archeres, 3052
Where-of þe nombir þey couthe not tell.
Sornogoure þe kynge, þat was fell,
When) aħ þis pepiħ he dyde se,
The kynge of France manassede he,
And seyde proudly: "I wiħ not faiħ
[1]To holde þe felde *and* gyf bataiħ." 3058
[[1] leaf 9]
P[ar]tonope be spyes hereth aħ þis;
And to hem sodenly come is
Moche pepiħ of Loryn *and* of Frys-londe
With-out letter ore ony sonde, 3062
The perres, þe aungoyoyes, þe gas-coynes,
The frenche, þe almaynes, þe bruttons.
Moche pepiħ þer come of Pavy,
And also out of Lombardy. 3066

Be-twene these kynges wyth-owten fayle
Ys sette a day of Batayle,
Wyche ordinaunce, wyth-owten naye,
Shulde be holde apon a twysdaye,
Wyche yn olde tyme, I wolde noȝth lye,
The day of Batayle dothe synefye.
The kynge of Fraunce comaw[n]dythe by wrytte
Erche-byscoppes and Byschopys, and heyly hem bytte *
To abbotys and priorys *and* eke to frerys
To come a prosescon and make here prayerys
For hym and alle hys cheualrye.
To do hys comawndement faste they hye.
Atte Chars schalle the Batayle be,
Where the hardy schalle make the coward flee.
Ytte was onne a twysday,
Whenne the sonne ys * bem*us* fulle gaye
Schowed, wyche browȝthte forthe meny a flowr',
Kynge Agysowr'* and kynge Surnegowre,
Vnder the schadowe of a nappell tree,
Here cownseH helde yn alle degrees
Off here lordes *and* of here knyghthode,*

A Tuesday is fixed for the day of battle.

The heathen kings hold a council.

3074. bytte] *MS.* wytte.
3082. *MS.* sonnys *with an* e *written above last* n.
3084. *MS.* Kuysowr'. 3087. *MS.* cheualryes.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Bytwene these kynges, saunȝ fayle,
Is sette the day of her batayle,
With ordynaunce, withouten nay,
Shulde be holde on the Tuesday,
Whiche in olde tyme, not for to lye,
The day of batayle to signifye.
THe kyng of Fraunce comaundeth by wrytte,
And Bysshops and clergy hem hyly bytte
To go on precession for alle his Chevalrye.
To do his comaundement fast they hye.
At Charse shall now this batayle be;
He than hath the wros must nedys flee.
These hethen kiyges Sornogour
With the worthy Syr Agysour,
Vndyr Shadow of appyH trees,
Her counsayle holde with alle degrees
Of her lordys and of her knyghthode,

*Rawl. MS.*

Be-twe-ne þis kynges samfaiH
Ys set þe day of þer bataiH,
Wyth ordenance, with-out nay,
Shulde holde vpon þe thursday,
Whiche In olde tyme, not for to lye,
The day of bataiH to sygnefye.
¶ The kynge of Fraunce comondyth be wryte,
And bysshopp*us and* clergye truly byte
To goo on pressession for his chevalrye.
To do his comondement faste þey hye.
At Charse shaH nowe þis bataiH be;
He þat hathe þe worse moste nedes fle.
This heigh kynge Sornogoure
With þe worthy sir Agysoure,
Vnder þe sha[d]we of appiH trees,
Here counseH helde with aH degres
Of þer lordes *and* of þer knyghthode,

And .c. knyȝthtys [that] of alle manhode
Where hyly cownted they hadde there,
Thatt kowde welle dele wythe schelde *and* spere.
They were as stylle as eny stone,
One worde ne spake of hem nott one.
Kynge Sornegowre hem faste be-helde : [leaf 39]

Sornegour invites the assembly to give their opinions.

"Lordynggys," he sayde, "to-morewe the felde
We mutte holde and ȝeue Batayle
To the frenche, thys ys no fayle.
ȝe buthe alle bothe ware and wyse.
Lete eu*e*ry man) seye now hys devyse
To sette owre Batayle in ordynaunce,
And se hoo schalle haue the gouernaunce
Off owre slyngges and of owre archerye."

King Loemer of Norway points out that the French army is growing rapidly ;

Firste spake Loemers* in wordes hye.
Off Norway he was lord and kynge ;
The Northwayys er atte hys ledynge.
"Ser," he seyde, "hyt may nott fayle
To-morewe we schalle haue Batayle,

3102. *MS.* Leoners.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And hundred knyghtes, that of manhode
Were highly acounted, they had there,
That cowde dele weⁱᵗ with Shelde and Spere. 3090
Kyng Sornogoure hem fast by-helde :
"Lordinges," he sayde, "to-morow the feelde 3094
We must holde and gyffe batayle
To the ffrench, this may not fayle.
Ye be alle / bothe ware and wyse. 3097
Lat Eche man) say now his advyse
To sette oure batayle in ordynaunce,
And se who shaⁱᵗ haue the gouernaunce
Of oure wynges and of oure Archery."
First spake kyng Loemers wordes hye.

Of Norwey he was lord and kyng ;
The norweys are at his ledyng. 3104
"Sir," he sayde, "hit may not fayle
To-morow we shhaⁱᵗ haue batayle

*Ravl. MS.*

An honderde knyghtes þat of manhode
Were highly accountyde þey hade þer,
That couthe weⁱᵗ dele with shelde *and* spere. 3090
Kynge Sornogoure hem faste be-helde :
"Lordynges," he seyde, "to-morwe þe felde
We moste holde *and* gyfe bataiⁱᵗ
To þe frenche, þis may not faiⁱᵗ. 3096
Ye be aⁱᵗ bothe ware *and* wyse.
Let iche man) sey his avyse
To set oure bataiⁱᵗ In ordenaunce,
And se who shaⁱᵗ haue þe gouernaunce
Of oure wynges *and* oure archerye. 3101
[1] Firste spake kynge Loemers wordes hye. [1 leaf 9, back]
Of Norwey he was lorde *and* kynge ;
The Norweyes are at his bydynge.
"Sir," he seyde, "it may not faiⁱᵗ
To-morwe we shaⁱᵗ haue bataiⁱᵗ 3106

3088. *Above* honderde *is added* m¹ *in another hand.*
3094. in *added above* þe.
3104. bydyd *crossed out before* bydynge.

And wythe God-ys grace the victorye
Of here cheualrye, butte the frenche trewly
Encrese faste, and alle-so y seye
Moche pepuH to hym) gynnythe to obeye.
The frenche erne yn) here own) Cuntre,
And wythe hym ys one Partonope,
Thatt to seke the worl[d]e fur and nere
A worthyer may ther non) be *pr*euyed yn) werre,
And of the frenche, y dar vndertake,
Beste; and alle-so he dothe make
Alle thus pepele agaynys vus to come.
They be nowe more streyngger thenne they were wone.
They haue more folke then have* we,
And knowyth the Cuntre beter *in* eche degre.
The kynge hathe made vsse grete *pro*ferys
IJ .C. to fylle of owre Cowferys
Wythe golde and syluer *and* grete Ryches,
Off mules of Spayne a M$^{ti}$ no lesse,
A M$^{ti}$ horse and XX$^{ti}$ lyones,
A M$^{ti}$ gosse-hau-kys and a thowsand ffawconys.

the king of France has offered rich gifts on the condition that the Saracens leave the country;

3119. have] *MS.* halffe.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And with Goddys grace the victory
Of the french, but her Chevalry 3108
Encresith fast, and also I say [1 lf. 17, bk.]
Moche people to hem) gynneth to obey.
[1]The ffrench arne in her owne Contree,
And with hem ys one Partanope, 3112
That to seke the worlde nye and ferre,
A worthier ys not preved in werre.
Of alle the french, dare I vndertake,
He ys best / and also he dothe make
Alle these people a-yenst vs to come.
They be more strenger then) they were wonne. 3118
They haue now more folk then) we,
And know the Contree better in eche degree. 3120
Afore this the kyng hath made grete profre
Two hundred to fylle of oure cofre
With golde and Seluer and grete rychesse,
Of mules of Spayne to thousand no lesse, 3124
A thousand hors and twenty lyons,
And a thousand Goshaukes and faucons.

*Rawl. MS.*

And with Goddes grace þe victorye
Of þe frenche, but hir cheualrye 3108
Encreseth faste, *and* also I sey
Moche pepiH to him gynnyth to obey.
The frenche are In þer owne contre,
And with hem is on Partonope, 3112
That to seke þe worlde n[i]gh *and* ferre,
A worthyere is not prevyde no-where.
Of aH þe frenche, I vnderstonde,
He is þe beste, I dare vnderfonge,
AH þis pepiH a-yenste vs come.
They ben more strenger þen þey were wone. 3118
They haue more better þe degre. 3120

Afore þis þe kynge hath made grete profre
Two honderde to feH of oure coffere
With golde *and* syluer *and* grete Rychesse,
Of mvlis of Spayne a þousonde no lesse, 3124
A þousonde hors *and* XX$^{ti}$ lyouns,
And a þousonde gosshawkes and faucouns.

And oder [that be] off owre concelle
Schulde be rewarded alle-so Ry3th̄ welle 3128
Wythte cuppys of syluer and cuppys of goolde,
Onne thus conduscon̄ wyth̄ thatt we wolde
In-to owre cuntre faste returne,
And ynne Fraunce no lengger soiorne. 3132

they ought to accept that offer.

And yette thus *p*rofere yeffe 3e haue mowe*, [leaf 39, back]
I cowncelle yow for hys crowne [nowe]
Ye stryue no more; lette* hym̄ ytte haue.
Thys ys my rede,* so God me saue." 3136
When̄ he hadde seyde, alle stylle they satte
A Ry3thte grete whyle or any ys wytte
Owte wolde schewe or ytte declare.

Faburin, king of the Wends, will give battle.

Thatt sawe kynge Faburneys,* and wolde no3th̄ spare 3140
To telle ys wytte and hys aduyse.
He was Ry3thte semely, and therto wyse,
And kynge he was of Gly̓gland̄;
Money a Iorney toke he on hande. 3144
"Syr," he seyde, "dame Loemers*
In armes ys bothe my3thty and fers,

3132. no] *MS. rather* na. 3133. mowe] *MS.* nowe.
3135. *MS.* lette *twice.* 3136. rede] *MS.* Bede.
3140. *MS.* Baburneys. 3144. *or* Maney? 3145. *MS.* leoners.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And other that be of oure Counsayle
Shulde also be reward ryght wele 3128
With cuppis of sy[l]vir and eke of golde,
Vpon̄ this condycion̄ that we wolde
In-to oure cóntre fast retourne, 3131
And in Fraunce no lenger sogeourne.
And yet this yf ye haue mowe,
I counsell̄ this for his crown̄ now
Ye stryve nomore / lat hym̄ hit haue.
This ys my rede, so God me saue."
Whan̄ he had sayde, alle stylle they sette 3137
A ryght grete while, or any his wette
Oute wolde shew or more declare.
Than̄ kyng Faburnys wolde not spare 3140
To telle his witte and his a-vyce.
He was ryght semely, and also wyse,
And kyng he was of Glytlonde;
Many a Iurney toke he on honde. 3144
"Sir," he sayde, "my brother Loemers

In armes ys bothe myghty and feers,

*Rawl. MS.*

And o*ther* þat be of oure counsaill̄
Shulde also be rewardyde well̄ 3128
W*ith* coppus of syluer *and* golde fyne,
Vppon̄ þis condicion þat we willyne
In-to oure contre faste retorne,
And In France no leng*er* soIorne. 3132
And yet þis ye haue mowe.
I counsell̄ you for youre crowne nowe
Ye stryfe no more, let hym it haue.
This is my rede, so God me save." 3136
When̄ he hade seyde, stell̄ he satte

A ryght grete while, ore ony mate
Out wolde shewe ore more declare.
Then̄ kynge Baburris wolde not spare 3140
To tell̄ his wyte *and* his avyse.
He was Right symly *and* also wyse,
And kynge he was of Glytlonde;
[1]Many a Iorney he toke on honde. 3144
"Sir," he seyde, "my brop*er* Loemeres [[1] leaf 10]
In armes is bothe myghty *and* fers,

And welle hathe seyde towchyngˢ yowrˢ werre.
Butte welle ȝe wytte we arne come fro ferre 3148
The crowne of thus land for to haue.
My rede ys there-fore, so God me saue,
Owre oste to-morewe redy bee
In the fylde, there yow may see 3152

[*After* 3152 *lacuna of* 60 *lines in Brit. Mus. MS.*]

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And weⁿ hathˢ sayde towchyng youre werre, 3147
But we ye wote are comenˢ fro ferreˢ
The Corounˢ of this lond forˢ to haue.
My rede therfore, so God me save, [lf. 18]
Youre Ooste to-morow now redy be
In the feelde, and there may ye se 3152

*Rawl. MS.*

And weⁿ hathe seyde toychynge youre warre, 3147
But weⁿ ye wot we come fro ferre
The crowne of his londe fore to haue.
More *þer*-for, so God me saue,
Youre oste to-morwe redy be
In þe felde, *and þer* may ye see 3152

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That [they] be sette in ordenaunce,
What euer falle after of happe or chaunce.
For we are ferre oute of oure Contree
Amonge oure enemys, this know ye. 3156
Better were vs manly to dye
Thanˢ in tretyse trust her curtesy."
His witte hathⁿ sayde kyng Faburnys.
There answerithⁿ kyng Marukenes. 3160 Marukin, king of the Orkneys, agrees with Loemer.
Kyng he ys and lorde of Orkeney.
"I wole not spare," quod he, "to say
My fuⁿ resonˢ and myne a-vyce.
Kyng Loemers ys bothe manly and wyse; 3164
His counsaile may vs moche a-vaile.
Ye know wele that we haue grete trauayle,
And ferre are oute of oure Contre.
The frenchⁿ in a Casteⁿ restid be, 3168
And beter are lerned of the werre

---

*Rawl. MS.*

That þey be set In ordenaunce 3153
What eu*er* saⁿ hape ore chaunce.
For we are ferre out of oure contre
Amonge oure enemys, þis knowe ye.
Bet*er* were vs manly to dye 3157
Thenˢ In tretyse truste *þer* courtesye."
His wyte hathe seyde kynge Fabrus.
Tnen answerde kynge Markenes. 3160
Kynge he is *and* lorde of Orkenye.
"I wiⁿ not spare," quod he, "to sey
My fuⁿ reson *and* myn avyse.
Kynge Loemeres is manly *and* wyse;
His counseⁿ may vs meche avaiⁿ, 3165
Ye knowe we haue moche travaiⁿ,
And ferre out of oure contre.
The frenche In caseⁿ restede be, 3168
And bet*er* are lernede of þe warre

Thanne we that come so ferre;
And euery day they wex more stronge.
They haue the ryght and we the wronge. 3172
To eschew fighting / or swiche dystresse
I consayle we take of her Rychesse,
And leve hem her contre / and nomore werre,
Sith we not mowe hem conquerre." 3176
Now hath this kyng sayde his a-vyce.
King Fursin of Syria protests against such opinions; Hym answerid a kyng holden ryght wyse—
He hight Fursyn,* kyng of Syre londe.
Many a vyage hathe he take on honde— 3180
Seyng: "Kyng Marukyns hath wele sayde,
Saue of oo thyng I holde not me a-payde.
For thoght myn heers be woxen white,
I wole truly yet me acquyte 3184
In this matere; for ye saide oo thing
That wysely hath Loemers thy kyng.
Of that wysedom canne I no skylle.
Yonge men a-dayes now echone wylle 3188
Take vpon hem to be hye Counsellers, [leaf 18, back]
And say that men with white herys
Dote and wote neuer what they mene.
But in the ende hit wole be seene. 3192
And so to yonge men the olde are loothe.
I wote nevyr how this Counsayle gothe.
But whan the kyng was at home in his contre,

3179. *MS.* Sursyn. 3187. *MS.* wysedonn).
3195. contre] r *written on an erased* y.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Then we *þat* come so ferre; 3170
And eu*e*ry day þey wex more stronge.
They haue þe right *and* we þe wronge.
To esschewe fightynge ore soych dysstres
I counse�al we take *þat* Rychesse,
And leue hem *þer* contre *and* no more warre, 3175
Sethe we may not hem conquerre."
Nowe is þis kynge holde right wyse.
He hight Sursyn, kynge of Surre londe.
Many a vyage hathe take on honde,
Seynge: "Kynge Markenes hathe we�al seyde, 3181
Safe of o thynge I holde me payde.
For þough myne heyeres be wex whyte,
I wi�al truly yet me aquyte [leaf 10, back]
In þis man*er*; for ye seyde o thynge
That wysly hathe Loemeres þe kynge.
Of *þat* wysdom can) I no skiꝑ. 3187
Yonge men a-dayes nowe iche weꝑ
Take vppon) hem to yeve counseꝑ,
And sey *þat* men) w*i*th whyte heres
Dothe *and* wot not what þey mene.
But in þe ende it wiꝑ be sene, 3192
And so to yonge þe olde are lothe.
I wot neu*er* howe þis counseꝑ gothe.
When þe kynge was In his contre,

3183. *MS. perhaps* wox.

In peas and wele at ease was he. 3196 — when the King was at home, they were all for war.
Ye cowde not suffre hym to a-byde there,
He must gone oute algate and conquere.
And now ye counsayle hym to goone,
And say he shall haue with hym grete woone 3200
Of horse, of golde, and of Rychesse,
Of lyons, fawkons, Goshawkes, and Mules.
The kyng of Fraunce myght none other do thenne,
For be-cavse he had no power of men. 3204
Now his alleaunce and alle his kynne
With grete power to hym come ben.
They be now strenger of knyg[t]hode then we,
For alle his Ioye and comforte ys Partanope, 3208
And now he wole not make suche profers.
I trowe he wole not one of his cofers
Opyn to gyffe vs of his Rychesse or goode.
Me thinketh he were than worse then woode. 3212

---

*Rawl. MS.*

In pese *and* well at eyse was he. 3196
Ye couthe not suffer hym abyde þere,
He moste gon out algate to conquere.
And nowe ye counsell hym to gon,
And say he shall haue grete wone
Of hors, of golde, *and* of ryches. 3201
The kynge of France myght none oþer do þen,
For he hade no poure of men. 3204
Nowe his alyance *and* all his kyne
With grete poure to hym come bene.
They be strenger of knyghthode þen we,
For all his Ioye *and* comfort is Partonope. 3208
Nowe he will not make soyche proferes.
I trowe he will not on of his cofferes
Oppyn to gyffe vs of his goode.
Me thynke he were þen worse þen wode. 3212

3200. *MS. perhaps* sey.

*British Museum MS.*

Off my Reson y wolle make a fyne.
A gode Reson seyde kynge Fabryne;
He sayde* we werre yn the ronge;
There-fore be reson the lesse stronge 3216

3215. *MS.* soyde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of my reson I wole make fyne. 3213
But wysdam ys goode sayde kyng Sabryne.
He sayde we were in the wronge;
Therfore be reson lesse stronge 3216

*Rawl. MS.*

Of my reson I will make fyne. 3213
But good wysdome seyde kynge Fabryne.
He seyde we were In þe wronge;
There-for be reson þe lesse stronge

Schulde we be, sythte thay haue Ryȝthe.
For trewly me* werre leuer fyȝthte
In Ryȝthte *and* for to haue lesse
Thenne *in* ronge to haue encresse." 3220
Kynge Fursyn hathe seyde and holde hys pese.
Earl Marres, chief justice of his country, counsels to take the field ; An Erle then spake woo-ys name ys Marres.
He was Cheffe Iustyce yn thatt Cuntre,
Moche lawe yn hys hede hadde he. 3224
In hys Cowseħ a-boue alle thyngge
Trusted moste Sornegowr the kynge.
" Syr," he seyde, " herethe nowe my worde.
A noreis* tolde yow thatt wyth-owten lorde 3228
And gode gouernauns alle Fraunce stode.
There was none leffte of the Ryalle blode
Butte a chylde thatt was tendere of age.
He cownselyd* yow men for to wage 3232
To sette alle Fraunce yn grette werre, [leaf 40]
Ye mowte noȝthte fayle hym to co[n]quere.
Butte he made yow a grete lesynge.

3218. me] *MS.* wę. 3228. A noreis] *MS.* Amories.
3232. *MS.* cawnselyd.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Shulde we be, sitħ they haue ryght.
For trewly me had lever to fyght
In ryght and for to haue the lesse
Than in wronge and to haue encres."
Kyng Sursyn had sayde and helde hys pees. 3221
An Erle thán speketh whose name ys Marres.
He was cheyf Iustyse of his Contree.
Moche lawe in his hede had he. 3224
To his counsayle a-boue alle thing
Trusted moost Sornogoure the kyng.
"Syr," he saide, "here now my worde,

A norreis tolde yow That withouten lorde [leaf 19] 3228
And goode governaunce/ Fraunce stode.
There was none left of the reyaħ bloode
But a childe was tendred of age.
He counsayled yow men for to wage
To sette alle Fraunce in grete werre tho, 3233
But hit had be better to be vndoo.
For yow he made a grete lesyng.

*Rawl. MS.*

Shuħ we be, for þey haue right. 3217
For truly me hade leuer to fight
In Right *and* for to haue þe lesse
Then In wronge to haue encresse." 3220
Kynge Sursyn hade seyde *and* helde his pesse.
An erle þen spekyth, hight Marres.

He was chyfe Iustyce of his contre.
Moche lawe In his hede hade he. 3224
To his counseħ aboue aħ thynge
[1]Trustede moste Sornogour þe kynge.
"Sir," he seyde, "here nowe my worde. [1 leaf 11] 3227
Armes tolde you þat with-out lorde

And good gouernaunce France stode.
There was none lefte of þe Royaħ blode

But a childe tender of age.
He counsellede you men to wage 3232
To set Fraunce In grete warre þoo,

But it hade ben beter it hade ben vndo.
For you he made grete lesynge. 3235

Ye knowe welle y-nowe the frenche kynge
Fulle manly gouernyd hym) in werre,
And alle-so ther ys onne nowe come fro ferre
Thatt owte of Fraunce waste sum*m*e-tyme loste,
Wyche ys to hym) Ry3thte a grete* poste.
Hys name ys clepyd Partonope.
So manly yn) armes gouernyd ys he
Thatt alle the worlde* begynnythe to hym) drawe,
By yowr power he settyth no3th an hawe.
Neuer the later y cownsel thatt yee
In the fylde euer* redy be,
Welle arayed to [y]eve hym) Batayle.
P*a*raventure hytt may yow gretely avayle.
For yff he se yow redy to fy3thte,
He wolle p*a*raventure anon) Ry3thte
Proffere yow gretely of hys tresowre.
Thus mowe 3e wythe worchepp and honore
Escheue the harme of thys Batayle.
Thow hys p*ro*ferys may lytell avayle,
And yff hym luste nothynge to p*ro*ferre,

the French king might then be induced to stand by his offer.

3240. *MS.* grece. 3243. *MS.* wordle. 3246. *MS.* ouer.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye know wele now the ffrench kyng
Full manly gou*er*neth hym) in werre,
And also there ys one come fro ferre
That oute of Fraunce was somtyme lost,
Whiche ys to hym) a grete post. 3240
His name ys clepid Partanope.
So manly in Amers gouerned ys he
That alle the worlde to hym) gynne drawe, 3243
By youre power he sett not an) hawe.
Neuer the latter I Counsell that ye
In the feelde euer redy to be,
Wele arayed to gyff hym) batayle.
Paraventure hit may yow avayle. 3248
For yf they see yow redy to fyght,
He wole paraventure a-none ryght
Profer yow gretly of his tresoure.
Thus mow ye with worship and grete honoure 3252
Eschew the harme of this batayle.
Thogh his profres may lytyll a-vayle,
And gyff hym) lust no-thyng to profre,

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye knewe well nowe þe frenche kynge
Full manly gou*er*nese hym In warre,
Also þ*er* is on come fro ferre
That out of Fraun*c*e was loste somtyme,
Whiche is to hym a grete frende. 3240
His name is clepyde P*ar*tonope.
So manly In armes gou*er*[n]de is he
That all þe worlde to hym dothe drawe,
Of youre poure he set not an hawe.
Neu*er* þe lat*er* I counsell þat ye 3245
In þe felde eu*er* redy be,
Well armede to gyffe batail.
P*ar*aventer it may you avail. 3248

Thus w*ith* worchipe *and* honoure 3252

Eschewe þe harme of þis batail.
Though his poure may lytil avail,
And yef hym lyste to nothyn[g] to *pro*fere,

They had better resort to stratagem.

Ytte schalle y* make hym to opene hys cofere. 3256
Betyr hytt ys to wyrke by charme
Thenne to leve, and haue more harme."
Thys ys playnely Marres ys conselle.

This proposal was agreed on.

Ther-to acordythe the hethen Ryȝthte welle, 3260
Saue kynge Fabowrys *and* kynge Fursyn
Thoȝth hys Cownseꝧ was false engyne.

But Sornegour was not pleased.

When* Sornego*ur* the kynge herde [t]hys conselle
Off Marres hys Iustyce, ytt was nott Ryȝthte welle 3264
Plesynge to hym, ne to hys entente.

He feigns, however, to consent,

Yette for the tyme he dydde consente
To Marres cownseꝧ; for hys corage
To lorde, to knyȝthte, yeman ne page, 3268
He nolde* dyscowuere, wythe-owte*n* lese.

and says that he wants peace with France.

He sayd certayne he wolde haue pes
Wythe alle Fraunce to make* a fyne [leaf 40, back]
Off hys werre; *and* thenne the wyne 3272
He axethe, and drynckethe wyth hem anone.
He comawndethe alle hys lordes echone
On the more thatt thay nott fayle

3256. y] *MS.* ȝe. 3263. When] *MS.* kynge.
3269. nolde] *MS.* wolde. 3271. to make *written twice.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Yett shaꝧ I make hym opyn his cofre.
Better ys to wirke the charme 3257
Than to leve and haue more harme."
Thus playnly Marres dothe Counsele.

Her-to the hethen acorde ryght wele,
Saue kyng Faburs and kyng Sursyne
Thought his Counseꝧ was fals engyne.
WHan Sornogoure herde this consayle 3263
Of Marres his Iustyce, hit was not wele [1 leaf 19, back]
Plesyng to hym, ne to his entent.
Yett for the tyme he did Consent
[1] To Marres Counsaile; for his corage
To lorde, knyght, yoman, ne page, 3268
He wolde discouer, withouten lees.
He sayde certeyn he wolde haue pees
With alle Fraunce, and make a fyne
Of his werre; and then the wyne 3272
He asked, and drinketh with hem anone.
He comaundeth his lordes echone
On the morow that they not fayle

*Rawl. MS.*

Yet shaꝧ ye make oppyn his coffere.
Better is to worke þe charme 3257
Then to leue *and* haue more harme."
Thus playnly Marras counselly th everye deꝧ. 3259
Hereto þe hethyn acorde Right weꝧ,
Safe kynge Fabrus *and* kynge Sursyne
Thorwe his counseꝧ *and* his engyne.
¶ When Sornogoure herde þis counseꝧ 3263
Of Marras þe Iustyse it was not weꝧ,

Plesynge to hym, ne to his entente.
Yet for þe tyme he dyde consente 3266
[1] To Marras counseꝧ; for his corage
To lorde, knyght, ye-man ne page, 3268
He nolde dyscouer, with-out lesse.
He seyde serten he wolde haue pesse
With aꝧ France *and* make a fyne
Of his warre, *and* þen þe wyne 3272
He askyth, *and* drynketh with hem anone. [1 leaf 11, back]
He comondyth his lordes ichon
On þe morwe þat þey ne faiꝧ

Hem to araye "to ȝeffe Batayle
To the frenche hem ryȝthte to the playne
Affore Chars, watte euer we sayne.
And [that] owre BataylH yn gode araye
Be sette in ordynaunce y yow praye.
Thenne be we redy for to fyȝthte
Yff nede be." And thenne gode nyȝthte
He bade hys cownseH euery-chone;
For he wolde to hys reste gone.
He yede to bedde to haue hys reste;
Butte ȝette to slepe lyteH hym leste.
For whenne he was a-bedde alone,
"Alas," sayde he, "whatt may y done?
I am schamed, thus ys no lees*,
And alle throw conseł off Marres *
And hys false cowardye.
He hadde made alle my mayny
Wythe-drawe here hertes and lothe to fyȝthte."
Thus lyethe the kynge alle the nyȝthte,
Wepynge and waylynge and makynge woo.
"My worchypp for euer ys alle agoo,"
Seyde he, "*and* nowe I wote Ryȝthte welle

But having retired for the night

he gives vent to his indigna-tion.

"Mares has disgraced me."

3289. lees] *MS.* dowte. 3290. *MS. here adds* owte.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Hem to aray "to gyf Batayle 3276
Vnto the french, right on) ther playn)
Afore Charse, what euer we now sayn).
And that oure batayles in goode aray
Be sette in ordynaunce I yow pray. 3280
Than be redy we / with hem) to fyght
Yf nede be /" and then) goode nyght
He had his counsayle euerychone;
For he wolde to his rest goone. 3284
He yode to bedde to haue his rest;
But yett to slepe lytiH hym lyst.
For when) he was to bedde allone,
"Allas," sayde he, "what may I done?
I am) shamed, this ys no lees, 3289
And alle thorow counseH of Marres
And of his fals Cowardy.
He hath made alle my meyny 3292
Withdraw her hert and lothe to fyght."

Thus leith the kyng alle that nyght,
Waylyng and makyng moche woo.
"My worshiꝑ for euer ys now goo," 3296
He sayde, "and now I wote ryght wele

*Rawl. MS.*

Hem to array "to gyfe bataiH 3276
Vnto þe frenche, on þe playne
Afore Charse, what euer we seyne.
And þat oure bataiHes in good array
Be set In ordenance [I] you praye. 3280
Then be we redy with þem to fight
Yef nede be." *And* þen good nyght
He bade his counseH euerychone;
For he wolde to his reste gon. 3284
He yede to bede to haue his reste;
But yet to slepe lytiH hym lyste.
For when) he was on bede alone,
"Allas," he seyde, "what may I done?
I am shamede, þis is no lese, 3289
And aH þorwe counseH of Marras
And of his false cowardye.
He hathe made aH my meyne 3292
With-drawe þer hertes *and* lothe to fight."
Thus lyth þe kynge aH þis nyght,
Waltrynge *and* makynge moche mone.
"My worchipe for euer is gon)," 3296
He seyde, "*and* nowe I wot right weH

I haue harme hadde thorow hys Counseƚƚ.
Ther-affter to werke y haue be gladde.
Off a Ryȝthte pore man) y hym made 3300
My Ieffe Justyce an eke an Erle,
There he was born) a chorle.
Butte sethen) [of] a chorle I turned the name
In-to an Erle, no wonder thow * schame 3304
In the ȝende be my rewarde,
Sethen) he ys false *and* eke a cowarde
Preuyd alle-so, *and* a traytor felle.
"I shall dismiss the false traitor, Fro thys day forthe off conseƚƚ 3308
Schalle he be neuer, [ne] of thatt ys-state.
No wondere ys thow my men) me hate. [leaf 41]
For watte so euer he wolde haue do*,
Thow ytte were ronge, ytte schulde be so. 3312
whom I suffered to do wrong." I sufferyd hym) [my] men) to prisone,
And off a trew man) to make a felone.
[And that he dyd me thought was lawe.]
There-fore me seythe an olde * sawe: 3316
He to home a man) dothe tryste,

3302–3. *MS.* chorle *or* charle.
3304. *MS.* throw. 3311. *MS.* done.
3316. seythe an olde] *MS.* semythe and holde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

I haue had harme thorow his Counseƚƚ.
Therafter to wirke I haue be gladde.
Of a ryght poore man) I hym) made 3300
My chif Iustyce and eke an) erle,
And he of birth but a cherle.
But sight of a Cherle I turned the name
In-to an) Erle, no wonder thogh shame
In the ende be my rewarde, [leaf 20] 3305
Syth he ys suche a flas Cowarde
Provid, and also a Traytour feƚƚ.
Fro this day forth of counseƚƚ 3308
Shaƚƚ he neuer be, ne of that estate.
No wonder ys thogh my men) me hate.
For what that euer he wolde haue do,

Though hit were wronge, hit shulde be so. 3312
I suffred hym) my men) to pryson),
And of a trew man) to make a felon).
And that he dyd me thought was lawe.
Ther-fore men saith an) olde sawe: 3316
He to whom) a man) do trest,

*Rawl. MS.*

I haue hade harme þorwe his counseƚƚ.
There-after to worke I haue ben glade.
Of a Ryght poure man I hym made
My chefe Iustyce *and* eke an erle. 3301

But sethe of a chirle I turnede þe name,
In-to an erle, no wonder þough shame
In þe ende be my rewarde, 3305
[1] Sethe he is soyche a false cowarde
Provyde, *and* also a trayture feƚƚ.
Fro þis day furthe of my counseƚƚ 3308
Shaƚƚ he neuer be, ne of þat esstate.
No man haue wonder þough my men me hate. [1 leaf 12]
For what þat heuer he wolde me haue do, 3311
Though it were do, it shulde be so.

I sufferde hem myne men to presone,
And of a trewe man) to make a felonde.
That he dyde me þought it lawe. 3315
There-for men) seyth an olde sawe:
He to whom a man) dothe truste,

Euer may dyseue hym) beste.
Hys bonde kyndrede y made fre,
And sette hem alle *in* hye degre,
And yff hym casteH[es] and cetye[s],
And toke hem nexte me of alle my priuez.
Off no gentylle toke he * no hede
To, butte alle to make ys owne kynrede
And hem) in-hawnse to grette estate.
Thys hathe made my gentyl so mate,
And so wery offe here lyffe,
Thatt they be euer yn care and stryffe.
And fryste they loued me as ther kynge;
Nowe they hate me aboue alle thyncke.
Y may se ytte wele by here chere,
Alle-thow they kepe ytte ynne preuey manere.
For be thay payyd welle off ther wage,
For to fyzthte haue they * no corage.
Thay loue more ese *and* for to haue pes
Thanne myne honour; *and* thatt hathe Marres
Made wythe hys hyenys of pryde.
Gode zeue me grace O day to abyde

"The nobles were oppressed."

"Now they hate me, and do not care to fight."

3318. *On margin of MS.* notatur bene.
3323. he] *MS.* I. 3334. they] *MS.* thus.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Euermore may dysceyve hym best.
The bonde kynred I made free,
And sette hem alle in her degree,
Gaffe hem) Castellis and eke cytees,
And made hem) chyeef of my privetees.
With no gentylman) toke he none heede,
But alle to make his owne kynrede,
And hem) enhaunce to grete estate.
This hath made my gentyles so mate,
And so wery they be of her lyfe
That they bene euer in care and stryfe.
And first they lovid me as her kyng;
Now they hate me a-bove alle thing.
I may see wele by her chere,
Thogh they kepe hit in prive manere.
For be they payde weH of thayre wage,
For to fyght haue they no corage.
They love more to sette and to haue pees
Than) myn) honoure/ that hath Marres
Made with hyghnes and with pryde.
God gyfe me grace to-day to a-byde

*Rawl. MS.*

Euer-more may defende hym beste.
The bonde kenrede he made fre,
And set hem aH In hye degre,
Gafe hym casteHes *and* Cettes,
And made chef of my prevetes.
*With* no gentiH men toke he no hede,

But aH to make my Ientilles so mate,
And so wery þey be of þer lyfe
That þey be euer In care *and* stryfe.
Firste þey louyde me as þer kynge;
Nowe þey hate me aboue aH thynge.
I may se weH be þer chere,
Though þey kepe it In preve manere.
For be þey payde weH of þer wage,
For to fight haue þey no corage.
They loue more to syte In pese
Than myne honoure, þat hath Marras
Made *with* his highnes *and with* his pryde.
God yef me grace oo day to abyde

To saue my worchypp ynne thus viage!
And y schalle quyte hym so hys wage,
Thatt alle my kny3thte-hode there-wyth schalle plese,
And alle here hertes sette ynne ese."
Nowe lyethe he stylle, and sayythe no more
A ry3thte grete whyle, butte wonder sore,
He sekethe *and* wepethe tenderlye:
"Alas," he sayde, "how maye I
Beste yn thys case my honor saue?
Wythe me ther ys neyder kny3thte no knaue
Thatt ynne my quarelle * leste to fy3thte. [leaf 41, back]
They seyne playnely y haue no Ry3thte.
These wordes to me bethe heuy *and* harde.
For an y fy3thte notte, a very cowarde
The ffrenche for euer wolle me holde.
I hadde leuer a thowsand folde
For to dye thenne for to be schamed.
For thow y seye [hyt] y haue be named
The worthyyste nowe onne lyffe."
And [he] ther-wythe anone as blyve

"How am I to defend my honour?"

ll. 3340–41. *originally inverted in MS., but the correct order is indicated by* a, b, *in the margin.*
3345. d *crossed out before* tenderlye. 3349. *MS. distinctly* quorelle.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To save my worshipe in this vyage!
I shall quyte hym alle his wage,
That alle my knyghthode therwithalle shall please,
And alle her hertis sette in ease." *
Now lyeth he stylle, and sayth nomore,
Butt in hym-self moorned sore.
He syghed and sorowed full tendyrly:
"Alas," he sayde, "how may I
Best in this caas myn honoure save?
With me ys ther knyght ne knave

That in my quarell lust to fyght.
They say playnly I haue no ryght.
These wordes to me be hevy and harde.
For and I fyght not / a verry cowarde
The french for euer wole me holde.
I had lever a thousand folde
For to dye then to be ashamed.
For though I say hit, I haue be named
The wortyest that ys now a-lyve."
And he a-none therwith as by-lyve

ll. 3343–44 *are inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

To saue my worchipe *and* þis vyage!
I shall quyte hem all hir wage,
That all my knyghthode *þer-with* shall plese,
And all *þer* hertes sette In eyse."
Nowe lyth he still *and* seyth no more,
In his herte he is wonder sore.
He sighede *and* sorwyde full tenderly:
[1] "Allas," he seyde, "howe may I
Beste in þis case my honour saue?
With me is *þer* noþer knyght ne knave [1 leaf 12, back]
That In my quarell lyste to fight.
They sey playnly I haue no right.
This wordes to me full harde.
For *and* I fight not, a veryere cowarde
This frenche for euer with me holde.
I hade leuer a þousonde folde
For to dye þen be shamyde.
For þough I sey it, I haue be namyde
The worthyeste *þat* nowe is on lyve."
And he anone *þer-with* as blyve

Sende affter a clerke off hys cowncelle,
Wyche thatt he trusteth *and* loued welle.
"My frynde," he sayde, "haste thow noȝthte herde
How Marres wythe myne Oste hathe ferde,
And how falsely he hathe me be-trayed,
And alle my power gretely dysmayed?"—
"Syr," sayde thus clerke, "yowe noȝthte dysplese
Off thatt y schalle saye, hytte ys nou lese.
Alle the worlde, so God me saue,
Grette mervayle hathe thatt thys knaue,
Thatt was the sone of a chorle,
Ye haue en-haunsed and made an Erle.
For thus ys sothe, wyth-owten naye,
He loued yow neuer an howre of a daye
Butte for hys vantage and hys prowe.
Thatt haue ye preued welle y-nowe.
For thus ys euer * chorles kynde:
He thatt he dredythe, schalle hym fynde
Curteyse, esy, and debonowre,
Tylle thatt he may haue tyme *and* leysowr
Hys master to do summe fowle dyspyte;

Sornegour sends for a clerk.

The clerk tells him all about the falsehood of Mares.

A churl will always try to bring evil on his master.

3369. *or* charle? 3375. *MS.* neuer; charles?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Sentt after a clerke of his counsell,
That he lovid and trusted well.
"My frend," he sayde, "hast thow not herde
How Marres with myn Ooste hath ferde,
And how flasly he hath me be-trayed,
And alle my power myghtyly dysmayed?"—
"Syr," sayde this clerke, "yow not dyspleese
Of that I shall say, hit ys no lees.
Alle the worlde, so God me save,
Grete mervayle hath that thus a knave,
That was the Son of a lewde Cherle,
Ye haue enhaunsed and made an Erle.
For this ys sothe, withouten nay,
He lovid yow neuer the houre of day.
Thoght he be curteys, easy, and debonayre,
He wayteth to haue tyme and layser
His Mayster to do som foule dyspyte;

*Rawl. MS.*

Sent after a clerke of his counsell,
That he louyde *and* trustede well.
"My frende," he seyde, "haste þou not herde
Howe Marris *with* myne oste ferde,
And howe falsly he hathe me be-*tra*yede,
And all my poure myghtly dysmayde?"—
"Sir," seyde þis clerke, "you not dyssplese
Of *þat* I shall sey, it is no lese.
All þe worlde, so God me saue,
Grete *merv*ell hathe *þat* þus a knawe,
That was þe sone of an chirle,
Ye haue enhancede *and* made an erle.
For þis is sothe, *with*-out nay,
He lovyde you neu*er* þe oure of on day.
Though he to you be deboneure,
He wayth to haue tyme *and* leysere
His maist*er* to do som dysspyte;

Hys kendenes ther-wythe he wolle aquyte. 3380
Thus hathe Marres quytte hym to yow,
And y schalle telle yow trewly howe:
He dothe yowr knyȝthte-hode to vnderstonde
Mares spreads false reports. Hytte ys yowr wylle they voyde thus londe, 3384
For wythe the ffrenche ye wolle nott Batayle,
And thatt manhode yn yow dothe ffayle.
Lo, syr, wyche loue ye ynne hym fynde. [leaf 42]
Sucche frendes were gode to leue be-hynde. 3388
When he does wrong, he throws the blame on the King. Whanne he hym purposethe to do fals thyngge,
Thys ys worde: thus wolle the kynge.
Alle the defawte he puttethe yn yow;
Thatt hatthe he playnely preued nowe. 3392
Thus hathte he fa[l]ssely yow be-trayed.
Wythe hys wordes [he] hathe demayed
Alle yowr knyȝthtes *and* alle yowr oste.
By hys doyng ys alle yowr coste 3396
Loste, as towchynge thys viage.
For euer[y] * knaue *and* euer[y] page

3398. *Before* knaue *is written* knyȝt *with a stroke above the* y.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

His kyndenes so he wole hym quyte.
Thus hath Marres quytte hym to yow,
And I shall truly telle yow how:
He dothe youre knytghode to vndyr-stonde
Hit ys youre wylle they voyde this londe, 3384
For with the french they wole baytale,
And that yn yow manhode dothe fayle. [leaf 21.]
Loo, Syr, what love in hym ye fynde,
Suche frendys were goode to leeve behynde. 3388
Whan he purposyth to doo flas thyng,
This ys hys worde: Thus wole the kyng.
Alle the fawte he putteth in yow;
That hath he playnly proved now. 3392
Thus he yow hath falsly be-trayed
With his wordes, and he hath dys-mayed
Alle youre knyghthode and youre Ooste.
And by hys doyng is alle youre coste
Lost, as towchyng this viage. 3397
For euery knave and euery page

*Rawl. MS.*

His kendenes so witt he quyte. 3380
Thus hathe Marras quyte hym to you,
And I shatt truly tett you howe: 3382
He dothe youre knyghthode vnder-stonde
Hit is youre witt þey voyde þe londe,

With þe frenche þey witt not bataitt,
And þat In you manhode dothe faitt.

Loo, sir, what love In hym I fynde.
Soyche frendes were goode to leue behynde.* 3388
When he porposeth to do false thynge,
[1] This is þe wordes: þus witt þe kynge. 3391
Att þe faute he putteth In you;
That hathe he playnle provyde nowe.
Thus he hathe you be-trayede. [1 leaf 13]
With his wordes he hathe dyssmayde

Att youre knyghthode *and* youre oste.

And be his doynge is att youre coste
Loste, as tochynge þis vyage. 3397
For euery knawe *and* euery page

1. 3388 *after* l. 3389 *in MS.*

Spare nott to speke, and sey thatt ȝe
Dar nott do butte Ryȝthte as he
Wolle yow concelle; *and* furder-more
They [sey] thatt ȝe haue seyde be-fore
Thys londe ye wolle frely conquere,
And nowe thus cowarly ende yowr warre,
To hem grete harme, to yow grete schame.
Off alle thus dede ye bere the blame."
And wythe thatt worde the clerke can wepe
So tenderly, he cowde notte lette
Off a grete whyle, tylle thatt the kynge
Badde hym be pes, [for ðf] a thyngge
He hym be-thoȝth, *and* thatt Ryȝthte thoo.
"My frynde," he sayde, "thou schalte goo
On my erande to the kynge
Off Fraunce, *and* seye hym my plesynge,
Where yffe thatt he * wolde
Thatt ıȷ knyȝthtes fyȝthte scholde
For thus Ryȝthte *and* do thus batayle.
For welle y wote hytte myȝthte nott fayle,
And eche of vs bryngge to the fylde hys oste,*

He has made all believe that Sornegour dare not fight.

Sornegour bids the clerk go with a message to the King of France,

proposing to settle the war by single combat between a French knight and himself.

3412. *MS.* thu. 3415. he] *MS.* ȝe. 3419. *MS.* este.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Spareth not to speke, and saythe that ye
Dare not do but ryght as he
Wole yow counsayle; and ffurthermore
They seyn / that ye haue here be-fore
Seyde / this londe ye wole conquere,
And now cowardly wole ende youre werre,
To hem grete harme and yow shame.
Futt his wylle ys to put yow in blame."
And with that worde the clerk gan wepe
So tendyrly, he couthe not lete
Of a grete whylle, tytt that the kyng
Bad hym be pees; for of a thing
He hym be-thought, and ryght thoo
"My frende," he sayde, "thow shaltt goo
On myn erande to the kyng
Of Fraunce, and say my plesyng,
Whether now yf that he wolde
That two knyghtes fyght shulde
For oure ryght and do this batayle.
For wele I wote I myght not fayle,
And eche of vs bryng forthe oure Oost,

*Rawl. MS.*

Sparyth not to speke, *and* seyth þat ye
Dare not do but right as he
Witt you counsett; *and* forþer-more
They seyn þat ye haue here be-fore
Seyde þis londe ye wolde conquere
And cowardly nowe witt ende your warre,
To hem grete harme *and* you shame.
His witt is to put you In blame."
And with þat worde þe clerke gan wepe
So tenderly, he couthe not lette
Of a grete while, titt þat þe kynge
Bade hym be pese; for of o thynge
He hym be-þought, *and* right þo
"My frende," he seyde, "þou shaltt goo
On my erende to þe kynge
Of Fraunce, *and* sey my pleseynge,
Whether nowe yeff þat he wolde
That ii knyghtes fight shulde
For oure right In þis bataitt.
For wett I wot I myght not faitt,
And iche of vs brynge oure oste,

Many a gode man) ther schalle be loste. 3420
Where-fore my wylle were fully thys,
Thatt he wolle ordeyne a knyȝte of hys,
Be he genteH man) or other,
And y my-sylffe wolle be the tother. [leaf 42, back] 3424

The party whose champion is slain, is to do homage to the other.

Yff y be slayne yn) thatt fyȝthte,
There ys neyther kynge, squyer, ne knyȝthte
In my oste, thatt þey ne schalle * do
To hym) omage er thatt they goo, 3428
Onne thus condicon) thatt they haue leue
Thys londe to passe wytH-owten) greue,
And vnd*er* hys cundite thatt they may be,
Tyll the[y] be passed alle thus cuntre. 3432
And y schalle make hem swere [al]so
Hed*er* to sende my sone to do
Homage to hym) ynne the same degre,
And alle-so, yff ytte appe be me 3436
To sle hys champyon) wythe myne hande,
Thatt he schalle holde alle hys lande
Of me by omage, *and* sucche ser*u*yce
As y my-sylffe nowe [wolle] devyce 3440

3427. *MS.* schallo. 3430. *or* lande?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Many a goode man) there shaH be lost.

Wherfore my wylle were fully this, 3421
That he wolde ordeyn) a knyght of his,
Be he gentylman) one or other,
And I my-self wole be the other. 3424
If I be slayn) in that fight, [leaf 21, back]
Ther ys nether kyng, Squyer, nor knyght
In myn) Ooste but that they shuH doo
To hym) homage or than) I goo, 3428
On this condycion) that they haue leve
This londe to passe withoute greve,
And vndyr his condyte that they be,
Tylle they be passid alle his contree.
And I shaH make hem) swerre also 3433
Hider to sende my Son to do
Homage to hym) in the same degree,
And also, yf hit happe me 3436
To slee his champion) with my honde,
That ye shaH holde alle his londe
Of me my homage / and which servyse
As I my-self now wole devyse 3440

*Rawl. MS.*

Many a good knyght þer shaH be loste. 3420
Where-fore my wiH were fully þis,
That he wolde ordeyne a knygh[t] of his,
Be he IentiH man) oon ore op*er*e,
And my-selfe wiH be þat op*er*. 3424
Yef I be slayne In þat fight,
Ther is nop*er* kynge, squyre, ne knyght [1 leaf 13, back]
[1] In my oste but þat þey shuH do
To hym omage ore þen I goo, 3428
On þis condicion þat þey haue leue
This londe to passe wit*h*-out greue,
And vnd*er* his condyte þat þey be,
TiH þey be passede aH þis contre. 3432
And I shaH make hem swere also
Hep*er* to sende my son to do
Homage to hym In þe same degre,
And also, yef it happe me 3436
To sle his champyon wit*h* my honde,
That he shaH holde aH his londe
Of me by omage and by ser*u*yse
As I my-selfe wiH devyse 3440

My owne mayne to hym to do.
The same to me he motte [do] alleso.
Go wryte a letter off thus matere,
And to the kynge faste thow ytte bere."—
"Syr," seyde the clerke, "y schalle do wryte
Alle thus matere and ytte endyte,
And to the kynge of Fraunce hytte bere.
A, Gode mersy! ynne grete fere
Stande alle yowr pepele, *and* namely ye
Thatt bene a lord of so hye degree,
Thatt sucche a batayle onne yow wolle take.
Yowre mannely herte alle thus dothe make."
And wythe thatt worthe the * clerke dydde turne,
And went hys way; for lengger soiorne
Wythe the kynge wolde noȝth he,
Sethe hytte motte no beter bee.
He wrote hys letter, and went hys way.
He come to Pvntyffe be thatt daye
Was so dawed thatt he mowȝth see
Alle abowte, *and* streyȝthte yed he [leaf 43]
To the brygge, and faste dyd calle.

The clerk writes the message,

and carries the letter to Pontoise.

3453. the *written twice.* *After* 3459. *catch-word* aH abowte.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Myn owne meyne to hym to doo.
The same to me he must do alsoo.
Go write a letter of this matere,
And to the kyng fast thow hit bere."—
"Syr," sayde the clerke, "I shaH go wryte
Alle the matere and hit endyte,
And to the kyng of Fraunce hit bere.
A, God mercy! now in grete feere
May stonde youre people, and namely
To that be lordes of hye degree truly,
That suche a batayle on yow wole take.
Youre manly hert alle this dothe make."
And with that worde the Clerk dyd turne,
And went hys way; for lenger sogeourne
With the kyng wolde then not he,
Syth hit myght no better be.
He wrote this letter, and went his way.
He come to Pountyff by the day
Was I-dawed, that he myght se
Alle a-boute, and streyght yode he
To the kyng, and fast dyd calle.

*Rawl. MS.*

Myn owne mene to hym to do.
The same to me he moste do also.
Go wryte a letter of þis mater,
And to þe kynge faste it bere."—
"Sir," seyde þe clerke, "I shaH goo wryte
AH þe mater *and* it endyte,
And to þe kynge of France it bere.
A, God mercy! in grete fere
May stonde youre pepiH, and namly
Tho þat be lordes of þe gre truly,
That soyche a bataiH on you wiH take.
Youre manly hert aH þis doth make."
And with þat worde þe clerke dyde turne,
And went his wey; for lenger soIorne
With þe kynge wolde þen not he,
Sethe it myght no better be.
He wrote þis letter, *and* went his wey.
He come to Pountyfe be þe day
Was dawyde, þat he myght see
AH aboute, *and* streight yede he
To þe kynge, and faste dyde caH.

The porter lets down the draw-bridge,

The porter lete the drawȝthte down falle.
He axed anone who was there.
The Clerke hym answeryd: "A messyngere,
Thatt nedys muste speke wyth yowr kynge;
For a letter off credens I hym brynge."
The porter lette hym ynne anone.
To-geder ynto the alle they gone.

and leads him to the steward,

There they fonde the kyngys [s]t[e]werde;
A knyȝthte he semyd and no cowarde.
To hym anone seyde the porter:

who informs the King.

"Sere, here ys come a messyngere,
And seyythe he mutte for eny thynge
Speke wyth owre lege lorde the kynge."
The steward seyde he was welle-come,
And by the honde he hathe hym nome,
And to [the] chamber he hym ledde.
There was the kynge thatt tyme a-bedde.
In-to the chamber the stewarde yede,
The messynger no ferther wolde he lede.
"Gode morwe," he seyde vnto the kynge.
"Syr, y hope gode tythynge,
And ye wylle Ryse, ye schalle here.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The porter lete the draught doun falle,
He askyd anone who was there. [leaf 22]
The Clerk hym answerd: "A Messangere, 3464
That nedes must speke with the kyng;
For letters of credens I Bryng."
The porter lete hym in anone.
To-gydyr in-to the halle they gone. 3468
There they fonde the kyngis Styward;
A knygh[t] he semyd and no coward.
To hym anone sayde the porter:
"Syr, here ys come a Messanger, 3472
And sayth he must for any thyng
Speke with oure lorde the kyng." 3474
The Styward sayde he was welcome,
And by the hond he hath hym nome,
And to the chambre dore hym ledde.
Yett was the kyng that tyme a-bedde.
In-to the chambr the Styward yede,
The messanger no further wolde he lede. 3480
"Goode morw," he sayde to the kyng.
"Syr, I hop ryght goode tydyng,
And ye wolde ryse, ye shulde here.

*Rawl. MS.*

The porter let þe bryge downe fatt.
He askede anone what he myght be.
The clerke seyde a mesengere he, 3464

That nedes moste speke with þe kynge;
[1]"For letteris of credence I hym brynge."
The porter let hym In anone [1 leaf 14]
To-geder In-to þe hatt þey gon. 3468
Ther þey fonde þe kynges stewarde;
A knyght he semyde *and* no cowarde.
To hym anone seyde þe porter:
"Sir, come is a mesyngere, 3472
And seyth he moste for ony thynge
Speke with oure lorde þe kynge."
The stewarde seyde he was welcome,
And be þe honde he hathe hym nome,
And to þe chambir dore hym lede. 3477
Then was þe kynge In his bede.
In-to þe chambir þe stewarde yede,
The mesengere no forþer he lede. 3480

"Gode morwe," he seyde to þe kynge.
"Sir, I hope Right good tydynge,
And ye witt ryse, ye shatt here.

For here ys come a messyngere
Fro onne off the hethen kynges.
Letterys he hatth wyth new tythynges.
I hope to God thatt they bene gode."—
"Syr," seyde the kynge, "nowe by the rode!
They bene welle-come watt euer they be."
To the steward anone seyde he:
"Go for my Counceⱡ, and þat anone;
And bryngge hem wyth the euerychone."
These * tythynges herde Partonope,
To the kynge faste hyyde he:
[Bysshoppis and moche clergy
Toward the kyng faste ganne hye.]
Dukes, and Barons, *and* erlys mony one,
Where euer they were yn fylde or townne,
To the kynge faste canne they hye. [leaf 43, back]
Whenne knyȝthtes and squyerys thatt dydde aspye,
They made hym redy ynne alle haste,
To-ward the kynge they spedde hem faste.

The King commands the steward to call his council.

3493. *MS.* thethe. 3497. *or* many?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For here ys come a messangere
From) one of the hethen) kingis.
Letters he hath with new tydyngis.
I hope to God they be goode."—
"Syr," sayde the kyng, "now by the roode!
They be welcome, what so euer they be."
To the Styward a-none sayde he:
"Go for my counsayle, and that anone;
And bryng them with the euerychone."

These tydyngis herd Partanope.
To the kyng fast hyed he.
Bysshoppis and moche clergy
Toward the kyng fast ganne hye.
Dukes, Erles, and many Baroun),
Where euer they were in feelde or town)

To the kyng fast gan) they hye.
Whan) Knyghtes and Squyers that dyd aspye,
They made hem) redy in alle the hast,
Toward the kyng they spedde hem) fast.

*Rawl. MS.*

For here is come a mesengere
Fro oon of þe hethyn kynges.
Letteris he hathe with newe tydynges.
I hope to God þat þey be goode."—
"Sir," seyde þe kynge, "be þe rode!
They be welcome, what euer þey be."

To þe stewarde anone seyde he:
"Goo for my counseⱡ, *and* þat anone;
And brynge hem with þe euerychone."
This tydynges herde Partonope.
To þe kynge faste hyede he.
Bysshoppus *and* moche clergye
To-warde þe kynge dyde hye.
Dukes, erlis, *and* many a baroune,
Where euer þey were In felde ore towne,
To þe kynge faste gan þey hye.
When knyghtes *and* squyeres dyde asspye,
They made hem redy In all haste,
Towarde þe kynge þey spede hym faste.

Nowe ys the Counceℍ to the kynge come,
Into a chamber where they be wone
Alle to-geter for to mete.
The kynge anone was made to wete
Thatt hys Counceℍ alle redy were.
The kynge sente for hys messyngere,
The King advises the council of the messenger and the letter. And the kyng ther-wyth̄ dyde gone
In to hys Counseℍ ryȝthte anone,
Wythe alle hys lordes thatt he myȝth̄ speke *and* mete,
And reuerently hem alle he grete.
God morewe he hem badde by *and* bye,
And onne hys cheyer hym sette onne hye,
And he seyde : " Serys, why I
Haue sente for yow thus hastelye,
Thus ys the cawse, echeman here :
To me ys come a messyngere
Fro the hethen kynge Sornego*ur*.
Watte he menythe, why ne where-ffore,
I wote neuer ; butte there-ffore I
Haue sent for yow thus hastelye
Thatt ȝe schulde heyre hys entente
As welle as y " ; *and* ther-wyth̄ he sente
The clerk delivers the letter, To thys Clerke, wythte-owten lette.
Anone he come, and downe hym sette
Vppon hys knee fulle Reuerently,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1] Now ys the kyngis Counsayle y-come
In-to the chambre where they were wone [1 leaf 22, back]
Alle to-gydyr goodely to mete.
The kyng a-none therof had weete
That hys counseℍ alle redy were.
The kyng sent for his Messangere,
And to his counseℍ he gan hym hye,
Sayng : " Syres, I shaℍ teℍ yow why
I haue sent for yow now here :
To me ys come a messangere
From the hethen kyng Sornogoure.
What he menyth, why ne wherfore,
I wote neuer ; but therfore now I
Haue sent for yow thus hastely
That ye shulde here his entent
As wele as I " ; and therwith he sent
For this Messanger, which that reueren[t]ly

*Rawl. MS.*

Nowe is þe kynges counseℍ come,
[1] In-to þe chambir þey were nome [1 leaf 14, back]
Aℍ to-geder goodly to mete.
The kynge anone þer-of hade wete,

The kynge sent for þe mesengere,
Then to chambir he gan hye,
Seynge : "Siris, I shaℍ teℍ you why
I haue sent for you nowe here :
To me is come a mesengere
Fro þe hethyn kynge Sornogoure.
What he menyth, why ne where-fore
I wot neuer ; but þer-fore I
Haue sent for you hastely
That ye shaℍ here his entente
As weℍ as I " ; *and* þer-with assente
For þis mesenger, whych þat reuerently

And salyed the kynge *and* seyde: "Syr, I
Am) come fro Sornegou*r* a messyngere,
And brynge yow letterys. Loo, syr, here
They bene redy. Wolle ye hem) see?"
The kyngge hym) answeryd: "Take hem mee."
The letterys the kynge toke of the Clerke,
And by-cawse the howse was alle derke,
Vppe he rose, and streyȝthte he wente
To the wendowe, and thenne he sente [leaf 44] and going to the window,
For serten) lordys that were moste preve,
Off wyche onne was Partonope.
When) they were come, the lett*er* he toke,
And brake the seale, and there-onne gan) loke, the King reads it.
And redde hytte ouer, and sawe the entente
Off kynge Sornegou*r*, and watt he mente.
They yeve hym) pryse of hys knyȝthode.
In) hym, they seyde, ther lacked no manhode.
A-none ther-wyth Partonope Partonope kneels down, and asks the King's permission to do battle with Sornegour.
Knelyd adowne apon) hys knee,
And to the kynge seyde: "Yeff me * myne honowre.
Love, lette me wythe Sornegowr'
For yow to do now thys batayle."

3547. me] *MS.* ye.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Salued the kyng, and sayde: "Syr, truly,
I am sent from Sornogoure a messangere,
And bring yow letters. Loo, Syr, here
They be redy. Wole ye hem) see?"
The kyng answeryd: "Take hem) me."

To he hem) brakke, and they were redde
Amonge the lordes that he there hadde
Of his Counseⱡⱡ that were pryve,
Of which one was Partanope,
And sawe than) what Sornogoure entent,
Alle his matere that he had sent.
They gyff hym) pryce of hye knyghthode,
In hym they sye no lacke of manhode.
Anone therwith Partanope
Kneled doun) vpon) his knee,
Seyd to the kyng: "Gyff me myn) honoure,
That I may fyght with Sornogoure.
For yow wole I do this batayle."

*Rawl. MS.*

Saluede þe kynge *and* seyde: "Sir, truly,
I am sent fro Sornogoure a mesengere,
And brynge you letteris. Lo, sir, here
They be redy. Wiⱡⱡ ye hem see?"
The kynge answerde: "Take hem me."
Tho he hem brake *and* þey were rede
Amonge þe lordes þat he þer hade
Of his counseⱡⱡ þat were preve,
Of which on was Partonope,
And sawe þer what Sornogour mente,
Aⱡⱡ his mater he hade sente.
They gaf hym prys of higⱡ knygthode,
In hym þey se no lake of manhode.
Anone þer-with Partonope
Knelyde downe vppon his knee,
Seyde to þe kynge: "Gyf me my honoure
That I may fight with Sornogoure.
For you wiⱡ I do þis bataiⱡ."

The King objects that Partonope is rather young,

The kynge anone wyth-owten fayle
Thancked hyely Partonope,
And seyde: "Y wote Ryȝthte welle thatt ye 3552
Haue manhode y-nowe *and* eke Corage.
Butte for to speke off mannys agee,
Ye er butte yonge, nott gretely asayde—
Off thatt y sayde buth not dysmayed— 3556
And he ys *p*reuyd a manly knyȝthte;
For yn many a *p*erilows fyȝthte
Hathe he done masteres wyth hys honde,
Mo thenne eny man yn thys londe. 3560

and asks him to speak no more of the matter.

Anne there-fore [cosyn] I praye yowe
Hertely, off thus matere nowe
To me ye speke neuer more.
For hytte schulde greue me so sore 3564
Yff there ffylle eny messawnter.
Y hadde leuer my dethe endure,
Or me helde as a prysonere,
Thanne grawnte yow thus, my own fere." 3568

Partonope insists on fighting.

Thanne answeryd the kynge Partonope:
"Syr," he sayde, "trewly yeff ȝee
Wolle notte graunte me thus Batayle,
I saye yow playnely, wyth-owten fayle, 3572

3560. *or* lande?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng anone withouten fayle
Thanked hyghly Partanope,
And sayde: "I wote ryght well that ye 3552
Haue manhode ynough and corage.

*After* l. 3553 *one leaf has been torn out.*

*Rawl. MS.*

The kynge anone *with*-out faiꝧ
Thankede highly *Par*tonope:
"I wot right weꝧ þat ye 3552
Haue manhode I-nowe *and* corage.
But for to speke of mans age,
Ye be but yonge, not gretly assayde—
Of þat I sey be not mysspayde— 3556
And he is *pro*vyde a manly knyght;
For In many a *per*lus fight [leaf 15]
He hathe don maistres *with* honde,
Mo þen ony man *with*-In his londe.
And *þer*-fore, cossyn, I *pray*e you 3561
Hertly, of þis mat*er* nowe
To me ye speke no more.
For I hade leu*er* soffer grete sore 3564
Then harme shulde come you nere.
I wiꝧ not you grau*nt*, my owne fere."
To þis answerde *Par*tonope: 3569
"*Sir*," he seyde, "truly yef þat ye
Wiꝧ not grau*nt* me þis bataiꝧ,
I sey you pleynly, saunȝ faiꝧ, 3572

Yowr seruyce for euer y refuse." [leaf 44, back]
Onne thus worde the kynge gretely ganne muse,
And answeryd * wyth wepyng chere :
" Myne owne Cosyn, myne owne fere !
Alle myne owne truste stonte yn yowe.
And yff ye wylle alle-gate nowe
Thys perielys Batayll take yn honde,
Ye be cheffe Councell of thus londe,
And as ye wylle so motte hytt bee.
For trewly, Cosyn, ne hadde ye
Come ynto Fraunce atte thus tyme,
I wote welle y and alle myne
Hadde bene Chassed owte of Fraunce.
Butte my tryste and myn adffyawnce,
My ffayre Cosyn, ys alle onne yow.
Onne vs alle haue mersy nowe.
For y excuse me for euer-more,
And seye playnely hytt goyth fulle sore
Ayens alle reson and alle skele.
Butte loo, y putte me yn yowr wylle."
In thus wyse answeryd Partonope :
" Alle-myzthty God, y praye thatt ye
Helpe me ynne yowr ownne Ryzthte.
Onne [me] y take thus ylke afyzthte
Yowr lawe fully to defende.
There-to [oure] lord me grase sende."—
" Nowe," sayde the kynge, " Partonope,
As ye wolle saye hytte muste nedys be."
And there-wythe ffrendely he hym kyste,
And seyde : " Y hope for yowr beste
Yowr vndertakynge schalle nowe bee.
There[-to] yow helpe the trinite !"

The King still tries to dissuade him,

and reminds him how valuable his services are in France ;

but as Partonope is still firm in his resolution, the King finally assents.

3575. *MS. adds* the kynge *before* wyth.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Youre seruyse for euer I refuse."
At þis worde þe kynge gan mvse,
And at þe laste seyde : " In affyaunce,
Yef ye wiht so you avaunce,
As ye woht, so mot it be.
For truly, cossyn, hade not ye
Come In-to Fraunce at þis tyme,
We hade be In grette peyne."
Then seyde Partonope þe worthy :
" The yelde God almyghty,
And he helpe me In youre right ;
For on me I take þis fight
Youre enemys futt for to defende,
That grace oure lorde me sende."

And ther-wyth̄-alle streyȝte he wente
The King summons his knights, and informs them that, in order to avoid bloodshed, a single combat is to take place between Sornegour and a French knight.
To hys cheyre, and faste sente
For alle hy[s] hole Cheualrye,
And thenne he sayde: "the cawse whye.
I haue atte thus tyme sende for yow.
Kynge Sornego*ur* hathe send me nowe
A lett*er*—here stant the messengere—
And seyythe, yeffe I wolle, hys wylle were, [leaf 45]
Forto trye owre bothe Ryȝthtes,
Thys batayłłe to stonnde be-twyn̄ ıȷ knyȝthtes.
Thys ys the cause* of his menynge,
For to Eschewe grete blode schedynge.
For thus ys seker, wyth̄-owten̄ fayle,
Yeffe we bothe come to batayle,
Thatt bothe owre ostes to-geder mete,
Many a man̄ schalle ther hys lyffe lete.
Inne hys cawse hym̄-sylffe wylle fyȝthte,
For he hym̄-sylffe schalle be hys knyȝthte.
And y another knyȝthte motte sende
Wythe hym̄ to fyȝthte, ther to defende
The Ryȝthte thatt longethe to thus londe.
The defeated party is to do homage to the other.
[For he hathe fully take on honde,]
Yeff he ynne thus Batayle slayne bee,
Knyȝthtes and Duckes of thatt Cuntree
And other lordes alle eke ther-too,
Schalle do me Omage, er thatt they goo,
And olde ther londes euer of me.
And eke ther-to they schulle swore bee

3615. the cause *written twice.*

*Rawl. MS.*

The kynge set hym amonge his chevalrye,
And seyde: "Siris, I tell̄ you cause why
I haue do rede þis nobill̄ lett*er*,
Whiche seyth þus *and* no better:
Yef I will̄, his full̄ entente were
For to trye out In þis man*ere*
The cleyme of our*e* bothe right*es*
To be In bataill̄ be-twyx ij knyght*es*.
This is þe cause of his meny[n]ge
For to esschewe grete blode shedynge.
For þis is seker*e*, *with*-out fail̄,
Yef we bothe come to bataill̄,
And bothe our ost*es* to-ged*er* mete,
[1]Many a man his lyfe shall̄ lete.
In þis case hym-selfe will̄ fight,
For he will̄ be þe too knyght. [1 l. 15 back]
And I anoþ*er* knyght moste fynde
*With* hym to fight *and* defende
The Ryght þ*at* longyth to þis londe.
For he hathe fully take on honde,
Yef he In þis bataill̄ slayn be,
Kynge*s and* duke*s* of his contre,
And all̄ his lord*es* of his contre þ*er*-to
Shull̄ do me omage, ore þey goo,
And holde þ*er* londes eu*er* of me.
Ther-to þey shall̄ ensurede be

To sende me hys Eldyste sone ;
And eke he schalle do as they haue done.
And so happe thatt my knyȝthte * bee
Dyscumfyte or slayne yn̄ the degre, 3636
I and thus Reme motte stonde
To do hym̄ Omage, *and* holde owre londe
Ryȝthte off hym̄ as he schulde of mee,
Yffe he slayne or dyscumfyte bee. 3640
To Partonope y grawnte thus Batayle. He has granted the venture to Partonope.
I Charge yow alle thatt ȝe nott fayle
To-morew be-tyme redy to bee
Wyth̄ my Cosyn̄, and eke wyth̄ mee, 3644 The French army is to meet the next morning in arms before Chars,
Armed be-fore the Casteⱡ of Chars.
Hytt ys gode afore to be warys.
For yf he mene vntrewly,
Thenne er we redy Boldely 3648
Vs to defente, yffe he assayle. [leaf 45, back]
And yffe so falle thus Batayle
He *par*forme wyth̄ trewe entente,
I wolle ȝe alle, by onne asente, 3652 and act according to circumstances.
Vn̄-arme yow ynne *preue* manere,
And make non̄ ado butte as noȝth̄ were.
I Charge yow alle eke ther-too,

3635. my knyȝthte] *MS.* myȝthte. 3637–38. *or* lande : stande ?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1] And make no noyse as noght were. 3654
I charge yow alle eke therto, [1 leaf 23]

*Rawl. MS.*

To sende me his eldyste sone ;
And he shaⱡ do as þey haue done.
And it hape þat my knyght be 3635
Dysscomfyte ore slayne In þat degre,
And I also *with* my reme moste stonde
To do hym omage, *and* oure londe
Holde of hym as he shulde of me.
And I teⱡ you *with*-out faiⱡ
To *Par*tonope I haue gyfe þe bataiⱡ. 3641
To-morwe ye moste redy be 3643
To go *with* my cossyn *and* me,
Armede be-fore þe casteⱡ of Chare.
Hit is good fore to be ware.
Then̄ are we redy fuⱡ boldly 3648
Vs to defende yef he assaiⱡ.
And yef he truly þis bataiⱡ
*Par*forme as he hathe mente,
That þen̄ ye may, be on assente, 3652
Vn-arme hem In *preve* mane*re*,
And make noyse as nought were.
I charge you aⱡ eke þer-to,

In the evening prayers should be read everywhere.

Whenne euen) comythe, that ȝe goo
Barefutte yn) prosescione
To eu*e*ry Churche ynne thus towne,
And praye the holy t*r*inite
To owre worchyppe thatt he wolle see,
And Crystes lawe euer he saue
A[nd] on vs alle mersy to haue."
The kynge atte thys tyme seyyth̄ no more,
Ne alle the lordes, but wonder sore
They syke, and many tenderly
Wepe and waylythe * fulle hevelye.

The King orders his secretary to write the reply.

The kynge anone a letter lete wryte,
And bade the secreatory ytte welle endyte,
Thatt Sornego*ur* myȝthte knowe hys entente.
The se[c]ratory forthe ynne haste wente
Thys letter fully to endyte̦,
And alle the kynge-ys entente to wryte.
Thys letter in haste ys wrete and made.
The kynge comawndytt anone *and* bade
The hethen) clerke hytte to take,
And that he schulde no tarrynge make,

3662. *After* a *a blot in MS. and then* onne *crossed out ;* on vs *is written above* alle.
3666. *MS.* walkythe. 3670. sar *underdotted after* The.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Whan) evyn) cometh, that ye goo
Bare-foote lowly on) procession)
To euery cherche now in this town),
And pray we to the Holy Trynyte
To oure worship̄ that he wole see,
And Crystes lawe euer he save,
And on) vs alle mercy to haue."
THe kyng at this tyme saythe nomore,
Ne alle the lordes, but wondyr sore
They sygh, and many one fuⁿ tendyrly
Wepid and weylid ryght hevyly.
The kyng anone a letter gan) wryte,
And bad the Secretary hit weⁿ endyte,
That Sornogoure myght know hys entent.
The Secrytary now forthe ys went.
This letter in hast ys wryten) and made.
The kyng anone comaundyd and bade
The hethen) clerk hit to take,
And that he shulde no taryng make

*Rawl. MS.*

When evyn) comyth, þat ye goo
Barfoote lowly on pressission)
To eu*e*ry chirche In þis towne,
And pr*a*ye we to þe holy trenyte
To oure worchipe þat he wiⁿ see,
And Cryste*s* lawe eu*e*r he save,
And on vs aⁿ m*e*rcy haue." [1 leaf 16]
[1] The kynge at þis tyme seyth no more,
Ne aⁿ þe lorde*s*, but wonde*r* sore
They sigh, *and* many fuⁿ tende*r*ly
Wepte *and* waylede fuⁿ petuously.
HEre þe kynge a lett*e*r dyde wryte,
*And* bade þe secretory it endyte,
That So*r*nogoure myght knowe his entente.

This let*e*r is wretyn in haste.
The kynge comondyde faste
The hethyn clerke it to take,
And þat he shulde no taryinge make,

Butte bere hytte to kynge Sornego*ur*,
And seye hym) thatt "the cheffe fflowre
Off my kny3thode wyth hym schalle fy3thte,
Wythe Goddys grase, and saue my Ry3thte." 3680
Thys let*ter* thys Clerke hatthe taken) ynne haste,
And to hys kynge hyed hym) faste.
Thys Clerke to Chars ys come. The heathen clerk hastens back to Chars,
The kynge [hym] seythe, and sayde: "Welcome." 3684
The clerke downe knelythe afore the kynge: [leaf 46]
"Syr," he seyde, "letterys y brynge and delivers the letter,
Vnder the kynge-ys seąle off Fraunce.
Redythe hym) ouer, for gode purviaunce 3688
For thys Batayle hytte nedythe make.
For sucche one hathe ytte vnder-take, with warnings of Partonope's prowess.
Hytte nedythe welle now avysed to be."
Thanne sayde the kynge: "Canste thow telle me 3692
Wo ys the man), and wate ys hys name?"
Thenne seyde the Clerke: "Gretely to blame
Ellys where I. I dyd hym see.
Hys name ys syr Partonope, 3696
Inne whomme the kynge hathe grete affyaunce,
And affter alle the remę * off Fraunce." *
Then) answeryd kynge Sornego*ur*: Sornegour is delighted to

3698. remę] *MS.* kynge. *After this line the MS. adds:* I motte fy3thte wate happe or Chaunce, *cf.* l. 3702.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But bere hit to Sornogoure the kyng,
And say to hym) "a knyght ying
Of myne with hym) shall fyght,
With Goodys grace, and save my ryght." 3680
The letter this clerk hath take in hast,
And to his lorde hym) hyed full fast.
And whan) he had hym) in seyng:
"Syr," he sayde, "letters now I bryng
Vndyr the kynges Seale of Fraunce.
Redyth hem) and make purvyaunce,
For this batayle hit nedyth to make.
For suche oon) hath hit vndyrtake 3690
Whoos name ys Partanope, 3696
Floure y-callid of that Contree,
In whom) the kyng hath grete affyaunce,
And so hath all the Rewme of Fraunce."
Than) answerid kyng Sornogoure: 3699

*Rawl. MS.*

But heryth Sornogoure þe kynge,
And sey to hym a knyght yenge 3678
Of myn) with hym shall fight,
With Goddes leue, to saue my right."

The letter þe clerke hathe in haste,
And to his lorde hym hyede faste.
When) he hade hym In syinge: 3683
"Sir," he seyde, "letter nowe I brynge
Vnder þe kynges seall of Fraunce.
Redyth hem *and* make purvyaunce,
For þis batall is nedyth to make.
For soyche on hathe it vnder-take
Whose name is Partonope, 3696
Floure I-callede of þat contre,
In whom he hathe his affyaunce, 3697
And so hathe all þe reme of Fraunce."
Then) answerde kynge Sornogoure:

fight with the flower of knighthood.

"I thanke God hyely, for wythe the fflowr 3700
Off alle kny3ththode of alle the Reme off Fraunce
I motte fy3thte, wate happe * or chaunce
Me eu*er*e ffalle ynne thys fy3thte.
I hope, lorde, thorow thy my3thte 3704
To saue my worchypp and myne honowr,
Sethen he off Cheualrye ys the fflowre,
Off alle Fraunce eke the Gentyleste.
So mutte y fy3thte wythe [the] beste, 3708
Wyche to me ys grete honowre."
Thus answeryd the Clerke kynge Sornego*ur*.

He calls his council,

And at * þ*at* worde he sent anone
For alle hys cownsayle be one *and* one. 3712
To hym come kynge Fursyne,*
Kynge Loemer,* and kyng Fab[u]ry*n*ne,
And Marukyn,* and false Marres
Comethe forthe wyth hem ynne the presse. 3716

and informs them of his decision.

"Lordynges," he sayde, "hytt ys my wylle
My cownseⱡⱡ yow telle, for hytte ys skelle
Ye ytte wete; for yesterd-day dy-verse *
I fownde yow alle; for eche man dyd tr*a*uerse [lf. 46, bk.] 3720

3702. *MS.* happte.
3711. at] *MS.* thatt.
3713. *MS.* furfyne.
3714. *MS.* leomer.
3715. *MS.* Mavrekyn.
3719. *MS.* ey werse.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"I thanke God highly, for with the
floure [1 leaf 23, back] 3700
Of knyghthode now in Fraunce
I must fyght, what happe or chaunce
Me euer falle this day in fyght. 3703
Yett I hope, lorde, thorow they myght
To save now myn honoure,
Thogh I fyght with this gay floure."
And with that worde he sent anone
For alle hys counsayle by one and one.
To hym ther come king Sursyn, 3713
Kyng Loymer, and kyng Fabouryn,
And Marukyn, and fals Marres 3715
Come forthe with hem in-to the prees.
"Lordyngis," he sayde, "hit ys my
wille
My counseⱡⱡ yow to telle, as yt ys
skylle.
Ye wote welle that yesterday diuers
I founde yow alle / for eche man dyd
travers 3720

*Rawl. MS.*

"I thanke God highly, for with þe
floure 3700
Of knyghthode nowe In Fraunce
I moste fight, what hape ore chaunce
Me euer faⱡⱡ at þis tyme In fight.
Yet I hope, lorde, þorwe þy myght
To save nowe myne honoure, 3705
Though I fight with þe gay floure."
And with þat worde he sent anone
For aⱡⱡ his counseⱡⱡ by on *and* on. 3712
To hym þer comyth kynge Sursyn,
Kynge Loemere *and* kynge Fabryne,
And Marken, *and* false Marras 3715
[1] Come furthe with hym In-to þe prese.
"Lordynges," he seyde, "it is my
wiⱡⱡ [1 leaf 16, back]
My counseⱡⱡ you to teⱡⱡ, it is skiⱡⱡ.

Ye wot weⱡⱡ þat yesterday deuerse
I founde you aⱡⱡ; fro iche travers 3720

Other-ys wette, ther as to cownseⱡⱡ
I dyd yow calle to se ynne watte perelle
We stodde ynne, *and* in watte dystawnnce,
There-agayne to make gode ordynaunce. 3724
Whenne ye were come, ye toke noⁿ hede — He reproves their past conduct.
To my worcheppe ne to my manhede.
[M]I cowncelle there-fore y take;
For no manⁿ y wolle ytte neuer for-sake. 3728
Be hytt gode or ylle, ytte ffalleth̄ on* me.
The kynge-ys letterys off Fraunce here they be,
Sythe howe he wrytethe, and ynne wate forme,
For alle the couenauntes* y wylle parforme." 3732
They brake the letter, and dyd hyt rede. — The letter is read.
[They seye] The sentence, and ynne grete drede
Alle these lordes stode euerychone.
Off hemⁿ alle ther was* nott one 3736 — They are silent.
Thatt here-to therste saye a worthe,
Butte stodenⁿ alle stylle be one acorde.
To hemⁿ thenne seyde the [stowte] kynge:

3729. on] *MS.* for. 3732. *MS.* comawmentes.
3736. alle ther was] *MS.* ther was alle.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Otheɪs witte, there as to counseⱡⱡ
I calde yow to teⱡⱡ what pereⱡⱡ
We stande in, and in what dystaunce,
And there-ayenⁿ to make goode ordynaunce. 3724
Whenⁿ ye were come, ye toke none heede
To my worshiꝑ ne to my manhede.
Mynⁿ owne Counseyle therfore I take;
For no manⁿ I wylle hit neuer for-sake.
Be hit goode or evyⱡⱡ hit fallith̄ onⁿ me.
The kynges letres of Fraunce here they be. 3730
Seeth̄ how he wryteth̄, and in what fourme,
For alle the covenauntis I wylle parforme."
They brake the letters, and themⁿ dyd rede.
Theysyght the sentens, and in grete drede
Alle these lordes thanⁿ stode echone.
Of hemⁿ alle there was not one 3736
That there durst say a worde,
But stode alle stylle by one acorde.
To hemⁿ thanⁿ sayde this stowte kyng:

*Rawl. MS.*

Oþer wyte þer as to counseⱡⱡ
We stonde In, *and* In what þis-staunce.
When) ye were come, ye toke none hede 3725
To my worchipe ne to my manhede.
Myne owne counseⱡⱡ þer-for I take;
For no manⁿ I witⱡⱡ it neuer for-sake.
Be it good ore itⱡⱡ it faⱡⱡ on me, 3729
The kynges letter of Fraunce here þey be.
Sethe howe he wryth, *and* In what forme, 3731
For aⱡⱡ þe covenantes I shaⱡⱡ parforme."
They brake þe letter, and hem dyde rede.
They sawe þe sentence, *and* In grete drede
Aⱡⱡ þis lordes þey stode ichone.
Of hem aⱡⱡ þer was but on 3736
That þer durste sey on worde,
But stode aⱡⱡ stiⱡⱡ at on acorde.
To hem seyde þis stoute kynge:

"I warne yow, seres, off one thynge :
Fro thus entent to a Newe
None off yow schalle me remeve."
Fursin proposes that all should go armed to camp, Fyrste off alle thenne spake syr Fursy*n*ne : *
"Sythe off yowr wylle thus ys the fyne
Thatt fro thus prosses ȝe wylle not goo,
I canne no more saye ther-too,
Butte erly to-morewe thatt alle men be
In the ffylde armed to make yowr asemele,
to safeguard the king. Thatt ye mowe stonde ynne saue garde,
And eu*e*ry man kepe hys owne warde."
Alle they agreyd hem to thus worde,
And to hys herbrow went eu*e*ry lorde.
At sunrise, the Saracens assemble, [At] Morewe anone as hytte was day,
The sonne here bem*us* schewyd fulle gaye.
The mynstrallys here Trumpes gan sowne.
There-wythe there Oste they dyde some [leaf 47]
To arme hem faste, and redy make
Anone the fylde for to take.
with helm and shield. By thowsandys they drawyth to the felde
Wyth maney an * helme and many a schylde.

3743. *MS.* furfy*n*ne. 3760. an] *MS.* and.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"I warne yow, Syres, of oo thyng :
Fro this entent vnto a new
None of yow alle shalle me renew."
Fyrst of yow alle than spake Sursyn).

[1] But Erly to-morow lat alle men be
In þe felde armed and make youre assemble, [1 leaf 24]
That ye may stonde in safe garde,
And eu*e*ry man kepe his owne warde."
Alle they a-greed hem to this oo worde,
And to her herburgh went euery lorde.
AT morow whan hit was day,
The Svnne her bemes shewed gay.
The Mynstralles her trvmpes gvnne sown.*
Therwyth the Ooste they dyd somoun)
To arme hem fast and redy make
Anone the felde frely to take.
Be thousandis they draw to the feelde
Wyth many helme and brygȝt Sheelde.

*After* 3743 *catch-word* But erly.
ll. 3755–56 *are inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

"I ware you, s*e*ris, of on thynge :
Fro þis entente vnto a newe
None of you shaⁿ me remeve."
Firste of aⁿ þen spake Sursyn :
"Sethe of youre wiⁿ þis is þe fyne
That fro þis p*or*pose ye wiⁿ not goo,
I can no more sey þ*er*-to,
Buⁿ erly to-morwe let aⁿ men be
In felde armede at youre essemble,

That ye may stonde In safe garde,
And eu*e*ry man kepe his owne warde."
At þ*at* tyme þey seyde no mo worde,
To þ*er* loggynge went eu*e*ry lorde.*
¶ At morwe when it was day,
The son here bemys shewyde gay.
The menstre*ll*es þ*er* trompus gan sou*n*ne.
There-*with* þe oste þey dyde somou*n*e
Anone þe felde freshly to make,
To arme hem faste *and* redy make.
By þousondes þey drewe to þe feld*es*
*With* many helmes *and* bright sheld*es*

ll. 3751–52 *are inverted in MS.*

The kynge hym armed, and as seythe [the] bocke,
In grete haste, *and* wyth hym toke
Faburine, Fursynne,* *and* Marres,
Loemere,* Marukyn,* *and* moche prese.
Wythe hym come mony a spere *and* schelde.
Anone as they come to the fylde,
Here Bataylys ffaste they dyd araye.
I-armed they were fulle ffresche *and* gaye.
Onne the tother syde come the kynge of Fraunce
Wythe alle hys kynne *and* alle hys affyaunce,
And wyth hym Broȝthte Partonope.
And hevenly[-ly] ytte was hym to see,
So ȝonge; so fresche, so welle be-sene.
To praye for hym eche man was fayne.
The ffrensche dem[en]ed hym fulle eselye,
And prayyd God fulle besely
To saue here worchyppe and here Ryȝthte.
So hadde they do be-ffore alle nyȝthte,
Leyne ynne prayerys and ynne wepynge.
On the ffylde to hem warde come *pre*kynge

Sornegour comes to the field accompanied by his vassals and Mares.

The King of France arrives with Partonope,

and they pray all night.

3763. *MS.* Fabrune, furfynne(?).
2764. *MS.* leomere, Mavrekyn.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng hym armed, as sayth the booke,
In grete hast, and wyth hym toke
Sursyn, Fabur, and eke Marres,
Loemer, Marukyn, and Sarres.
Wyth hem come many Spere and Shelde.

As sone as they come to the feelde,
Her Bataylles fast they dyd aray.
Armed they were bothe fressh and gay.
On that tother syde come the kyng of Fraunce
Wyth alle hys kynne and alleaunce,
And wyth hym brought Partanope.
Hevenly hit was hym to see,
So yonge, so fressh, so wele be-seen.
To pray for hym they besy been.
The french demenyd hem ful esyly,
And prayde to God full hertyly
To save her worsshyp and her ryght.
So had they do be-fore alle nyght.
Ouer the feelde to hem came prikyng

*Rawl. MS.*

The kynge hym armede, as seth þe boke,
In grete haste, *and with* hym toke
Sursyn, Fabris, *and* eke Marras,
Loem*ers*, Markyn, *and* eke Surris.
*With* hem come many spere *and* shelde.
As sone as þey come In-to þe felde,
Here bataill*es* faste dyde array.
Armede þey were freshe *and* gay.
On þat oþer syde þe kynge of Fraun*ce*

*With* all his kyne *and* alyaun*ce*,
And *with* hym brought Partonope.
An hevynly sight it was hem to see,
So yonge, so freshe, so well be-sene.
To p*r*aye for hym þey besy bene.
The french deynede hem eysely,
And p*r*ayede to God full hertly
To save þ*er* worchipe *and* þ*er* right.
So hade þey do all þe nyght.
Ou*er* þe felde to hem come p*re*-kynge

3764. *MS.* surris (i *indistinct*).

Loemer and Mares repair to the French camp to hear the covenant.

Kynge Loemers* and Erle Marres
Owte fro amonge the hethen presse
To the kynge of Fraunce streyȝthte
To wete yff thus ylke affyȝthte 3784
Schulde be holden *and* alle the Cownandes.

The King proposes to bring a hundred armed knights to the lists,

To hem answeryd the kynge of Fraunse :
"Say* kynge Sornegour thatt y haue y-sayde
Schalle so be holde thatt wele apayed 3788
He and alle hys schulde bee.
Where-ffore y wolle anone thatt hee
Take wyth hym an .c. knyȝthtes,
And come downe streyȝte to the lyystys, 3792
Owte ffrome hys oste ; *and* thenne schalle I [leaf 47, back]

and to rehearse the covenant there.

Do the same, and there by *and* bye
Schalle the Cownauntes rehersyd be
Be-twyn hym *and* Partonope. 3796
There we schalle [holde] owre parlement
And schewe playnely owr'e eythyr entente."
To thus ther was no more to do ;
They were alle greyd ther-too. 3800

The Kings meet courteously,

And ynne thus wyse anon they mette,
And Curtesly* eche oder grette.

3781. *MS.* leomers ; kynge *seems marked for erasure before* Erle.
3787. say] *MS.* Syr. 3794. D *in* Do *written like an* S.
3802. *MS.* Curstely.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Erle Marres and Loemer the kyng
To hem of Fraunce then fuⁿ streyght
To wytte yf that this noble fyght 3784
Shulde be holde and
To hym answeryd the kyng of Fraunce :
"Say kyng Sornogour that I haue sayde [1 leaf 24, back]
[1]In no wyse for me shaⁿ be renayed. 3788
Therfore he wyth an hundred knyghtes
Lat hym come downe to the lystes 3792
Oute from hys Ooste ; and than shaⁿ I
Do the same, and there by and by
Shaⁿ alle the Covenauntes rehersyd be
Be-twix hym and Partanope. 3796
There we shaⁿ holde oure parlament
And shew playnly alle oure entent."
To this there was nomore to do ;
They were alle a-greed therto. 3800
And in this wyse anone they mete,
And curtesly other goodely grete.

3788. *MS.* remayed.

*Rawl. MS.*

Erle Marras and Loemers þe kynge
To hem of France þen fuⁿ streight
To wyte yef þis nobiⁿ fight 3784
Shulde be holde *and* aⁿ covenauntes.
To hem answerde þe kynge of France :
"Sey kynge Sornogoure þat I haue seyde [1 leaf 17, back]
In no wyse shaⁿ be renayede. 3788
There-fore he with an honderde knyghtes
Let hem come downe to þe lystes 3792
Out fro his oste, *and* þen shaⁿ I
Do þe same, *and* þat by *and* by
Shaⁿ aⁿ þe cov[en]auntes rehersede be
Be-twyx hym *and* Partonope. 3796
There we shaⁿ holde oure parlement
And shewe playnly oure entente."
To þis þer was no more to do ;
They were aⁿ gaderde þerto. 3800
[1]And In þis wyse a-none þey mete,
And courtesly eyþer oþer grete.

Schortely off thus to make a ffyne,
The hethen) putte up Fursyne* 3804 and Fursin rehearses the covenant.
To reherse the Covenauntes
Thatt holde schulde be be-twyn) hem *and* * Fraunce.
Kynge Fursyne,* thus worthy knyȝthte,
Rehersyd the Covenauntes off thus fyȝthte, 3808
And tolde the trowthe off the recorde,
In sucche wysse that eue*r*y worde
Acordyd to here bothe wrytynge.
Where-ffore the lordes made grete praysynge 3812
Off hys dyscrescon) and off hys wytte,
And seyde to fulle-fylle ytte
As he had sayde, alle redy were.
The hethen) knyȝthtes anone dyd swere 3816 Oaths are sworn on relics by both sides.
Vppon) sucche relakys as they hadde
These Covena*u*ntes to holde suerly *and* sadde.
The kynge of Fraunce yn) the other syde
Alle[-so] swore, watte so euer be-tyde, 3820
The Covena*u*ntes thatt he wolde trewly
Holde, as they* ther-to by and bye

3804. *MS.* furfyne.
3806. *MS.* & *written above* off, *omitted in the text.*
3807. *MS.* Furfyne. 3822. as they] *MS.* and.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Shortly of this to make a fyne,
The hethyn put vpon) Sursyn 3804
To reherce alle the covenaunte*s*
That shulde be holde be-twyxt hem and Fraunce.
Kyng Sursyn, that worthey knyght,
Rehersed the covenaunte*s* of this fyght,
And tolde the trouthe of the a-corde,
In which wyse that eue*r*y worde 3810
Was a-greed to her bothe wrytyng.
Where-fore the lordis made grete prays-yng 3812
Of his discresion) and of his wytte,
And sayde alle they wolde fulfelle hyt
As he had sayde they redy were. 3815
The hethen knygtes anone dyd swere
Vpon) suche Relyk as they hadde
These covenaunte*s* to holde surely and sadde.
The kyng of Fraunce on) the other syde
Also sware, what eue*r* betyde, 3820
The covenaunte*s* he wolde fu͏̈ll truly
Holde hem, as they there by and by

ll. 3815–16 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Shortly of þis to make fyne,
The hethyn put vppon Sursyn) 3804
To reherse þe couenau*n*te*s*
That shulde be holde be-twyx þem *and* vs.
Kynge Sursyn, þis worthy knyght,
Rehersyde þe couenau*n*te*s* of þis fight,
And tolde þe trouth of þe acorde, 3809
In whiche wyse þat eue*r*y worde
Were a-greede to þe*r* bothe wrytynge.
Where-fore þe lorde*s* made grete preys-ynge 3812
Of hys dysscression) *and* of his wyte,
And seyde all þey woll fully it
As he hede seyde þey redy were. 3815
The hethyn knyghte*s* anone dyde swere
Uppon) soyche relyke*s* as þey hade
Cou[en]*au*nte*s* to holde surely *and* sade.

The kynge of France on þat ope*r* syde
Also sware, whateue*r* so be-tyde, 3820

3818. *On margin* Couenante *added by a later hand.*

Were rehersyd by kynge Fursyne.*
Thus off here Coven*aun*tes thus ys the fyne. 3824

The heralds impose disarming.

Thanne made they herodes stonde on) hye
To make an) Oye and a crye,
Onne payne off losynge off lyffe *and* leme,
Eche man) schulde on)-arme hym). 3828

A thousand armed knights of either army shall guard the lists.

Sornego*ur* comawndyd off hys kny3thtes
A thowsand welle armed to kepe the lyystes,
Thatt no man) scholde so hardy bee [leaf 48]
In-to [the] lyestes to make entre, 3832
Ne alle-so no man) to go owte.
Onne the ffrenche seyde a M$^{ti}$ kny3thtes stowte *
Where armed to kepe thus affyaunce,
And thatt the worthyeste off alle Fraunce, 3836
Redy onne horse-backe wyth spere and schylde,
Where ordeyned to kepe the ffrenche fylde,
Thatt no Ryott schulde aRyse.
Thus fylde was ryalle to devyse 3840

3823. *MS.* Furfyne. 3825. *or* stande? 3834. stowte] *MS.* stode.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Where rehersyd by kyng Sursyn).
Thus of these covenaunt*es* here ys the fyne. 3824
Than made they an) herawde stond an hye
To make a certayn noyes and crye
In payne of lesyng lyfe and lymme
Eche man shulde vnarme hym. 3828
Sornogour commaundyd of his knyght*es*
A thowsand welł armed to kepe the lystys, [leaf 25]
That no man shulde so hardy be
In-to the lystes to make entree, 3832
Ne also no man to gone oute.
On) the frenchł syde also a thousand stoute
Were armed knyght*es* to kepe this affiaunce,
And that the wordyste of alle Fraunce,
Redy on horsbak wythł Speere and Sheelde, 3837
Were ordeyned to kepe the frenchł feelde,
That no Ryot shulde eny wyse a-ryse.
Thus was hit ryałł to devyse 3840

3828. *MS.* vnarne.

*Rawl. MS.*

Were rehersyde be kynge Sursyn).
Thus of þe cou[en]*aun*t*es here* is þe fyne.
Then an heroude stode vp an hye 3825
To make *ser*ten oyes *and* crye
In peyne of lesynge of lyfe *and* lyme
Eiche man) [un-]arme heme. 3828
*Sor*nogo*ur* como*n*dyde of his knyght*es*
A þousonde wełł armede to kepe lyst*es*,
That no man) shulde so hardy be
In-to þe lyst*es* to make entre, 3832
Ne also no man to gon oude.*
On þe frenche syde a þousonde stoude
On þe french syde to kepe þis affyau*n*ce,
And þat þe worthyeste of alł France
Redy on hors-bake *with* spere *and* shelde
Were ordeynede to kepe þe french felde,
That no ryote shulde in ony wyse be.
Thus was it arrayde to þe avyse 3840

3826. *On margin* To make Certayn: Oyes: *and* crye, *added by a later hand.*
3833–34. *Inverted order of lines in MS*

Thatt so y-wardett was abowte
Wythe IJ M$^{li}$ kny3thtes stowte.
The ffrenche kynge brow3thte Partonope — The French King brings Partonope into the lists, and commends him to God.
In-to the lyestys, and ther toke hee 3844
Off hym leue fulle sore wepynge,
And comendyd hym* to the blessynge
Off the blessyd trinite.
And thus from hym departed hee. 3848
Kynge Fursyne* onne the other seyde — Fursin with heavy cheer conducts Sornegour.
Was kynge Sornego*ur* ys gyde
In-to* the lyestys, *and* ther hym bro3thte
Wyth heuy chere and grete tho3thte. 3852
Wyth wepynge eyen he toke hys leve,
And prayed hys god he schulde welle p*r*eue
In thy[s] Batayle *and* ynne hys Ry3thte,
And saue hym schameles ynne h*ys* fy3thte 3856
Nowe the hethen kynge Sornego*ur*, — Sornegour is splendidly armed,
Wyche off Cheualrye bare the flowre
Off alle the sette of hethen laye,
In-to the leystys fulle fresche and gaye 3860
Onne horse-backe ys comen y-armed welle

3846. *MS. adds* sylfe *after* hym).
3849. *MS.* Furfyne.
3851. to *written twice.*
3858. bare] a *like* o.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That so vyrounde was a-boute
Wyth two thousand knyght*es* stoute.
The french kyng brought Partanope
In-to the lystis, and there toke he 3844
Of hym leve full sore wepyng,
And recomaunde hym to the blessyng
Of oure lorde, the blessyd trinite.
And so fro hym departed then he. 3848
Kyng Sursyn on the hethen syde
Was kyng Sornogours gyde.
In-to the lystis to hym brought
Wyth euy chere and grete thought. 3852
Whith wepyng eyen he toke his leve,
And prayde his god he shulde well preve

In this batayle and in this ryght,
And save hym shameles in fyght. 3856
NOw this hethen kyng Sornogour,
Which of chevalry beryth the flour
Of alle the sette in hethen lay,
In-to the lystis full fressh and gay
On horsbak ys comen armed wele 3861

*Rawl. MS.*

That so verry rou*n*de was aboute
W*ith* ij þousonde knyght*es* stoute.
[1] The frenche kynge brought P*ar*tonope
In-to þe lyst*es and þer* toke he 3844
Of hym leve fulle sore wepynge,[1 leaf 18]
And recom*on*dyde hym to þe blyssynge
Of oure lorde, þe blyssede creature.
And so dep*ar*tyde, I you ensure. 3848
Kynge Sursyn on þe hethyn syde
Was kynge S*or*nogoure gyde.
In-to þe lyst*es* he hym brought
W*ith* hevy hert *and* grete þought. 3852
W*ith* wepynge eyen he toke his leue,
And p*ray*ede his god he shulde hym saue
In þis bataill *and* In his right, 3855
And save hym shameles In þis fight.
¶ Nowe þis hethyn kynge S*or*nogou*re*,
Whiche of chevalry beryth þe floure
Of all þo þat set In hethyn lay,
In-to þe lyst*es* full fers *and* gay 3860
On hors-bake is come armede well

Wythe hosen of mayle and fyne style,
Welle y-lased wythe fyne sylke.
He is mounted on a white steed — Hys stede was whyte as eny mylke, 3864
Armed ynne mayle fulle fresche *and* gaye,
Suer[l]y I-nowe for alle asaye,
with trappings ornate with gold. — And there a-bowte a fresche trappure,
Welle y-schape and of gode messure, [leaf 48, back] 3868
Wythe golde welle bete and of hys devyse.
Thys lorde, thatte was bothe manly *and* wyse,
Above sate armed ffreschely and welle
He is clad in a habergeon of steel, with a shield about his neck and a helmet on his head. — Inne an habrygon of fyne style. 3872
Abowte hys necke henge a schylde
So bryȝthte off style thatt alle the fylde
Was Elumyed of the bryȝthnysse.
Ther-to hytte was weldely, [y] gesse. 3876
Vppon hys hede a helme fulle gaye,
S[u]ere y-nowe atte alle asaye.
Above a Cerke�th of stones Reche,
A gode ytte hadde bene for a churche. 3880
For the marchandys hynnes to Humbere
The valewe ther-off cowthe not nummbere.
Aboue his arnes* he toke a cote,
Enbrowderyd wythꝫ pereꝫ weꝫ yfrote * 3884

3883. *MS.* armes. 3884. weꝫ yfrote] *MS. and* not wythꝫ slote.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wythꝫ hosyn of mayle made of stele,
Wele lasyd wythꝫ fyne Sylke, 3863
Hys stede was white as any mylke,
Armed in mayle fuꝫ fresshꝫ and gay,
Surely ynoughꝫ for alle assay, [1 lf. 25, bk.]
And there a-bove fresshꝫ trappure
[1] Welle y-shape and of good mesure, 3868
Wythꝫ golde wel bete at his devyse,
This lorde was manly and wyse,
Above sett fresshly armed and wele
In anꝺ hawberk of ryghꝫ fyne steele.
A-boute hys nekk heng a sheelde 3873
So bryghꝫ of steele that alle the feelde
Was enlymed wythꝫ the bryghtnesse,
And hit was fuꝫ weeldy, as I gesse.
Vponꝺ his hede and helme fuꝫ gay 3877
Sure ynoughꝫ at alle maner assay.
Above that a Cerche of stonys ryche,
Ryght goode they had be for a cherche.
A-bove hys arneys he had a cote 3883
Enbrowded wythꝫ peerle wele y-frote,

*Rawl. MS.*

*With* hosyn of maiꝫ made of steꝫ,
Weꝫ I-lastede *with* fyne sylke.
His stede was whyte as ony mylke, 3864
Armede In mayiꝫ freshe *and* gaye
Surely ynoughꝫ for aꝫ assay.
There above fresshe trappure
Weꝫ I-shape *and* of good mesure, 3868
*With* golde weꝫ bete at his devyse.
This lorde þat was manly *and* wyse,
Above sat freshly armede weꝫ
In an haubreke of good steꝫ. 3872
A-boute his nyke henge a shelde
So bright of steꝫ þat aꝫ þe felde
Was enlamyde *with* þe brightnes,
Hit was weꝫ dight, as I gesse. 3876
Uppon his hede an helme gay
Sure I-nowe at aꝫ maner assay.
A-bove þat a shelde of stonys Ryche,
Good þey hade ben for a chirche. 3880
Above his harnes he hade a cote 3883
Enbrowdede *with* perle *and* weꝫ I-frote,

Off hys armes fulle Rechely
Wythe Rubyys and sauerys by *and* bye.
Onne eche schulder off style a besgue,
A swerde he hadde fresche *and* newe
Abowte hym gurde, bothe harde and longe,
And [in] hys honde a spere fulle * stronge.
And by hys sadeł apon hys arsyone
Hynge a gleyue thatt nye hande downe
To the grownde the alffe toke;
And Ioye onne hym hytt was to loke,
As thoȝtħ the hethen thatt ylke daye.
Off kynge Sornego*ur* thus was the araye.
Onne the ffrenche seyde Partonope
Onne horsebacke [ffreschely] y-armed sette hee,
In hosen of mayle shape ryght weł,*
I-lased wythe sylke wythħ poleyns of stele.*
And hauberke he hadde of gode mesure,
Myȝthty and strong and off gode temp[er]ure,
A Cote off armes he hadde above,
Welle Enbrowderyd which * thatt hys loue

3888 3892 3896 3900 3904

He wears a battle-axe and a sword and holds a spear in his hand.

Another sword is fastened to the saddle.

Partonope has a strong armour, helmet and shield,

and a coat of arms ordained by his love,

3889. *or* lange?
3890. *or* hande? *MS. adds* longe *before* stronge.
3891. *or* opon?
3899. *MS.* Freschely y-armed *in* hosen of mayle weł fyne.
3900. *MS. here adds* clene. 3904. which] *MS.* for.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of armes done fułł rychely 3885
Wythħ Rybyes and Saphires by and by.
Onn eche Shulder of steele a besagew,
A Swerde he had fresshħ and new 3888
A-boute hym gyrde, bothe long and brode,
And in hys hand a Spere fułł goode.
And hys sadyłł vpon the arsoun
Heng a gleyve that nyha*n*d doun 3892
To the grounde the helve toke;
And Ioy hit was onn hym to loke. 3894
ON the fre[n]sshħ syde Partanope 3897
Onn horsbake armed syttythħ he
In hosyn of mayle shape ryght wele,
Lased wythħ Sylk wythħ polayn of steele.
Hawbrek he had onn of goode mesure,
Mighty and strong and of good tem-
*per*ure. 3902
A coote of armes he had bove,
Wele enbrowdyd wychħ * his love 3904

3904. wych] *MS.* wyth.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Of armys don fułł Rychly
*With* Rubyes *and* sapheres by *and* by.
On e*u*ery styde of stełł he sawe
A swerde he hade freshe *and* newe 3888
About hym gyrde, both longe *and* brode, [1 leaf 18, back]
And In his honde a spere fułł good.
And his sadiłł vppon his arson 3891
Hynge a gleve þat nye hande downe
To þe grounde þe helfe toke;
And Ioye it was on hym to loke. 3894
¶ On þe french syde P*ar*tonope 3897
On hors-bake armede syttyth he
In hosyn of maiłł made wełł,
Lasede of sylke of polyn stełł. 3900
Haubreke he hade of good mesure,
Mighty *and* stronge, of good temp*er*ure.

A cote of armes he hade above,
Wełł embrowderde whiche his love 3904

Hadde ordeynyd afore yn) the beste manere;
A beter be sayne was ther non) no-where.
Hys helme was sette fulle off *pre*cyous stones.
Hy*m*-sylue was my3thty and begge of bonys. [leaf 49] 3908
A-bowte hys necke enge hys schylde,
So ffreschely, hytte gladethe alle the fylde,
Welle I-feteryd wyth plate *and* style,
Syr wythte hys swerd, wyche was Ry3th welle 3912
Wyth golde and pereH Reche be-gone.

but only one sword,

Swerdes he ne hadde more butte one,
Ne wepyn) were-onne he my3thte tryste,

and a spear in his hand.

Saue a spere he hadde onne hys feste. 3916
Off axe ne Glayue made he no forse.

His steed is black.

As blacke as Cole thenne was hys horse,
Thus ys the sothe, wyth-owten) lesse.
He was welle y-armed to hys ese. 3920

Partonope couches his spear, and smites Sornegour on the shield so violently that the

And ynne hys sadel he ganne hym) dresse,
And to hys Enmy e gan) to presse.
Vnd*er* hys arme hys spere he kaste,
Hys hors he prekyd feressly *and* faste. 3924
Sornegowre he smote amydde the schylde

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Had ordeyned a-fore in the best manere;
A better be seen) was no-where.
His helme sette fuH of Precious stones.
Hym-selfe was myghty and bygge of bones. 3908
[1] Tryed his swerde was ryght wele,
That was made of Iren and steele,
Wyth pe and perle rychely be-gone. [1 leaf 26]
Swerdes had he no moo but one,
Ne wepyn where-in he myght tryst,
Save a Speere he had in his fyst. 3916
Of axe ne gleve made he no force.
Blak as cole than was his hors,
This ys the sothe wythouten lees.
He was armed wele to his ese. 3920
And in hys sadyH he gan) hym dresse,
And to his enemy warde gan preesse.
Vndyr his arme hys spere he cast, 3923
Hys hors he pryked fresshly and fast.
Sornogour he hytt amydde the Sheelde

*Rawl. MS.*

Hade ordeynede In þe beste man*er*e;
A bet*er* be sen was no-where.
His helme fuH of *pre*cious stonys.
Hym-selfe myghty *and* byge of bo*n*nys.
A-boute his nyke hys shelde, 3909
WeH couchide w*ith* *per*le I-melede.
Gyrde his swerde was right weH,
That was made of Iron *and* steH, 3912
W*ith* golde *and* *per*le rychely be-gon).

Swerd*es* hade he no mo but on),
Ne wepyn where-In he myght truste,
Save a spere he hade In his fyste. 3916
Of ax ne gleve made he no force.
Blake as a coile þen was his hors,
This is þe sothe, w*ith*-out les.
He was armede weH to his eyse. 3920
In his sadiH he gan hym dresse,
And to his enemy gan prese.
Vnd*er* his arme his spere he caste,
His hors he prekede freshly *and* faste. 3924
Sornogour*e* he hit amede þe shelde

Wythe hys spere, alle men̄ be-hylde.
Hys helme twyched hys horse cropon̄.*
Ne hadde [he] hym helde by the arson̄,
Fro hys sadel he hadde fallen̄ to grownde.
Hytt apped hys stede was myȝthty *and* sownde,
And ellys men̄ myȝthte saye wyth̄-owten̄ fayle
He hadde bene dedde for stuffe or mayle.
Sornego*ur* smote hym̄ fersely agayne
Wyth̄ hys spere, gretely ytte was sene,
For fowle rased was hys schelde.
And wyth̄ thus Curse forthe yn̄ the fylde
Eche off hem departed from̄ other.
The ffrenche be-helde, and sucche anod*er*
Corse onne horse-backe neu*er* afore
They hadde sene, sethe they were bore.
Sornego*ur* thatt felde bothe sore and smerte,
Schowed welle he lacked no herte.
Hys horse he turned ynne agayne,
And schope hys Corse, Ioye ytte was to sene. [leaf 49, back]
He thoȝthte to quyte Partonope,
Butte he was ware as welle as hee.

King's helmet touches the crupper of the horse.

Sornegour returns the blow.

In the next encounter Sornegour strikes Partonope's shield,

3927. *MS.* cropen.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth̄ his spere, alle men be-heelde.
His helme towchid his hors cropoun̄).
Ne had he holde hym by the arsoun̄)
Of his sadyth̄, he had falle to the grounde. 3929
Than̄) Sornogour*e* in that stounde
Him feersly smote wyth̄t his spere agayn̄),
And thought hym to overthrow wyth̄ mayne, 3934
For foule arayed was his sheelde.
And wyth̄ this Cours forth̄ in the feelde
Eyther of hem departed fro other.
The frenssh̄ sayde that suche a-nother
Cours / on̄) horsbak neuer a-fore 3939
They had seen, syth̄ they were bore.
Sornogour*e* that felt bothe sore and smert, 3941
Sheved wele that he lakkyd no hert.
Hys hors he torned ayen,
And shope hys cours, Ioye was to seen.

He thought to a-quite Partanope. 3945
But he was war*e* as wele as he,

*Rawl. MS.*

W*ith* his spere, aþ men̄) behelde.
His helme tochede his hors cropon.
[1] Ne hade he holde hym be þe arson̄) 3928
Of his sadiþ, he hade faþ to gronde.

Then S*or*nogo*ur* In þ*at* stounde [1 leaf 19]
Hym freshly smote w*ith* his spere agayne, 3933
And þought hym to ou*er*-throwe w*ith* mayne,
For foule arrayde was his shelde.
And w*ith* his course In-to þe felde 3936
Eyþ*er* of hem dep*ar*tyde fro oþ*er*.
The frenche seyde þ*at* soych anoþ*er*
Course on hors-bake afore 3939
They hade not sen, sen þey were bore.
S*or*nogo*ur* felt bothe sore *and* smerte,

Shewede weþ þ*at* þ*er* lakede no herte.
His hors he turnede ayene,
And shope his course, Ioye was to sene. 3944
He þought to aquyte P*ar*tonope
But he was ware as weþ as he,

He made hys Curse wythe-owten) lette.
Amydde the lyystes euen) they mette. 3948
Sornegour hytte hym amydde the [s]chylde
Wythe hys spere, thatt alle the fylde
Dyneed off thatt grete stroke.
Hytt ferde as ther hadde [be] felde an) eoke. 3952

but does not make him move in the saddle.

The spere was stronge and wolde not breke.
Partonope was a myȝthty freke,
And luste nott the spere Escheue,
Hytt made hym) not onys to remeue.* 3956
In hys sadeH he sette fulle welle.

Both draw their swords.

Sornegour thatt was bothe fers *and* felle,
And eke yn) armes fulle welle y-leryd,
Turned hys horse, and owte wyth hys swerd. 3960
There-off toke hede Partonope,
And owte drowe hys swerde as welle as hee.
Fersely anone to-gedyr they mette.
Many a grete stroke there was smete. 3964

Stunned by Partonope's blows, Sornegour turns his horse about,

And ynne thus hurlynge Partonope
Wythe hys swerde a stroke smote he
Apon) kynge Sornegour hys helme so * gaye,

3956. *MS.* reneue. 3967. *MS.* sa.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And made his cours withoute lette.
A-mydde the lyst*es* then they mette.
Sornogoure hytte hym a-medde the Sheelde 3949
Wyth his spere, that alle the feelde
Demed veryly of that stroke
[1] That there had be ffalle a grete Ooke.
The Spere was storng and wolde not breke. [1 leaf 26, back] 3953
Partanope was a myghty freeke,
In his Sadeh stylle sate and weh. 3957
Sornogour that was ferse and felle,
And eke in armes fuh wele y-lered,
Turnyd hys horns, and oute wyth his swerde. 3960
Therof toke hede goode Partanope,
And wyth hys Swerde oute as weh as he.
Fresshly a-none to-gydyr they mette.
Many a grete stroke there was sette.
And in this hurlyng Partanope 3965
Wyth hys Swerde a stroke smote he
Vpon) Sornogour*e* helme so gay,

*Ravl. MS.*

And made his cours *with*-out lete.
Amyde þe lyst*es* þey mette. 3948
Sornogour*e* hit hym amyde þe shelde

*With* his spere, þat alh þe felde
Demyde verryle þat stroke
That þer hade be falh an oke. 3952
The spere was stronge *and* will not breke.
Partonope was a myghty freke,
In his sadih stih sat *and* weh. 3957
Sornogour þat was fers and felh,
And eke In armes weh I-lerede,
Turnyth his hors, *and* out *with* his swerde. 3960
There-of toke hede Partonope,
And *with* his swerde out as weh as he.

Fryshly anone þey mete.
Many a grete stroke þer þey sette. 3964
And In [t]his hurlynge Partonope
*With* his swerde a stroke yafe he
Vppon) Sornogour helme so gay,

So dyspetuusly, the kynge gan affraye,
And stonyed there-wythe he was so gretelye,
Thatt there-wyth hys horse fulle lyȝthlye
He turned fro Partonope.
There-wythe aȝenne the kynge smote hee
Wythe hys swerde, wyth alle hys myȝhte.
He was pwynte to haue made hym lyȝthte
Owte of hys sadelh sodenlye.
Butte as he helde hym myȝhtelye
By the here of hys stede-ys necke,
Partonope sparythe nott, butte leyyth on thycke.
The kynge ynne hys arnes waxed alle hotte.
Wyth hys spores hys stede he smote; [leaf 50]
And ynne thus wyse departed bee *
Kynge Sornego*ur* and Partonope.
They hadde bothe nede hym to brethe.
A whyle they Reste hem on thatt ethe.
A-monge the ffrenche was made a grete noyse.
They seyde Partonope, the Erle of Bloyse,
Hadde welle quytte hym in thys fyȝhte
A-gaynyste kynge Sornego*ur*, thatt worthy knyȝthte.
Onne the hethen syde the Danes

and is smitten again.

The combatants are obliged to take breath.

Partonope is praised by friends and foes.

3981. bee] *MS.* hee.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

So spetuosly that he gan affray,
And stonyed ther-wyth he was gretly.
There-wyth his hors fuh lyghtly
He turned froward Partanope.
Than the kyng a-gayn smote he.
And that wyth alle his myght.
He made hym welny to lyght
Oute of his Sadyh fuh sodenly,
But as he helde hym myghtly
By the heere of hys stedys nekk,
Partanope Spared hym not, but layde on thykk.
The kyng in his armes wexyth hoote.
Wyth his Spurres his stede he smote;
And in this wyse departed be
Kyng Sornogoure and Partanope.
They had bothe nede hem to a-brethe.
A whyle they rest hem on the hethe.
Amonge the frensh was made grete noyse.
They sayde Partanope, Erle of Bloys,
Hath wele quyte hym in this fyght
Agayn Sornogoure, that worthy knyght,

*Rawl. MS.*

So spyttuosly þat In þat affray
A-stonyde *þer-with* he was gretly.
[1] There-*with* his hors fuh lightly
He turnyde frowarde *Par*tonope.
Then þe kynge agayne smote he.
And þat wyth alh his myght. [[1] lf. 19, bk.]
He made hym welh nye to light
Out of his sadih fuh sodenly.
But as he helde hym myghtyly
Be þe heres of hys stede*s* nyke,
*Par*tonope sparede, but leyde on thyke.

The kynge In his harnes wax hote.
*With* his spores his stede he smote;
And in þis wyse dep*ar*tyde be
Kynge *Sor*nogo*ur and Par*tonope.
They hade nethe hem to brethe.
A while þey reste hem on þe hethe.
A-monge þe french was grete noyse.

They seyde *Par*tonope, erle of Bloys,
Hathe welh quyte hym In þis fight
Agayne *Sor*nogo*ur*, þat worthy knyght,

Alowed gretely the Erle [of] Bloys,
And seyde ynne armes he was ryȝthte p*ar*fyte.
Butte Sornego*ur* for sothe hadde grete dyspyte 3992
Off thus yonge Partonope.
They fight again, He thoȝtħ welle quytte he schulde be.
And ynne hys sadelle he ganne hym̃ dresse.
He thoȝthte, were hym-sylffe beter or worse,* 3996
He wolde asayle Partonope.
and Sornegour uses his longer sword. [There-wytħ his lenger swerd toke he.]
Anone ffreschely bothe they mette.
And ther as Sornego*ur* wente to haue smette 4000
Vnd*er* the schelde Partonope,
but bears it too low, Off thatt stroke fulle fayled hee:
The swerdes pwynte he bare to lowe.
For euen̄ amydde the sadeł-bowe 4004
Off hys swerde he smote the pomelle.
Thys hethen̄ kynge thatt was so felle,
Thoȝthte haue reuenen̄ throwe hys Corse.
and pierces the skull of Partonope's horse. Off hym̃ he ffaylett and smote hys horse 4008
In-to the Brayne thorow the panne.
[This blake steede there-wytħ be-ganne]
To staker, as he nede mutte falle.

3996. worse] r *very indistinct.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But Sornogoure, in his armes futt p*ar*fyte,
Had of Partanope grete dispete. 3992
And in his sadett he gan hym dresse.
He thought, falle hyt better or worse,
[1] He wold ones assayle Partanope. 3997
There-wytħ his lenger swerd toke he.
A-none feersly to-gedyr they mette;
And Surnagour wold haue Smette 4000
Vndyr the Shelde Partanope. [1leaf 27]
Of that Stroke foule fayled he:
The Swerdes poynt he bare so lowe,
For even a-mydde the Sadytt bowe 4004
Of his Sword he Sette the pomett.
The hethen kyng was so fett,
And wold haue bore hym throw the Corse.
Of hym he fayled, and Smotte the horse
In-to the brayn̄ throght the panne, 4009
This blake steede there-wytħ be-ganne
To Staker, as he that nedys muste falle.

*Rawl. MS.*

But S*or*nogo*ur* In armes futt p*ar*fytly

Hade of P*ar*tonope grete dysspyte. 3992
In his saditt he gan̄ hym dresse.
He þought, fatt it bett*er* ore worsse,
He wolde onys assaitt P*ar*tonope. 3997
Ther-with his longe swerde toke he.
A-none freshly to-ged*er* þey met,
And S*or*nogoure wolde haue smyte 4000
On̄ þe [s]childe P*ar*tonope.
Of þ*at* stroke foule faylede he:
The swerd*es* poynt he bare so lowe.
For evyn amyde þe saditt bowe 4004
Of his swerde he set þe pomett.
The hethyn kynge þ*at* was so fett,
He wolde a bore hym þorwe þe corse.

Of hem he faylede *and* smote þe horse.
In-to þe brayne þorwe þe panne. 4009
The blake stede þ*er-with* be-gan̄
To stagir, as he ned*es* moste fatt.

Partonope anone lyȝthtely wyth-alle
Lepte ffro hys horse, bothe hole and sownde.
Hys stede dyed, and felle to grownde.
There myȝthe a man the ffrenche see
Grete sorowe make for Partonope.
"Mercy, lord Ihesus," sayde hee,
"Now saue myn honor and my frynde,
And suffere notte thus hethen fynde
Off thus batayle to haue the victorye, [leaf 50, back]
Thatt neuer here-after he hadde ynne memorye
Thatt thy seruantes dyscumfyte schulde be.
O mysiaw[n]che thatt neuer dyd þe
Plesauns, ne worchypp, ne seruyce.
Lord! lette thy wrathe nowe notte aryse
For owre synnes, butte saue thy Ryȝthte!"
Partonope onne fote was redy to fyȝhte.
He Coverd hym knyȝthtely vnder hys schelde,
Alle redy d[r]awe hys swerde he helde.
Summe-wate aschamed was Partonope
Thatt thus lyȝthtely vnhorsed was hee.
The danes onne the other syde
In [here] hert hadde grete pryde
Off thus Chaunce thatt was be-falle,
And wyth one voyse they seyden alle
Here lorde *and* here kynge Sornegour

4012 4016 4020 4024 4028 4032 4036

Partonope leaps from the saddle, while the horse falls to the ground and dies.

The French are grieved, and the King prays Jesus to protect his friend.

Partonope is ready to fight on foot.

The Danes praise their King.

4022. seruantes] a *like* o.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope a-lyght there-wyth-alle, 4012
Leepe from his hors both hole and Sownde.
His swerd dyed, and fyll to grounde.
The frenche kyng wyth grete dolor
Prayde Jhesu to saue his honoure,
And sayd: "Lord God in trynyte!
Suffre not they seruaunt to scomfyte be
Of this Cursyd hethen fynd.
But lorde, saue my crysten frynd
And of myn honor the ryght!"
Partanope on fote to fyght 4027
He was redy couered vndyr Shelde,
And knyghtly his swerd he heeld,
But Sumwhat a-shamed was Partanope
That thus lyghtly vn-horsed was he.

*Rawl. MS.*

Partonope alight anone with-all, 4012
Lepe fro his hors hole and sounde.

[1] His stede dyede *and* fill to grounde.
The french kynge with grete doloure
Prayede Ihesu to save his honoure,
And seyde: "Lorde God In trenyte!
Suffer not þy seruant scomfyte be
Of þis coursede hethyn fende. [[1] leaf 20]
But lorde, save my crystyn frende
And my honoure *and* þe right!"
Partonope on foote to fight 4027
He was redy, and couerde his shelde,
And knyghtly his swerde he helde.
But ashamede was Partonope
That þus lightly vnhorsede was he. 4031

4018. *On margin added by a later hand:* suffer not thy saruant discomforted to be.

Off alle kny3thode yette bare the flowre,
And wende for thus sory chaunce
They hadde conqueryd the Realme of Fraunce.
Onne horse-backe sette kynge Sornego*ur* 4040
As felle, as fers as eny bore;
And strey3thte he Rydythe to Partonope:
Sornegour offers peace upon condition that the French King will do him homage, "My frynde," he sayde, "er thatt thatt yee
Be dede, my wylle were on) thynge 4044
Thatt 3e schulde speke wyth yowr kynge,
And cownselle hym) to haue pes wyth me.
And seye* so mersyabel wolle y be,*
And seye hym) hys worchypp schalle y saue. 4048
Off hys gode kepe y none to haue,
Butte thatt he wolle [holde] hys heretage
Offe me, *and* ther-fore do me Omage,
And be redy atte eu*e*ry tyme 4052
Atte myn) comawndement as onne of myne.
To hys y schalle do, *and* eke to hym,
So welle thatt he *and* alle hys kynne
Schulde seye hys Omage ys welle y-sette, 4056
He my3thte ynne no wyse for hym) do bette.
He schalle fryste be swore to me.
To hym also swore wolle I be. [leaf 51]
Off hym axe I no more A-vawntage, 4060
But onely that he do me homage
Here In thys place be-fore myn) oste,
Thys ys to hym no ryght grette coste.
so that he may leave the country honourably. Thus I mene to saue myne honowre, 4064
That no lyer ne no gabbowre

4047. seye] *MS.* seyde; be] *MS.* me.
*After* l. 4058 *follows catch-word:* to hym also swore. *On leaf* 51, *top, the first hand resumes.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

On horse-bake sate kyng Sornogoure
As felt and feerse as ony bore; 4041
And streyght he rydeth to Partanope:
"Myn frend," he sayd, "or than that ye
Be dede, my wytt were oo thyng 4044
That ye Shuld speke wyth our kyng,
And counsayle hym) to haue pese wyth me."

*Rawl. MS.*

On horsbake sat kynge Sornogoure
As felt as fers as ony bore; 4041
And streight he rydyth to Partonope.
"My frende," he seyde, "ore þat ye

Be dede, my witt were o thynge 4044
That ye shulde speke with your kynge,
And counsett hym to haue pes with me."

May say that I shulde chaced be
Shamfully owte of þys cuntre,
And I myghte no-þynge conquere,
Towne ne cyte, *and* þus of my werr
Shulde make an ende shamfully.
Thys ys þe cause why that I
Desyre no more off alle hys goode."
Partonope fulle stylle stode
And herde þe keynge sey alle hys wylle,
And thys wyse he spake hym tylle:
"Syr, yeff þe kynge of Fraunce shulde be
Thys wyse homagere, then myghte welle ye
Seyne ye had made a fayre conqueste,
And I had falsly my be-heste
Performed in myne owne a-corde,
Sythe to fyghte for my lorde
I swore, *and* eke to safe hys honowre.
But of on þynge, Surnegowre,
I am gladde, for yowre cruelte
Ys turned fully to humylyte,
For ye se me atte dysavawntage.
I trowe ye haue loste yowre grette corage."
When kynge Surnegowre herde þys scorne,
Yeffe he were wodde or felle be-forne,
Then wex he feller then euer he was,
And prycked hys stede a fulle grette pas;
And wyth hys swerde fully was he

Partonope refuses the proposal.

Inflamed with anger, Sornegour pricks his horse,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Than answeryd good Partanope: 4075
"Yf the kyng of Fraunce shuld be
Youre homagere, than myght welle ye
Sey ye had made a fayre conquest,
And falsely had I performyd my be-heste. [1 leaf 27, back.]
I am redy to saue his honor. 4082
But oo thyng, kyng Sornogour,
I am gladde that your cruelte
Ys now turned to humilite,
For ye se me atte this auauntage.
Y trow ye haue lost your Corage."
When Sornogour herd this Scrone, 4089
He was woddyr than he was be-forne.
And wyth that word purposed was he

*Rawl. MS.*

Then answerde good Partonope: 4075
"Yef þe kynge of France shulde be
Youre omagour, þen myght he
Sey ye hade made a fayre conqueste,
And falsly had I parformyde my heste.

I am redy to saue his honoure. 4082
But o thynke, kynge Sornogoure,
I am glade þat youre crewelte
Ys nowe turnede to humylete,
For ye se me at dyssavantage.
I trowe ye haue loste your corage."
When Sornogour herde þis scornne, 4088
He was woder þen he was beforne.

And with þat worde porposede was he

and strikes at Partonope.
Porposed to stycke Partonope.
Atte hym he smotte on þe ryghte syde.
Hys stroke hym þo3te not to a-byde,

But Partonope swerves aside, and with a mighty stroke cleaves the head of Sornegour's horse.
But to þe lyfte syde lyghtely leppe,
Where of hys stede he toke grette kepe,
And fownde welle hys hedde was bare.
There hym to smyte wolde he not spare.
So sore hys strocke ther he sette ; [leaf 51, back]
A-mydde the hedde þe stede he smette,
That hedde *and* necke þorowe he cleffe,
And w*yth* þe dynt þe sadyll reffe.

Horse and man tumble to the ground.
The stede felle vpon Surnegowre,
Where-of grette parte of hys honowre
He loste at þ*at* ylke ffalle.
Ne had he be delyu*er* w*yth*-alle,
He had ben ded w*yth*-owten more.
Thys falle hym greved wonder sore.

The Danes are dismayed, the French rejoice.
The danys on þe hethenne syde
Hath loste a p*ar*celle of here pryde.
The ffrenshe a-non w*yth* alle here herte
Preyseden Gode þ*at* so gan verte
Wele *and* woo, ryghte as hym lyste.

Sornegour
The kynge hym-selfe halpe at þe beste,

4096 4100 4104 4108 4112

4113. w *crossed out before* verte.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Sharpely to smyte this Partanope. 4093
At hym he smote on the ryght syde ;
His stroke he thought shuld a-byde.
But to the lyfte syde Partanope leep,
And of his steede toke grete kepe, 4097
That his hede was all bare.
Therto smyte he wold not spare. 4099
The hede throw-out he clefe,
The steede of there he refe :
Where-fore kyng Sornogour 4104
Was in doute of his honor,
And wyth fyll wyth-outen more. 4108
That fall greved hym full sore.
Tho that were on the hethen syde,
Haue lost a p*ar*cell of her syde.
The frenche a-non w*ith* good hert 4112
Thanked God that so gan werk
Wele and wo, ryght as hym lyst.
Sornogour than all in a myst

*Rawl. MS.*

Sharply to smyte P*ar*tonope. 4093
At hym he smote on þe right syde ;
His stroke he þought shulde abyde.
But to þe lefte syde P*ar*tonope lepe,
[1] And of his stede toke grete kepe, 4097
That his hede was all bare. [1 leaf 20, b.]
Ther-to smyte he wolde not spare. 4099
The hede þorwe-out he clefe,
The stede of his lyfe he reffe.
Where-for kynge Sornogoure 4104
Was In doute of his honoure,
And þ*er*-w*ith* fill w*ith*-out more. 4108
That fall grevyde hym full sore.
Tho þ*at* were on þe hethyn syde,
Haue loste a p*ar*cell of þ*er* pryde.
The frenche anone w*ith* good herte 4112
Thankede God þ*at* so gan werke
Well *and* wo, right as hym lyste.
Sornogour þen In a myste

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| And lyghte vp lyghtely on hys fette, | 4116 | springs to his feet, |
| As that þoghte fully to mete | | |
| Wyth hys enmy Partonope. | | |
| For a grette [stroke] þen gaffe hym he | | and gives his adversary such a violent blow on the shield, |
| Vppon the cornere of hys shylde. | 4120 | |
| Hyt dynnede ouer alle the fylde; | | |
| Stele ne mayle wolde hyt not holde. | | |
| Thys swerde was tempered, *and* wolde not folde. | | |
| In the shylde hyt enteryd a ffote; | 4124 | that the sword sticks in it, |
| And wyth the poynte yet was hys cote | | |
| Fowle I-raced, and eke I-rente. | | |
| And wyth bope hondys þe kynge þen hente | | |
| The swerde þat faste was yn þe shylde. | 4128 | and he is not able to pull it out. |
| Many a man thys case be-helde. | | |
| He pullud so, hyt wolde not be. | | |
| To hys horse-warde þen drowe hym he. | | He draws near to his dead steed, to take the sword that is hanging at the saddle. |
| Partonope gan hym folow so faste, | 4132 | |
| Hys porpose fayled that he had caste. | | |
| For he þozte, yeffe he had mon, | | |
| To haue take a swerde þat by þe arsoñ | | |
| Off hys sadyH þen hynge. | 4136 | |
| But Partonope so fersly gan swyng | | Hotly pursued by Partonope, |
| After hym, *and* layde on ffaste, | | |

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Lepe vp lyghtly vp his feete,* 4116
And thought fully for to mete
Wyth his enemy Partanope.
And a grete stroke than gafe hym he
Vpon the corner of his sheeld. 4120
Hit dennyd gretely aH the feld;
Steele ne nerfe wold hit hold.
The Swerde was herd, and wold not fold.

[1]In-to the Sheld hit entred a fote, 4124
And wyth the poynt Partanopes Cote
Was foule rasyd, and eke I-rent.
Than Sornogoure ganne to hent
The Swerd that fast was In the sheld.
Many a man this case be-helde. 4129
He pulled sore, hit wold not be.
Than to his his hors ward drew he.
Hys purpose in that flenge
To had the gleyve that be his sadyH heng. [1 leaf 28] 4136
But Partanope aH in hast
Foulowed hym feersly and fast,

4116. *MS.* seete.

*Rawl. MS.*

Lepte vp lightly on his feete, 4116
And þought fully for to mete
*With* his enemy *Par*tonope.
A grete stroke þen gafe he
Vppon þe corner of his shelde. 4120
Hit denyde gretly In þe felde;
SteH ne Irone wolde it non holde.
The swerde was harde, *and* wolde not folde.
In-to þe shelde it entyrde a foote. 4124
*With* þe poynte *Par*tonopes cote
Was foule rasede, *and* eke rente.
Then *Sor*nogoure gan to heute
The swerde þat faste was In þe shelde.
Many a man þis case be-helde. 4129
He pullede furthe, it wolde not be.
Then to his hors drewe he.
His *por*pose was In þat fleynge
To haue þe glayue þat by his sadiH hynge. 4136
But *Par*tonope aH In haste
Followide hym fersly *and* faste,

he stumbles over the horse. But he catches his axe, and starts lightly up.

And on hym so fersly gan laste
That on hys horse he stombelde *and* felle.
And þer-*wyth* he happed to take hys bylle,
The wyche some men do a gleyue calle. [leaf 52]
A-shamed he was of þys grette falle,
And ther-*wyth* lyghtely vppon hys fette
He lepe, *and* þoghte he wolde mete
Wyth hys Enemy Partonope.

They pause again, spent of breath.

But so hyt happed þat both he
For wery of fyghte nedyd of breth;
And bothe a-reste hem on þe hethe.

Partonope is hampered by the sword that is sticking in his shield.

Partonope had grette encombrawnce
Off Sornegour ys swerde, þat fowle myschawnce,
The wyche henge so faste in hys shylde,
He myghte not lyghtely hym be-welde.
And þat sawe welle kynge Sornegowre,
And fersly, as he had ben a bore,
Leyethe* on hys Enemy *wyth* hys gleyve.
Partonope faste þe strokes doþe weyfe.

The on-lookers witness a terrible fight between two worthy knights.

Thus they ley oñ alle þe day,
þat alle men, that hyt be-helde *and* say,
Sayde þat perylouse was þys batayle,
So fersly eche other dothe sayle.

4156. Leyethe] *MS.* Lyghtely.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And gafe hym strokes many.
Ytt his hors he came ny,
Where he had a grete fatt.
And yit there wyth hast and hylle
His gleyve he Caught futt smert,
And on his feete vp he stert,
Thenkyng he wold meete wyth Partanope,
But so hit happyd that they both be
So wery of fyght / hit neded to breth;
And both they rested him on the heth.
Partanope had grete en-Comberaunce
Of the Swerd, that foule myschaunce,
Which henge so fast in his sheld,
That he myght lyghtly hym weld.
And that seeth wele Sornogour,
And feersly, as hit were a bore,
Leeth on hym wyth hys gleyve.
Myghty strokes he gan the weyfe.
Ryght perlous was this Batayle,
So feersly eche other dyd assayle,

*Rawl. MS.*

And gafe hym strokes manye.
Yet his hors he come nye,
Where he hade a grete fatt.
And yet þer *with* haste *and* att
[1] His gleyve he caught smerte,
And on his feete vpe he sterte,
Thynkynge he wolde mete Partonope.
[1 leaf 21.]
But so it happede þat þey bothe be
So werye of fight, it nedyth to brethe;
And bothe þey reste on þe hethe.
Partonope hade grete encombraunce
Of þe swerde, þat foule myschaunce,
Whiche henge so faste In his shelde,
That he myght lightly hym welde.
And þat sethe well Sornogoure,
And fersly, as it were a bore,
Lightly on hym with his gleyue.
Mighty strokes he gan to weyfe.
Right perlus was þis batait,
So fersly iche oþer dyde assait.

They sayde boþe were ryghte worthy
Knyghtes, *and* in batayle myghty,
Sturdy, delyuer, *and* also stronge.
The day was þer-to boþe hot *and* longe.
A-ffferde were oñ-what þe heþenne,
And faste to Gode prayde þe Crysten).
To Marys þe Erle a-geyne turne I,
That welle ys warre, *and* wotte surely
Howe Surnegowre, hys lorde *and* eke þe kynge,
Hatyth hym dedely a-bofe aH þynge.
He be-þynketh faste how þat he
To hys lorde myghte make hys gre.
In peryle he þynketh he syth hys lorde.
Hys retenewe þat byn) of hys a-corde,
To hym priuely he dud hem calle.
"Syris," he seyeth, "wytteth welle alle,
In grette drede stondyth owre kynge.
I telle yowe trowþe of on) þynge:
Owte of þys fylde to passe on) lyfe
He ys not lyckely; þer-fore as blyve
In preuey wyse do Arme yowe. [leaf 52, back]
For aH þys worlde ne wolde I nowe

4164 4168 4172 4176 4180

Seeing the King's danger, Mares bethinks himself how he may be restored to his master's favour.

He commands his retinue to arm themselves secretly, and to make their way through the multitude, to the rescue of their lord.

4174. þynkth *crossed out before* þynketh.
4183. *þys*] *MS. possibly* þe.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Men seyd they were ryght wrothee
Knyghtes, fuH corageous *and* myghty,
Sturdy, delyver, and ther-to strong.
The day was whote and longe. 4165
A-ferd som-what were aH the hethen,
And fast to God prayd the Crysthen.
To Marres, the erle, a-yen turn) I, 4168
[1]That wele his ware, and wote truly
How Sornogour, his owne kyng,
Hated hym dedely a-bove aH thyng.
He thenketh fast how that he 4172
To his lord myght make his gre.
In pereH now he seeth his lord. [1leaf 28, back]
He retenewed that bene of his a-cord,
To hym prevyly he dyd caH. 4176
"Syres," he sayde, "ye wote wele aH
In grete drede stondeth our kyng.
I telle yow trouth of oo thing:
Oute of this feld to passe on lyve 4180
He ys not lykly; ther-for as blyve
In pryve wyse goo and arme yow.
For aH this world ne wold I now

*Rawl. MS.*

Men seyde þey were right worthyle
Knyghtes, fuH coragus *and* myghty,
Stordy, delyuer, *and* þerto stronge.
The day was hote *and* longe. 4165
Aferde som-what were þe hethyn),
And faste to God prayede þe crystyn).
¶ To Marras, þe erle, ayen turne I, 4168
That weH is ware, *and* wot truly
Howe Sornogour, his owne kynge,
Hatyde hym dedly above aH thynge.
He thynketh faste howe þat he 4172
To his lorde myght make his gre.
In pereH nowe he seyth his lorde.
His retenewe þat [ben] of his acorde
To hym prevyle dyde he caH. 4176
"Siris," he seyde, "ye wot weH aH
In grete drede stondyth oure kynge.
I tell you trewly of o thynge:
Out of þis felde to passe on lyve 4180
He is not lykly; þer-for as blyve
In preve wyse goo *and* arme you.
For aH þis worlde ne wolde I nowe

A-ffore myne eyne to se hy*m* dye. 4184
Yowe to armes faste þ*at* ye hye.
Dothe on) faste yowre habyriownys;
A-boffe caste on) yowre gownes,
And w*yth* yowre swerdes gyrde yowe faste, 4188
And loke þorowte þe presse ye þruste,
That ben) on)-armed *and* naked men),
And presyth forthe tyH þ*at* ye ben
[Thorugh the meynee and nygh your kyng.] 4192
And sparythe not for no-þynge
Yowre lege lorde for to rescowe.
For I make Gode a vowe:
I had leue*r* be for-sworne 4196
Then) I shulde se me by-forne
My lege lorde þe kynge dye."
My auctor seythe yet he dud lye,
For hys menynge was alle fals-hedde. 4200
Soon three thousand men gather round Mares. But forthe a-non), w*yth*-owte drede,
IIJ. thowsande, w*yth*-owten) noyse or crye,
Off þe knyghtes were armed, *and* faste bye
Here maste*r*e they houe,* Erle Marys, 4204
Redy to þruste þorowte þe prese.

4196. *MS.* swerne? 4204. houe] *MS.* haue.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A-fore myn eyn see hym dye. 4184
Yow to armes fast ye hye.
Do on fast your habergenos,
And a-bove cast on your*e* gownes,
And wyth your Swerdys gyrde yow fast,
And loke throw the prees ye trest, 4189
That be vn-armed and naked men,
And preseth forth tyH that ye been
Thorugh the meynee and nygh your kyng. 4192
And spare not for no-thyng
Your lyege lord for to rescowe.

I had lever now be for-sworn) 4196
Than to see hym dye me forn."
Yit myne auctor seeth veryly
Hit was not but a fayned lye.
For his meanyng was falsehede. 4200
But forth a-non, wyth-outen drede,
Thre thousand wyth-outen more Crye
Of knyghte*s* were armed, and fast by
Her mayster, Erle Mares, they hove,
Redy the prese to threst throw. 4205

*Rawl. MS.*

A-fore myne eyen se hym dye. 4184
You to harnes faste ye hye. [lf. 21, bk.]
Do on faste youre habergons,
And above caste on youre gownes,
And w*ith* youre swerde*s* gyrde you faste,
And loke þorwe þe prese ye thryste,
That be vnarmede *and* nakede men),
And presyth furth tiH þ*at* ye ben)
Thorwe þe meyne *and* nygh youre kynge. 4192
And spare not for nothynge
Youre lyege lorde to rescowe.
For to þe grete God I make a vowe:
I hade leue*r* be for-sworne 4196
Then se hym dye me be-forne."
Yet myne aut*or* seyth wytte*r*ly
Hit was not but a feynede ly.
For his meny[n]ge was falsehede. 4200
But furthe anone, w*ith*-out drede,
Thre þousonde, w*ith*-out more crye,
Of knyghte*s* were arrayde hastely 4203
Here maiste*r*, erle Marras, þey howe,
Redy to prese *and* threste þorwe.

STronge ys the batelle *and* perelowse, [leaf 53, l. 33]
To be-holde fulle dolorowse.
Prowde men of armys ben they bothe,
To geffe hyt vp lyghtely they ben fulle lothe.
Frome morowe lasted þys stronge batayle,
Tylle the sonne w*yth*-owten ffayle
Gan drawe fulle lowe *in*-to the weste.
Thowe shuldyste haue [sene] þen lytelle reste
Be-twyn thes ffyghters, they ben so rothe,
They peyne hem-selfe ffersly to fyghte bothe.
They sawe the day gan faste ffayle, [leaf 53, back]
And eche of hem of þys batayle
The victory wolde haue yeff þat he myghte.
Ther-fore ffersly nowe gan they ffyghte.
Ryghte Rothe they were, not yet for þen
Vn-syttynge wordes shulde no man
Haue herde be-twyn hem *in* no wyse.
Butte þys batayle forthe to deuyse
I wolle atte þys tyme hye me.
Fulle ffersly ys nowe Partonope
A-sayled of the kynge Sornegowre
That wode ys as a wylde bore.
þys kynge hys gysharne halte *in* honde,
To sle hys enemy nowe wolle he fownde.

At sunset the combat is not yet finished.

Each is fiercely bent on the victory;

yet no improper word is spoken.

*From* 4206–4415 *several passages have become confused in MS. After* 4205 . . . prese *MS. continues:* Partonope . . . sterte, *etc. which will be found* ll. 4266 ff.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

STronge ys the batayll, and perlous
To be-hold. and full dolourous.
[1]Prowde men of armes been they bothe,
To gyff hit vp lyghtly they be ryght lothe. [1 leaf 29]
Fro morow lastyd this grete batayle,
Th morow wythouten fayle
Ganne drawe lowe in-to the west.
Men myght se then lytyll rest
Betwen these fyghters so wrothe;
They peyned freshly to fyght bothe.
Ther-fore the day ganne fast fayle,
And eche of hem of his batayle
The victory wolde haue yf he myght.
Ther-fore fresshly they gyn to fyght.
Full feersly now and ryght sore
Is Partanope assaylyd of Sornogoure.

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Stronge is þe bataill, *and* perlus
To be-holde, *and* well dolorus.
Prowde men of armes þey be bothe,
To gyfe it vp lightly þey be lothe.

For morwe lestede þis grete bataill,
Till þe son w*ith*-out fail
Gane drawe lowe In-to þe weste.
Men myght se þen lytill reste
Be-twene þese knyghtes wrothe;
They paynede hem to fight bothe.
Ther þe day gan faste fail,
And iche of hem hade his batail
The victorye wolde haue yef he myght.
Ther-fore freshly þey gon fight.
Freshly nowe *and* right sore
Ys Partonope assaillede of Sornogour.

With his axe Sornegour deals a blow on Partonope's helm,

A delefulle stroke he [leet] þen ffle
*Wyth* hys gysharne to Partonope,
And *wyth* hys shylde he dude hyt wefe.
But *wyth* þe becke yet of hys gleve
A-pon) the helme so fersly he smotte
Off Partonope, þat he ne wotte
Where he was wysely *in* þat stonde.

and nearly bears him down.

For *wyth* that stroke rygħte to þe grownde
Partonope hadde a poynte to ffalle.
Hys helme was bent In grettely *wyth*-alle.
Ne had hyt welle I-tempered be,
Alle to pecys hyt shulde haue be.

But Partonope's return stroke breaks the King's helm, and throws it to the earth.

*Wyth* thys strocke Partonope
A-stonyed was, butte yette lette he
To þe kynge a stroke so fersly ffle
*Wyth* hys swerde, *and* ryghte [an] h[y]e
Vppon) hys helme he hym̃ smette,
That a-non) *wyth*-owte lette
Hys cover brake *and* alle þe tyinge
Off hys helme, *and* [hyt] gan) fflynge
Frome hys hedde *in*-to the ffylde.
Crysten) *and* hethen) þat hyt be-hylde,
Sayden): "Thys ys a *per*lous ffyghte."
Thys hethen) kynge, þys worthy knyghte,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A grete stroke he leete then) flee
Wyth his gleyve to Partanope,
And wyth hys Sheelde he dyd hit weyve.
But wyth the Beke yet of his gleve
Vpon) his helme so fresshly he smote,

Where he was in that stounde,
For he had welny falle to the grounde.
And not-withs-tondyng/that Partanope
A-stonyed was; yett leete he
To the kyng a stroke so fresshly flye
Wyth hys Swerde, and ryght an) hye
Vpon) hys helme he hym) smete,
That [an]on) wyth-outen) lette
His cower brak and alle thyng
Of his helme, and hit gan) flyng
From) hys hede in-to the feelde.
Crysten) and hethen that be-heelde,
They sayde: "This ys a perilous fyght."
This hethen kyng, this worthy knyght,

*Rawl. MS.*

A grete stroke he let þen flee
*With* his gleyve þen *Par*tonope.

Vppon) his helme freshly he smote,
That *Par*tonope not well wote
Where he was In þat stounde,
For he hade nye fall to grounde.
Not-withstondynge þat *Par*tonope
Astonyde was, yet let he
To þe kynge a stroke let flee
*With* his swerde, *and* right an hye
[1] Vppon) his helme he hym smote,
That anone *with*-out lette
His Cowere brake *and* tynge
Of his helme, *and* it gan flynge
Fro his hede In-to þe felde.
Crystyn *and* hethyn þat be-helde,
They seyde: "þis is a *per*lus fight."
This hethyn kynge, þis worthy knyght,

[1 lf. 22.]

For alle hys helme a-basshyd hym) noght̃e,
Butte a‖-wey ffersly hys enemy sogh̃te,
And wyth hys gysharne atte hym lette ffle. 4256
And wyth hys shylde Partonope [leaf 54]
Welle hym defendyth̃ as he mygh̃te.
Butte þe gysharne so sore a-lyghte,
The strocke ronge ouer alle the ffylde. 4260
In-to the myddys hyt cleffe the shylde,
And ther-In stake so sore *and* faste.
The kynge to hym hyt pullyth̃ in haste.
He pullyth̃ so fersly that on) hys kne 4264
To grownde gotĥe Partonope.
Partonope lygh̃tely a-non) vp sterte. [leaf 52 bk., l. 24]
A-shamed he was *and* wrothe *in* herte
That at þe erthe he had so be. 4268
Wyth hys swerde þen) lette he fle
To hys enemy so grette a stroke,
Hyt semed þat ther had falle a wocke.
The kynge hys stroke warly be-hulde, 4272
And reseyued hyt vppon) hys shylde.

Nothing daunted, Sornegour makes his assault. He half cleaves the shield of his enemy,

and in pulling out the axe, brings him down on his knees.

Partonope starts up ashamed.

His sword cuts Sornegour's shield, but sticks in it.

*After* 4265 . . . Partonope *MS. continues:* He pulled . . . hadde, *see* ll. 4356 ff.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For alle his helme a-basshed hym) nought̃,
But alle-wey feersly his enemy sought̃,
And wyth̃ his Gesarne at hym) leete flee. 4256
And wyth̃ his Sheelde Partanope
Wele hym defendyd as he mygh̃t.
[1]But the Gesarne so sore a-lygh̃t,
The stroke rong ouer alle the feelde. 4260
In-to the myddys he claffe his Sheelde,
And therin stake so sore and fast.
The kyng to hym hyt pulled fast. 4263
He pulled so feersly that on) his kne

To the grounde than goyth̃ Partanope.
He a-none lyghtly tho vp stert. 4266
Ashamed and wrothe he was in hert
That at erthe he had so be. [1 leaf 29, back]
Wyth̃ his swerde than) lete he flee
To his enemy so grete a stroke,
As thogh̃ ther had falle an Oke. 4271
The kyng hys stroke warly be-helde,
And resseyved hyt vpon) his Sheelde.

*Rawl. MS.*

For a‖ his helme he basshede nough̃t,
But a‖-wey freshly his enemy sough̃t,
And *with* his gyssarne at hym let fle. 4256
And *with* his shelde *Par*tonope
We‖ hym) defendyde as he myght,
But þe gyssarne so sore light,
The stroke ron̄ge ou*er* a‖ þe felde. 4260
In-to þe myddes he clefte his shelde,
And *þer*-In stekede sore *and* faste.
Then to hym he pullede In haste.
He pullede so freshly *þat* on his knees 4264
To grounde þen went *Par*tonope.
He lightly þen vp sterte.
A-shamyde *and* wrothe he was In herte
That at erthe he hade so be. 4268
*With* his swerde þen let he fle
To his enemy so grete a stroke,
As þough̃ *þer* hade fa‖ an oke. 4271
The kynge his stroke warly be-helde,
And reseyuede it vppon his shelde.

The shylde was sure, but not for þan
In-to þe myddes þe swerde Ran.
The swerde was stronge *and* wolde not breke,
þorowe þe shylde a fote he steke.

The King throws away the shield, and thus prevents Partonope from wielding his sword.

The kynge aspyed þe swerde was faste
In hys shylde, *and* in grette haste
He vndothe þe gyrdeH of hys shylde,
And frome hym keste hyt in þe fylde.
Wyth þys crafte ys Partonope
Grettely encomberyd ; nowe may not he
WythH hys swerde hym-sselfe be-welde, [leaf 53]
For onH the poynte faste cleuythe þe shylde.

Forced to retreat, Partonope covers himself with his shield against Sornegour's axe.

PArtonope stonte nowe in grette fere.
The kynge wolle geffe hym no leysere
To drawe hys swerde owte of þe shylde,
But chassythH hym fersly owte of þe ffylde.
In bothe hys armes he halte hys gysharne,
And leyethe onH faste, *and* dothe mochе harme
To thys yonge Partonope.
But wyth hys shylde weH couerethH hym he.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The Sheelde was sure, but noght for thanne
In-to the myddes the Swerde ranne.
The swerde was strong, and not to-brake. 4276
Thorow the Sheelde a foote hit stake.
The kyng aspyed the Swerde was fast
In hys Sheelde, and tho in grete hast
He vndede the gy[r]te of hys Sheelde,
And fro hym cast hit in-to the feelde.
WythH thys crafte now ys Partanope 4282
Gretly encomberd ; now may not he
WythH hys swerde hym-self be-welde,
For onH the poynt chevitH the Sheelde.
PArtanope stount now in grete feere.
The kyng wole gyffe hym no leyser
To drawe hys swerde oute of his Sheelde,
But chasetH hym feersly a-boute the feelde. 4289
In bothe his handes he holdytH hys gesarne,
And laythe onH fast, and dothe harme
To this yonge knyght Partanope. 4292
But wythH his Sheelde wele couered hym he.

*Rawl. MS.*

The shelde was sure, but not for þen
In-to þe myddes þe swerde rane.
This swerde was stronge *and* not to-brake,* [leaf 22, back] 4276
Thorwe þe shelde a foote it stake.
The kynge aspyede þe swerde was faste
In his shelde, *and* In grete haste
He vndyde þe gyrde of his shelde, 4280
And from hym caste it In-to þe felde.
*With* þis crafte is now Partonope
Gretly encomberde ; nowe may not he
*With* his swerde hym-selfe welde, 4284
For on þe poynte cleuyth his shelde.
¶ Partonope stont In grete fere
The kynge wiH gyffe hym no leysere
To drawe his swerde out of his shelde,
But chaseth hym aboute þe felde. 4289
In bothe his hondes he holdyth þe gyssarne,
And leyth on faste, *and* doth harme
To þis yonge knyght Partonope. 4292
But *with* his shelde couerde hym he.

4276. *After* to *some illegible letters ;* brake] ke *indistinct.*

And as they were thus *in* stryvynge,
He toke hede where a feyre swerde hynge
A-pon̄ þe kynges ded stede.
Hys swerde he lefte, *and* thyder he yede,
And Sornegowre swerde fro þe Arson̄ rafte,
There as he hyngynge had hyt lafte.
Grette a-venture *and* grette dystresse
A man̄ myghte se þer *and* grette provesse
Be-twyn̄ thes two worthy men̄.
The batayle ys fulle perlowse be-twyn̄ hem,
And mervelowse to be-holde þer-to,
For ofte tyme hyt stode So
The twonne hath̄ þe better a man̄ wolle deme,
And sodenly, or thowe wolste wene,
He hathe the worse, wyth-owten nay.
Thus fortune alle the longe day
Turnyth* hur on̄-stydfaste whele,
That non̄ of hem no whyle ys welle.
Hyt to be-holde ys a mervelowse syghte.
The day passyth̄, *and* on̄ comyth̄ the nyghte.

He sees the sword that hangs at the saddle of Sornegour's dead steed.
He drops his own, and seizes the other weapon.
The issue of the combat is uncertain.
Night is coming on.

4310. Turnyth] *MS.* Thorow.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And as they were thus in strynvyng,
He toke hede where a Swerde hyng
Vpon the kingis dede stede. 4296
Hys Swerde he lefte, and thyder he yede; [1 leaf 30]
[1]Sornogoure Swerde for the arson reft,
Ther as he hanging had hyt lefte.
Grete aventure of grete dystresse 4300
A man myght se there and professe
Be-twen these two so worthi men.
The batayles ys perylous now hem be-twen̄,
And Marvaylous to be-holde therto.
For ofte tyme truly hit stont so 4305
The tone hath̄ the better, a man wolde deme.
And sodenly, or tow woldest wene,
He hath̄ the worse, wythouten̄ nay.
Thus ffortune alle the long day 4309
Turneth hyr vnstedfast whele,
That none of hem ys no whyle wele.
Hyt to be-holde ys a mervayle syght. 4312
The day passyth on̄, fast on̄ comyth the nyght.

*Rawl. MS.*

As þey were þus In st[r]yny[n]ge,
He toke hede where a swerde hynge
Vppon þe kynges dede stede. 4296
His swerde he lefte, *and* þere he yede,

Sornogour swerde fro þe arson he refte,
Ther as he it hade it lefte.
Grete aventure of grete dysstres 4300

Be-twene þis ij worthy men̄.
The batait̄ is perlus be-twene hem,

And mervelus [to] be-holde þerto. 4304
For ofte tyme truly it stonte so
The tone hathe better, *and* none wit̄ deme,
And so-denly ore þou woldeste wene,
He hathe the worse with-out nay. 4308
Thus fortune al̄ þe longe day
Turnyth hem vnstedfaste whyle,
That none of hem is nowe while.
To be-holde it is mervelus sight. 4312

The day passeth, on comyth þe nyght.

1 1 ★

In bothe hondys holdeth the hethyn kynge
Fulle fersly hys gysharne *and* dredyth no-þynge.
On the other syde Partonope [leaf 54, bk. I. 27] 4316
Hys swerde *in* hande alle naked halte he,
Redy to ffyghte *in* the ffylde.
Kynge Sornegowre haþe neyþ*er* helme ne shylde.
Fortune hathe hy*m* thus a-Rayed, 4320
Hys oste þ*er*-off ys grettely dysmayed.

The sword breaks off against the axe.

NOwe comyth Partonope to assayle
Þ*ys* heþyn kynge, *and* woll not ffayle,
Yeffe he may, to haue h*ys* hedde. 4324
The kynge hy*m* hyethe a fulle grette spede
To hym warde, *and* off þe strokes ys warre,
And w*yth* h*ys* gysharne a-way h*yt* bare.
Bothe ffersly to-geder they smette, 4328
And so h*yt* happenyd here wepenys mette. [leaf 55]
Partonope had there a grette harme:
H*ys* swerde he smotte a-geyne the gysharne.
Be the hylte hit brake, *and* alle to-flye. 4332

The Danes are glad, the French heavy at heart.

The danys were gladde wh*en* they h*yt* seye,
For swerdeles was Partonope.

*After* 4315 . . . þynge *MS. continues:* stronge . . . perelowse, *see* ll. 4205 ff.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In bothe handys holdyth þe kyng
Hys Gesarne feersly, and drede nothing.
On the tother syde this Partanope 4316
Hys Swerde naked eke holdeth he,
Redy to fyght in the same feelde.
The kyng hath neyther helme ne Shelde.
NOw cometh Partanope for to assoyle
This kyng, and wylle not fayle,
Yf he now, to haue his hede. 4324
The kyng hym hyed a full grete spede
To hym warde, and of the stroke ys ware,
And wyth his Gesarne away he bare.
Bothe feersly to-gydyr they smette, 4328
And atte last her wepyns mette.
Partanope had there a grete harme:
Hys swerde he smoth in the gesarne.
By the hilt hit brake in that fyght. 4332

The hethen were glade to se that syght.
And Swerdles than ys Partanope.

*Rawl. MS.*

In bothe hond*es* he holdyth þe kynge,
His gyssarne freshly, *and* drede nothynge. [1 leaf 23.]
[1]In þe to*þer* syde þis P*ar*tonope 4316
His swerde nakede holdyth he,
Redy to fight In þe felde.
The kynge hathe neyþ*er* helme ne shelde.
¶ Nowe comyth P*ar*tonope to assaill
This kynge, *and* will not faill,
Yef he may, to haue his hede. 4324
The kynge hyede a grete spede
To hym, *and* of his stroke is ware.
And w*ith* his gyssarne awey it bare.
Bothe freshly togeder smete, 4328
And at þe laste þ*er* wepens mete.
P*ar*tonope had þ*er* grete harme:
His swerde he smote In þe gyssarne,
Be þe hilt it brake In the gyssarne w*ith* fight. 4332
The hethyn were glade to se þ*at* sight,
Swerdeles þen is P*ar*tonope.

When the ffrenshe men þat dyd se,
Grette sorowe in hertys they hadde ;
And namely the kynge grette sorow made,
And prayed Gode wyth alle hys myghte
To safe Partonope *and* eke hys ryghte.
Wythe-owte wepyn* ys Partonope.
That swerde ys broke, þe toþer tweyne be
Snarled in þe shyldes ffaste.
Whatte dothe Partonope butte in grette haste
Lepte to þe kynge wyth-owten lette,
And on the gysharne bothe Hondys sette,
And þoghte hyt fro þe kynge to pulle.
The kynge defendythe [hyt] atte þe fulle.
And thus they wrastelle *and* streyve sore,
Tylle atte þe laste, whatte wolle ye more?
The Erle of hym þe gysharne wanne.
The kynge sey þat, *and* faste Ranne
To the swerde, alle men be-helde,
There as hit stake faste in þe shylde.
Vppon þe shylde he sette hys fette,

Partonope rushes on the King, takes hold of the axe, and eventually wrenches it from him.

Sornegour then runs to the sword that is sticking in his shield.

4340. wepyn] *MS.* shylde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

When the frenchmen that did see,
And prayed God wyth alle hys myght
[1]To saue Partanope and his ryght.
With-outen wepyn ys now Partanope.
Hys swerde is broken, the other tweyn be [1 leaf 30, back]
Snarled in the Sheeldes ryghg fast.
What dothe he than but in grete hast
Leepe to the kyng wythouten lette,
And on the gesarne bothe handes sette,
And thought hyt fro the kyng to pulle.
But he defended hit than at full.
And thus they warsteled and stryvid sore,
Tylle at the last, what wole he more?
The Erle of hym the gesarne wanne.
The kyng seeth that, and fast ranne
To the swerde, alle men tho beheelde.
There hyt stake fast in the sheelde.
Vpon his shelde he sett hys foote,

*Rawl. MS.*

When þe frenche men dyde see,
Grete fere In *þer* hertes þey hade,
And namly þe kynge sorwe made,
And prayede God *with* all his myght
To saue *Par*tonope *and* his right.
¶ *With*-out wepyn is *Par*tonope.
His swerde is broke, þe to*þer* ij be
Snarlide In þe shildes right faste.
What dothe he þen but In grete haste
Lepyth to þe kynge *with*-out lete,
And on þe gyssarne *with* hondes sete,
And þought it fro þe kynge to pull,
But he defendyde it at þe full.
Thus þey wrestellede *and* stryuyde sore,
Till at laste, what will ye more?
The erle of hym þe gyssarne wane.
The kynge sethe þat, *and* faste rane
The swerde, all men þo be-helde,
Ther it stake faste In the shilde.
Vppon þe felde he set his feete,

He succeeds in drawing it out,

And atte hyt pulled wyth grette hete. 4355
He pulled *and* lefte not tylle he hyt hadde. [leaf 54, l. 10]
The danys þer-off were ryghte gladde.

but not in taking up the shield.

Ther-wyth he wolde haue take the s[h]ylde.
Wyche Partonope þat he be-helde,
Wyth the gysharne at hym he smete, 4360
And of þat porpose þe kynge he lette.
He sythe that hyt wylle not be.
The swyrde *in* honde naked halte he,
Wyche he drowe owte of þe shylde. 4364
In hys honde he hyt halte, a*ll* men be-helde,
Hys naked swerde [as] sylu*er* bryghte.
Hym) lacked no poynte of a knyghte,
[For helme and sheelde had he none, 4368
In the feelde he had hem forgone.]

He aims a furious blow, but strikes his hand against Partonope's shield, and the weapon flies out of his hand.

And wyth þat swerde nowe þynkethe he
Fersley to assayle Partonope.
To hym he smotte wyth alle hys myghte, 4372
And þoghte hys swerde shulde a lyghte
Vppon) hys Enemy Partonope.

*After* 4355 . . . hete *MS. continues:* A swerde . . . bryghte, *see* ll. 4416 ff.
4366. alle men) be helde *crossed out before* sylu*er*.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And the swerde that was his boote
He pulled oute, and hit hadde, 4356
Wherof the hethen were full gladde.
Ther-wyth he wolde haue take the Sheelde.
But whan Partanope that be-heelde,
Wyth the gesarne at hym he smote, 4360
That hit to take forth so hoote
His purpose he put a-syde.
Wherfore the kyng in the tyde
That naked Swerde as syluer bryght
Heelde in defence as a knyght ;
For helme and Sheelde had he none, 4368
In the feelde he had hem forgone.
And wyth this Swerde thenkyth he
Fresshly to assayle Partanope.
To hym he smott wyht alle his myght, 4372
And thought hit shulde haue lyght
Vpon) his enemy Partanope.

*Rawl. MS.*

And þe swerde þat was his bote 4355
He pullyde out, *and* it hade, [lf. 23, bk.]
Where-of þe hethyn were full glade.
There-*with* he wolde a take his shelde.

But *Par*tonope þat be-helde.
*With* þe gyssarne at hym he smote, 4360
That it to take furthe so hote
His *por*pose he put asyde.
Where-fore þe kynge In þat tyde
That nakede swerde as silu*er* bright
Helde In defence as a kynght ; 4367
For helme *and* shelde hade he none,

In þe felde he hade hem for-gone.
And *with* þis swerde thynketh he
Freshly to assaill *Par*tonope.
To hym he smote *with* all his myght, 4372
And þought it shulde haue light
Vppon) his enemy *Par*tonope.

But hyt happed for soþe þat he
Was so ney hym þat on hys shylde
He smotte hys honde; *and* in-to þe fylde
Owte fle hys swerde þat was so bryght̃e.
The stroke he smotte w*yth* alle hys myght̃e,
Wyche̊ was to hym both̃ shame *and* harme,
Ther-w*yth* a-stonyed wes hys Arme.
Thys a-spyed Partonope.
In alle þe haste a-wey caste he
Hys gysharne, *and* w*yth* þat lyght̃ely * wente
To the swerde, *and* vp þyt heńte,
Wyche̊ fleye owte of þe kynges ffyste.
Nowe hathe Partonope all̃ hys lyste,
For Sornegowre stante nowe wepynlesse.
Lo, thus ffortune can̄ turne hur dyse
Nowe vp, nowe downe; here whele ys vnstabelle. [lf. 54, bk.]
On̄ her ys no truste; she ys so varyabelle.
Butte gladde ys nowe Partonope,
For in hande that swerde hath̃ he
In wyche̊ [he] hath̃ grette affyawnce,
He broght̃e hyt w*yth* hym in-to Fraunce.
Butte wyle Partonope þys swerde vp toke,

Partonope throws the axe from him, and catches the sword.

He is glad to have his own sword again.

4384. *MS.* lyght̃ely *twice.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But hit happed for sothe that he
Was so nye hym that on his Sheelde 4376
He smote hys honde; and in-to the feelde
Fley his Swerde that was so bryght̃.
Than̄ was he in hert sore a-fryght̃,
And wyth̃ that stroke he had grete harme, [leaf 31] 4380
For sore astonyed was his arme.
This aspied tho Partanope.
In alle the haste away caste he 4383
The gesarne, and than lyght̃ly went,
That Swerde feersly he vp hent. 4385
And gladde ys now Partanope 4392
That in honde that Swerde hath̃ he
In which̃ he hath̃ grete affiaunce,
He Brought hit wyth̃ hym in-to Fraunce.
But while that Partanope the Swerde vp toke, 4396

*Rawl. MS.*

But it happyde for sothe þat he
Was so nye hem þat on his shelde 4376
He smote his honde; *and* In-to þe felde
Fley his swerde þat was so bright̃.
Then̄ was he sore afright̃,
*With* þat stroke he hade grete harme, 4380
For sore astonyde was his arme.
This asspyde þo Partonope.
In all̃ þe haste awey caste he 4383
The gyssarne, *and* þen lightly wente,
That swerde fersly vp he hent. 4385
And glade is nowe Partonope 4392
That In honde þat swerde hathe he
In whiche he hathe his afyaunce.
While Partonope þe swerde toke 4396

Meanwhile Sornegour takes up his shield, and fastens it round his neck.

The heþyn kynge faste gan loke
After wepyn, butte *þer* was non
Thatte he myghte haue; *þen* what to done
He wotte neuer; yette he toke keppe
Where a shylde lay, *and* thyder he leppe.
He toke hyt vp *in* fulle grette haste,
And a-bowte hys necke hyt caste.

Partonope comes on, and splits the shield.

That sethe þys erle Partonope,
And fersly a strocke at hym lette fle.
The kynge hyt kepp[t]e appon hys shylde.
And *wyth* þat stroke *in*-to þe ffylde
A cantelle ffley, þys ys no nay.
And when Partonope þys syghte say,
A-nother dynte þer-on he yaffe,
That alle on peces þe shylde raffe.
A-none poghte Partonope
The better he hadde of þys medele.

Sornegour runs at him, and draws his sword out of Partonope's shield.

Ther-*wyth* sey þys heþyn kynge
Hys Enemys shylde, *and* þer-in styckynge
A swerde þat was ffurbesshe[d] fulle brygħte, [lf. 55, l. 28]
And þer-to a-non he lepte fulle rygħte.

*After* 4415 . . . styckynge *MS. continues:* On . . . Partonope, *see* ll. 4316 ff.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

This hethen kyng fast gan loke
After wepyn, but there was none
That he myght haue / then what to done
He wote neuer / yet he toke kepe
Where a Sheelde lay, and thider he leepe.
He toke hit vp in fulle grete haste,
And a-boute his nek to hit cast.
That seeth the erle Partanope,
And ffeersly at hym tho leete flee
A stroke, which he defende wyth his Sheelde.
And wyth that stroke in-to the feelde
A Castell flye, this ys no nay.
And whan Partanope that sey,
A-nother dynt theron he gafe,
That alle to pecis the Sheelde rafe.
A-none thought Erle Partanope
The betther he had of this medlee.
Therwyth see[t]h this hethen kyng
Hys enemyes Sheelde, and therin styking
A Swerde that was furbusshed bright,
A[nd] therto anone he leepe full ryght.

*Rawl. MS.*

The hethyn kynge faste gan loke
After wepyn, but þer was none
That he myght haue ; þen what to don
He wot neuer ; yet þen he toke kepe
Where a shelde lay, *and* deþer he lepe.
He toke it vpe In grete haste,
And aboute his nyke it caste.
That seyth þe erle Partonope,
And fersly at hym let fle
A stroke, whiche he defendyde *with* his shelde
And *with* þat stroke In-to þe felde
A canteł fley, þis is no nay.
When Partonope þat sey,
Anoþer dent þer-on he gafe
That ał to peces þe shelde rafe.
Anone þought erle Partonope
The bytter he hade of þis medle.
Ther-*with* seyth þis hethyn kynge
His enemys shilde, *and* þer-In stekynge

A swerde þat was burnysshede bright,
And þer-to he lepe anone right,

He pulled, hyt owte *and* þat a-non).
Hys ffryndes þer-wyth were gladde echeon).
Nowe ys þe bat[a]yle fulle mervelowse, 4420 The combat is dreadful.
And to be-holde fulle Dolorowse.
Off hem bothe ys non) ryghte sure.
There falleth so mony a venture
On) bothe þe sydes; for nowe þe ton) 4424
Ys atte þe better, *and* ryghte a-non)
Mervelowsly ys atte the wo[r]sse:
So ys the batayle fulle peruerse. [leaf 55, back]
To bothe partyes fortune stante; 4428 Fortune favours now one, now the other.
Her whele ys* euer vnstabeth *and* mevante.
PArtonope hys bryghte swerde gynneth dresse, Partonope raises the sword that Melior gave him.
Wyche that Mel[i]owre for hye provesse
Hym gaffe at here laste departynge, 4432
Wyche was to hym a precyowse thynge.
So goode hyt was, whan) he hyt sey,
And Remembryd hym the cause why Thinking on his Lady, and of the giving of the sword,
Hys loue, hys lady so fayre *and* ffre, 4436
Hym hyt gaffe, and for that he
Shulde hym besy grettely in knyght-hode.
And þat made hym thynke in manhode.
And ther-wyth hys herte gan) faste lyghte; 4440
That thozte made hym freshe to ffyghte

4429. ys] *MS.* ye.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He pulled hit oute in grete haste,
And in his hond hath hit faste.
Now ys the Batayle mervelous, 4420
And to be-holde how myschevous.
Of hym bothe ys none ryght sure.
Ther falle so many aventure
On) Bothe sydes; for now the tone 4424
[1]Is at þe better/ and now ryght anone
Mervaylesly he ys atte worsse:
So this batayle ys perversse. [leaf 31, back]
PArtanope hym) ganne dresse 4430
To fyght for hym prowesse,
And be-thinketh how that Melior
That Swerde gafe hym therfor 4437
To preve hym-self a manly knyght,
Where euer he went in any fyght.
And therwyth his hert ganne to lyght,
And fresh was a-none to fyght. 4441

*Rawl. MS.*

He pullede it out In grete haste,
And in his honde hathe it faste.
Nowe is þe batailh mervelus, 4420
And to be-holde myschevus.
Of hem bothe is non sure.
Ther fith so many aventure
On bothe sythis; for nowe þe tone 4424
Ys at better, *and* nowe right anone
Mervelusly he is at wors:
So þis batailh is fulh perlus.
¶ Partonope hym gan) dresse 4430
To fight for his prowesse,
And be-thynketh howe þat Melyore
That swerde gafe hym þerfore 4437
To prove hym-selfe a manly knyght,
Where euer he went In ony fight.
And þer-with his hert gan to light, 4440
And freshe was anone to fight.

he brings it down on Sornegour's shield, and shivers it altogether.

And quekened hys herte so hyly,
That to Sornegowre he lepte fulle lyghtely,
And so fersly smotte on hys shylde,
By peces hyt ffley a-bowte the ffylde.
The kynge hym couerythe as he myghte;
Butte euer Partonope put hym to flyghte.
For in no place he Soferyth hym to a-byde,

He chases his enemy round the lists.

Butte alle a-bowte þe lystes wyde
He hym chasyth so hyly,
That kynge Sornegowre wotte fulle surely
He hathe the worse of thys batayle.

The poet reflects on the power of love,

Lowe, thys can loue wyth-owte ffayle
MAke eche man hys mastere vse:
Knyghtes shame to refuse,
Clerkes to loue well clergye,
And ladyes to cheresse curtesy.
For sho that can not love,
Hur grette stabylnesse no man may prove;
For þowe she be louyd for here bewte,
And þowe she loue, yette all-way may she
Saue here worshyppe *and* hyr name.
For be hyt in e[r]nyste or in game
That hyr loue make hyr a requeste,
And she þynke hyt be not honeste,
She ys atte large, she may sey naye.

4453. *On the margin is written* notatur bene.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Whan he had of his lady memory,
Then to Sornogoure he leepe full lyghtly,
And so feersly smote hym on the Sheelde,
B pecis hit flye a-boute the feelde.
The kyng hym couered as well as he myght;
But euer Partanope put hym to flyght.
For in no place he wolde Suffre hym a-byde,
But alle a-boute the lystes wyde
He hym chased so hidously
That Sornogoure wenyth full surely
He hath the worsse of this batayle.
Lo, thus can love wythouten fayle
Make a man maystries vse,
And a knyght shame to refuse.

*Rawl. MS.*

When he hade of his lady memorye,
Then to Sornogoure he lepe lightlye,
And so freshly smote hym on þe shelde,
The kynge hym couerde as he myght;
But euer Partonope put hym to flight.
In no place he wolde suffere hym byde
But all aboute þe lystes wyde
He hym chasede so hedyously [leaf 24 b]
That Sornogour wenyth surly
He hathe þe wors of þis batayll.
Loo, þus can loue with-out fayll
Make a man) mastres vse,
And a knyght shame to refuse.

For thus I am seruecl day be day [leaf 56]
Off her that I loue *and* do serue.
Yette frome her seruyse shaH I not swerue,
For I wolle eu*er* her seruante be.
And wolde Gode that onys she
Off here conselle me wolde make!
Butte alle þ*at* me luste she doþe for-sake.
LOrdynges, I pray alle þ*at* ye,
Þowe I leue of Partonope
A whyle, *and* speke of oþ*er* þynge,
Hyt be to yowe no dysplesynge.
For of suche mat*er* speke moste I,
Whether h*yt* be wysdome or ffoly.
For þ*er* þe sore ys, þe fynger woH be,
And where thy loue ys, þyne ey ys to se.
For as thy ffynger drawethe to þe sore,
So wolle thyne eye eu*er*-more,
Drawe to that place þ*at* þou louyste beste.
Ther-fore to me h*yt* ys a ffeste
To talke a-monge of suche matere
That longeth to loue, *and* nowe ye shaH here
The tale fforthe of Partonope.
He makethe h*ys* enemy a-fore h*ym* fle.
He sufferythe h*ym* a-byde on) no grownde,
Butte chasyth h*ym* a-bowte þe lystes rownde.
Thys sythe thys fals Erle Mares,
Wyche I tolde yowe come of Cherles,
And was enhawnsed to lordys degre,
W*yth* III. thowsande of h*ys* mayne
Comyth *in*-to þe lystes to helpe h*ys* lorde,
Welle I-armed, *and* breketh the a-corde

4468 4472 4476 4480 4484 4488 4492 4496

and complains of the cruelty of his Lady.

Love draws him irresistibly to speak of love.

Mares and his company now enter the lists to help the King,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thus feersly chaseth Partanope, 4488
That he maketh his enemy a-fore hym flee.
This seeth Marres, that flas Erle, 4492
Which I tolde yow that of a cherle
Was inhaunsed to lordys degree,
Wyth thre thousand of hys meynee
Cometh in-to to lystes to helpe his lorde, 4496
WeH I-armed, and brekyth the a-corde

*Rawl. MS.*

Thus fersly chaseth P*ar*tonope, 4488
That he maketh his enemy flee.
This seyth Marras, þe false erle,
Whiche I tolde you of a churle
Was enhansede to lord*es* degre. 4494
With iij þousonde of his meyne
Comyth to þe lyst*es* to helpe his lorde,
WeH I-armede, and breke þe acorde

Off bothe þe partyes, w*yth*-owten dowte.
and draw their weapons. A-none he *and* alle h*ys* rowte
Owte w*yth* here swerdes, *and* leyne on̄ ffaste 4500
One eu*ery* syde, *and* atte þe laste
Mares attacks Partonope, Mares come to Partonope,
And w*yth* h*ys* swerde atte hy*m* lette ffle.
The Erle manly defendyth̄ þe ffelde. 4504
Mares smete fersly, *and* Sornegowre behelde,
bidding defiance to the King's command to withdraw. And cryed̄ faste to Erle Mares
That he shulde leue *and* make pes
By the alygeawnce þ*at* he hy*m* owgh̄te. 4508
Mares hy*m* answered that in h*ys* þogh̄te [leaf 56, back]
Hyt comė neu*er*, what so be-felle;
He woll̄ not be cesyd of h*ys* wylle.
The Danes hasten towards Sornegour. The * M*t* Danys þ*at* armed were, 4512
And þ*at* day assygned there
The fylde to kepe on̄ Sornègowre ys syde,
To the kynge they faste gan̄ ryde.
Fursin and Fabur ride quickly to the spot. Kynge Fursyn̄ * *and* kynge Fabure eke 4516
On̄ the ffelde ffaste gan̄ prycke
To kynge Sornegowre, here lege lorde.

4512. The] *MS.* Thre. 4516. *MS.* Furfyn̄.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of bothe partyes, wythouten doute.
Anone he had alle hys rowte
Oute wyth̄ ther Swerdes, and lay on̄ fast 4500
On̄ euery syde, and than̄ atte last
This Marres cometh̄ to Partanope,
And wyth̄ his Swerde at hym leete flee.
[1] The Erle manly deffended the feelde.
Marres smote feersly, and Sornogoure be-helde, [1leaf 32] 4505
And cryed fast to the Erle Marres
That he shulde leeve and make pees
By the legeaunce that hym aught. 4508
Marres answeryd that in thought
Hyt come neu*er* what so eu*er* be-fylle;
He wolle not be lettyd of his wylle.
THe thousand hethen that a[r]med were, 4512
And that day assygned there
The feelde to keepe on̄ Sornogoure syde,
To her kyng tho fast gan̄ ryde.
Kyng Sursyn̄ and kyng Fabure eke
On̄ the feelde fast ganne preke 4517
To kyng Sornogoure, her chief lorde.

*Rawl. MS.*

Of bothe p*ar*tis, w*ith*-out doute. 4498
Anone he *and* a†† his route
Out *with* þ*er* swerd*es and* leyde on faste
On eu*ery* syde, *and* þen at laste
This Marras comyth to P*ar*tonope, 4502
And *with* his swerde at hym let fle.
The erle defendyde In þe felde. 4504
Marras smote surly, *and* Sornogo*ur* behelde,
And cryede faste to þe erle Marras
That he shulde leue *and* make pes
Be þe legance þ*at* hym aught. 4508
Marras answerde þ*at* In his þought
Hit come neu*er*, what so eu*er* be-fill̄;
He will̄ not be lettyde of his will̄.
¶ The þosonde hethyn þ*at* armede were, 4512
And were asyngnede there
The felde to kepe ore Sornogo*ur* syde,
To here kynge faste gan ryde.
Kynge Sursyn *and* kynge Fabir eke
On̄ þe felde faste gan pryke 4517
To kynge Sornogo*ur*, here chefe lorde.

"Mercy!" seyde he, "ffor owre a-corde
Ys alle to-Squatte *and* dysarayed.
Fals Mares hath me be-trayed.
Slethe hy*m*, I bydde yowe, *and* þat anonne!"
They hym answeryd eu*e*rychone
That hyt shulde be done *in* haste.
Towarde Mares they p*re*kyn) ffaste,
And alle they he*m* peyned w*yth*-owte*n* ffayle
To sle Mares *in* þat batayle.
The Paynemys layde eche on) other,
Ther spared no man) cosyn) ne brother.
The crysten) were sley thykke also,
Butte of the he þen) were mony mo.
And so hyt myghte no noder be
Butte take was Partonope.
Butte mony an) he þyn) made he to dye,
Er they myghte come hy*m* so nye.
And mony a crysten) dyed *in* þat ffyghte,
And mony mo shulde, ne had the nyghte
Come on) so faste, þ*ys* ys the sothe.
Butte kynge Sornegowre w*yth* þ*ys* was ro þe.

Sornegour commands them to slay Mares who has betrayed him.

They ride towards him.

The heathen fight among themselves,

and many Christians are also killed.

At last Partonope is carried off, after slaughtering many.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Merci," sayde they, "for oure a-corde
I ys altosquatte and dysarayed. 4520
Flas Marres hath vs be-trayed."—
"Sleeth hym," he sayde, "and that anone!"
They hym) answeryth euerychone: 4523
"Hyt shalli be done, and that in hast."
Toward Marres they presed fast,
And hem payne withouten fayle
To slee Marres in that batayle. 4527
The hethen layed on) eche on) other,
They spared neydyr Cosyn ne brother.
The Crysten were slayn thykke also,
But of the hethen were many moo.
And also hyt myght none other be 4532
But taken than was Partanope.
But many hethen made he to dye,
Or they myght come hym) so nye.
And many a crysten dyed in that fyght, 4536
And many moo shulde, had not the nyght
Come on) so fast, this ys the sothe.
But kyng Sornogoure was wondyr wrothe.

*Rawl. MS.*

"Mercy!" seyde þey, "for oure acorde
Ys all squat *and* dyssarayd. 4520
False Marras hathe vs be-trayde."—
"Sle hym," he seyde, "*and* þat anone!"
They hym answerde eu*e*rychone:
"Hit shall be don, and þat anone."4524
Towarde Marras þey p*re*sede faste, [lf.25.]
And hem payne w*ith*-out faith [leaf 25.]
To sle Marras in þat batailh.
The hethyn leyde on iche o þer, 4528
They sparede no þer cosyn ne bro þer.
The crystyn were slayne thyke also,
But of þe hethyn many mo.
And so it myght none o þer be 4532
But takyn þen was Par tonope.
But many hethen made he dye,
Ore þey myght come hym so nye.
Many crystyn dyede In þat fight, 4536
And many mo shulde, hade not þe n[i]ght
Come on so faste, þis is þe sothe.
But kynge Sornogour was full wrothe.

Sornegour mounts a horse, and rides among his people, laying about him, and calling aloud that Partonope should be saved.

HE toke an) horse *in* grette haste,
And In a-monge he*m* þrycked faste,
And w*yth* hys swerde leyde faste a-bowte,
And slowe mony on), w*yth*-owte*n* dowte,
Off hys secte *and* hys kynredde,
And eue*r* cryed faste as he ẏede:
"Loke ye saue Partonope!"
Thys *in* hys fyghtynge eue*r* cryed he.
Butte whe*n* he cowde no-þynge here,
Off Partonope he was In ffere
In thys horlynge he had byn) sleyne. [leaf 57]
Hys clepynge he thoȝte was *in* veyne,
For lytelle he þoȝte he shulde be take.
The heven) waxed darke, þe skyes were blake,
The day was passed, hẏt wes derke nyghte.
Thys þe Ostes departed from) ffyghte.
The ffrenshe departed w*yth* grette deele,
For Partonope they supposed welle
Ys ded w*yth*-owte any nay.
And streyghte to Pvntyffe þey toke þe way.
Kynge Sornegowre ys rothe *and* Anguysshous

It is now dark night, and the armies separate.

The French go back to Pontoise.

4556. de *crossed out before* deele.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He toke an) hors in grete hast,
And in amonge hem pryked fast,
And whyth hys Swerde layde fast a-boute, [1 leaf 32, back.]
[1] And slow many one, wyth-oute doute,
Of his syde and of his kynrede,
And euer cryed fast as he yede:
"Loke he save Erle Partanope!"
Thus in his fyghting euer cryed he.
But whan he Cowde no-thing here,
Of Partanope he was in feere
That in this hurlyng he were slayn).
Hys crying hym thought was in vayne,
Fuⁿ lyteⁿ he thought he shulde be take.
Than his Skye ganne wex blake,
The day was past, hit was derke nyght.
Thus the Ooste departed from) fyght.
The french departed wyth grete heuyte,

For they Suppose that Partanope
Ys dede wyth-outen any nay.
And to Pountyff they toke the way.
Sornogoure ys wroth and angwisshous

*Rawl. MS.*

He toke an hors In grete haste,
And In amonge he prekede faste,
And with his swerde he leyde aboute,

And slowe many on, with-out doute,
Of his syde *and* of his kenrede,
And euer cryede faste as he yede:
"Loke ye saue erle Partonope!"
Thus In fightynge euer cryede he.
But when he couthe not here,
Of Partonope he was In fere
That In his hurlynge he was slayne.
His crynge hym þought was In vayne,
Lytiⁿ he þought he shulde be take.

Then þe skye gan) wex blake,
The day was paste, it was dyrke nyght.
Thus þe oste departyde at nyght.
The frenche departyde with grete hevyte,
For þey sopposede þat Partonope
Ys dede with-out ony nay.
To Pountyfe þey toke þe wey.
Sornogour is wrothe *and* angwis

That he myghte not haue þe Rescowse
Off hys ffelowe Partonope.
What dyd he þenꝰ suppose ye?
Wyth þe ffrenshe he dyd forthe ryde
A-monge hem alle vnꝰ-a-Spyed,
As þowe he had be onꝰ of hem.
Ther herde he of þe ffrenshe menꝰ
So grette sorowe *and* complaynte made
For Partonope, þat none was glade,
Butte fulle of sorowe *and* wepynge.
And þus to Pvntyffe-warde þey be rydynge,
And Sornegowre *in* here company.
None of hem hym cowde a-Spy.
And In-to Pvntyffe, to þe halle dore,
Wyth hem rodde kynge Sornegowre.
As he was armed he lyghte a-none,
He lette hys hors where he wolde gonꝰ,
He toke no hede where he be-come.
The wey vnꝰ-to þe chamber he nome,
Where as þe kynge of Fraunse he seye
Make sorowe, *and* wepte fulle tenderly,
Sownynge *and* passynge sorowe made.
None of hys menꝰ hym cowde glade,

4564 Sornegour joins them without being observed,
4568 All are dismayed.
4572
4576 He alights at the hall door,
4580 and proceeds to a chamber where the King of France is

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That he myght not have the rescows
Of his felaw, Erle Partanope. 4562
Whatt dyd he thanꝰ suppose ye?
Wyth the frensh he dyd forthe ryde
Amonge hem alle vnspied, 4565
As though he had be one of hem.
There herde he of the french men
So grete sorow and playnt made 4568
For Partanope / and none was glade,
But futt of sorow and of weping,
And Thus to Pountyff were they rydyng, [1 leaf 33]
And Sornogoure in her Company. 4572
None of hem cowde hym aspie.
And in-to Pountyff, to the halle dore,
Wyth hem rode king Sornogoure.
As he was was armed he lyght a-none,
And lete hys hors where he wolde gone,
He toke none hede where he be-come
The way in-to the chambre he nome,
Where as the kyng of Fraunce he sye
Make sorow and futt tenderly, 4581
[1]Swonned and passyng sorow made.
None of his men cowde hym glade,

*Rawl. MS.*

That he myght haue no rescous
Of his felowe, erle Partonope. 4562
What dyde he þenꝰ soppose ye?
With þe frenche he dyde furthe ryde
Amonge hem alt vnspyde, 4565
As he hade benꝰ on of hem.
There herde he of þe french menꝰ[1]
So grete sorwe *and* pleynte made 4568
For Partonope, *and* none was glade,
But futt of sorwe *and* of wepynge.
Thus to Pountyf were þey rydynge,
[1 leaf 25 b]
And Sornogour In here companye. 4572
Non of hym couth hym esspye.
In-to Pountyf to þe hatt dore
With hem rode kynge Sornogour.
As he was armede, he light downe, 4576
And let his hors where he wolde gonꝰ.
He toke no hede where he be-come.
The wey to þe chambir he nome,
Where as þe kynge of France he sey 4580
Make sorwe *and* futt tenderly
Swone *and* passynge sorwe made.
None of his menꝰ couth hym glade

lamenting for Partonope.

For *in* hys sorowe þys was h*y*s crye: 4584
"Allas, Partonope! þou were so nye
My kynd *and* eke my gou*er*nowre.
Nowe arte þou ded, wyche were þe fflowre
Off alle þe knyghthode þat long*eth* to Fraunce. 4588
Allas! what happe or what myschawnce
Was that þe felde so ffalsely
Was kepte; for þe heþend truly [leaf 57, back]

The heathen, he says, are forsworn.

Arne for-sowrne, *and* þat echone. 4592
None of he*m* alle may voyde ne gond
Frome þ*y*s fowle Inco*n*venyente,
For I my-selfe was there p*re*sente,
Whe*n* alle þe kynges þ*er* toke here othe. 4596

He had never believed that Sornegour could be capable of treason.

Yette sory I am, *and* ryghte wrothe,
Thys vyleny shulde be *in* Sornegowre,
For he was þe ffryste ond þat swore;
And þat I wotte well he lacked no manhode. 4600
I trusted eu*er* fully *in* h*y*s knyghthode
And In hys ge*n*tylnes, that neu*er* he
In suche vntruþe fownden wolde be.
Hys worde I cowde eu*er* haue trysted welle, 4604
That h*y*t had ben as trewe as stylle."

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For in crye sorow this was his crye: 4584
"Allas, Partanope! thow were so nye
My kynne and eke my gouernoure.
Now arte thow dede which were the floure
Of alle the knyghthode that longyth to Fraunce. 4588
Allas! what happe or mychaunce
Was that this feelde so flasly
Was kept; the hethen now trwly
Be forsworne wythouten nay. 4592
The contrary they mowe not say,
For I myself was present for sothe,
Whan they toke her othe. 4596
Yet for Sornogoure I am ryght sory
That he shulde be founde in su[c]he vylany.
And yet I wote well he lakked no manhode. 4600
I trusted eu*er* fully in his knyghthode
And in his gentell-nesse and suerte,
That such vntrouth wolde not he
Enforged ne neu*er* haue wrought.
I trowe therto he not consentyd in thought."

*Rawl. MS.*

For In his sorwe þis was his crye: 4584
"Allas, Partonope! þou were so nye
My kynne *and* eke my gou*er*noure.
Nowe art þou dede whiche were þe floure
Of all knyghthode þat longyth to France. 4588
Allas! what happe ore myschance
Who þat fekill so falsly
Was kepte; þe hethyn truly
Be for-sworne *with*-out nay. 4592
The contrary þey may not say.
I my-selfe was present for sothe,
When þey þ*er* toke þ*er* othe. 4596
Yet for Sornogour I am right sorye
That he shulde be fonde In soyche velony.
Yet wot I well he lakede no manhode.

I truste eu*er* fully to his knyghthode.
And In his Ientillnes *and* suerte,
That soyche vntrouthe wolle not he
Enforgyde ne neu*er* haue wrought,
I trowe þ*er*-to he neu*er* consentyde In þought.

When Sornegowre herde þe kynge hym preyse,
To hys herte hyt was grette ese.
Wyth-In hym-selfe then þoȝte he :
"I wolle no lenger hyde me."
And *wyth* þys þoghte *in* grette haste
Hys hedde he vnarmed, *and* þer-*wyth* as faste
Alle naked he pulled owte hys swerde,
*Wyth* þe wyche at þat tyme he was gyrde.
And *in* hys honde þe poynte he toke,
Hys Regalyte he than for-Soke
As for þat tyme, as þynkethe me;
For downe he sette hym on hys kne.
"Syr," sayde he to þe ffrenshe kynge,
"Mercy I aske a-boue alle þynge.
I am vnarmed, as ye may se,
My hedde ys naked, syr, parde.
The hyltes vpwarde ye se I holde
Off my swerde naked, for þat I wolde
Bene atte your grace *and* atte yowre wylle.
Thys ys my cause *and* also my Skylle :
Yeffe þat yowre cosyn Partonope

Sornegour discovers himself, offers up his sword, and kneels before the King, asking his grace. If he be proved guilty of treason, he

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

When Sornogoure herde the kyng hym preyse,
Than to his hert hit was grete ese.
Wyth hym-self then thought he :
"I wole no lenger now hide me."
And wyth this thought in grete haste
His helme he pulled of as faste,
And nakked he plukked oute his Swerde,
Wyth which at that tyme he was gerde.
And in his honde the poynt he toke,
His regally he thanne for-soke,
As for that tyme thus dyd he,
And down he sett hym on his kne.
"Syr," sayde he to the french kyng,
"Mercy I aske a-bove alle thing.
I am vnarmed, as ye may see,
Myne heede ys naked, and I Submytte me. [1 leaf 33, back]
The hyltes of my Swerde I vp holde,
[1]For at youre grace I be wolde.
And cause why / ye shall determyn :
Yf that Partanope, youre Cosyn,

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ When Sornogour herde þe kynge hym pryse,
Then to his hert it was grete eyse.
*With*-In hym-selfe þen þought he :
"I will no lenger nowe hyde me."
*With* þis þought In grete haste, [leaf 26]
His helme he of faste,
And nakede he pullede out his swerde,

*With* whiche þat tyme he was gyrde,
And In his honde þe poynt he toke,
His regally he þen for-soke,
And for þat tyme þus dyde he :
Downe he set hym on his kne.
"*Sir*," seyde he to þe kynge of France,
"Mercy I aske for myne alyance.
I am vnarmede, as ye may see."

The helt of his swerde vp helde he.
"For at your grace I wolde be.
And cause why I shall determyne :
Yef þat Partonope, youre cossyne,

is willing to yield himself prisoner.

Be ded or takyn), or þat I be
Fow[n]den wyttynge of thys trosone,
Or any man) can) preve be resone
Thys [pes] shulde be broke þorowe me,
I am here redy alle-wey to be [leaf 58]
Obeysaunte to yowre cowrtys a-warde.
Puttythe my body in safe garde.
My requeste I pray þat ye do,
I yelde yowe here my Swerde also."

The King begs him to rise; he is re-assured that Sornegour is innocent.

þe kynge hys swerde taketh in goode a-vyse,
And prayethe hym he wolde a-ryse *
Vppon) hys fette, *and* þen he sayde:
" Sornegowre, I am grettely myspayde
Wyth þys falshode; yette neþerles I se
By yowre gouernavnce þat ye ne be
Knowynge þer-off in no wyse,
Sythe ye arn) come þus in\þys gyse
To yelde yowe þus lowly vn-to me.
Hyt semeth sory þer-off þat ye be,
Off thys grette losse þat I haue."

4637. ryse] *MS.* ryde. 4643. *MS. possibly* sythen.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Be dede or take thorow this treason,
And yf any man) canne preve be reson)
This peas shulde be broke thorow me,
I am here redi alwey to be
Obyesaunt to youre curteys a-warde.

Putteth my body now in safe garde.
My request I pray that ye doo,
I yelde yow here my Swerde also.
And thenkyth in me no variaunce,
For I neuer thought this myschaunce."
The kyng his Swerde taketh in goode wyse,
And prayde hym that he wolde ryse
Vpon) his feete, and then) he sayde:
"Sornogoure, I am gretly myspayde
Wyth this flashede; yet neuer the lesse I see
Be youre gouernaunce that ye not be
Knowing therof in no wyse,
Sethen) ye are comen in this gyse
To yelde yow thus lowly vnto me.
Hit maketh grete profe now, parde,
That of this Tresoun) no gilt ye haue."—

*Rawl. MS.*

This pes shall be broke þorwe me,
I am here redy all-wey to be
Obeysant to *your* courtesye *and* warde,
Puttyth me, lorde, In saffe garde.
My requeste I praye you þat ye do,
I yelde you here my swerde also.
Thynketh In me no varyance."

The kynge his swerde taketh In good wyse,
And prayede hym þat he wolde ryse
Vppon) his fete, and þen) he seyde:
"Sornogour, I am gretly myspayde
With þis falshede; yet neuer þe lese I se
Be your gouernance þat ye ne be
Knowynge þer-of In no wyse,
Sethe ye are come In þis gyse
To yelde you þus lowly to me.
Hit maketh grete prefe nowe, parde,
Of þis treson no gilt ye hane."—

"Syr," sayde Sornegowre, "so Gode me safe,
I am rothe also trewly. 4648
Ye ben be-trayed, *and* also am I,
And by home I shalle yowe telle:
He ys bope olde, fers, *and* ffelle.
I haue broghte hym vp of noghte, 4652
Where-fore ofte in my þoghte
I haue fulle sore repented me.
For he was butte of lowe degre;
Off berthe hys fader was a chorle. 4656
Nowe haue I made hym a grette Erle;
Hys name ys Mares, syr, Parde.
He hath be-trayed bope yowe *and* me.
Cursed he ys in alle wyse, 4660
Fayre of speche, *and* fals of seruyse.
To me he ys plesawnte *and* lowly,
And to my knyghthode dyspituos *and* stordy.
Fryste I helde hym trewe *and* sadde, 4664
And þer-fore my stewarde I hym made.

Sornegour complains of the falsehood of Mares, who was born a churl;

but Sornegour trusted him, and made him his steward.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Syr," sayde Sornogoure, "so God me save,
I am wrothe and in my hert angrey 4648
That ye thus are be-trayed/ and so am I;
And be whome hit ys I shall yow tell:
He ys bothe olde, feers, and fell.
I haue brought hym vp of nought, 4652
Wherfore ofte in my large thought
I haue full sore repentyd me
That euer I so lewde shulde be;
For he was of bryth but lowe degree,
I my-self made hym free.
His fadyr was but a power Cherle; 4656
Now I haue made the Son an Erle.
Hit ys Marres, Syr, pardee.
He hath be-trayed bothe yow and me.
[1]Cursid he ys and Covetous in alle wyse,
Fayre of spech, and flas in Servyse. 4661
To me he ys plesaunt and lowly, [1 leaf 34]
And to my men dyspitous and sturdy.
Fyrst I helde hym true and sadde, 4664
And therfore my stywarde I hym made.
Quaynt rewles now dothe he vse,
I wole for euer now hym refuse.
And servyse more neuer shall he do,
And his deservyng shall I quyte also.

*Rawl. MS.*

"Sir," seyde Sornogour, "so God me saue,
I am wrothe *and* In my hert angry 4648
That ye are betrayede, *and* so am I.
Be whom it is I shall you tell:
He is bothe olde, fers, *and* fell.
I haue brought hym vp of nought, 4652
[1]Where [-fore] oftyn in my þought
I haue full sore repentyde me [1 lf. 26, bk.]
That I euer so lewyde shulde be;
For he was of berthe but lowe degre.

His fader was but a poure churle, 4656
Nowe haue I made his son an erle.
His name is Marras, sir, parde.
He hathe be-trayede you *and* me.
Coursede he is In all wyse, 4660
Fayre of speche, *and* false In seruyse.
To me his he plesant *and* louly,
To my men dysspyttuouse *and* stordy.
Fyrste I helde hym trewe *and* sade, 4664
There-for my stewarde I hym made.
Quynte Rulis dothe he vse,
I will for euer hem refuse.
His seruyce more neuer shall he me do,
His deseruy[n]ge shall I quyte so.

A recital of Mare's falseness.

And when he purposed to do fals þynge,
þys was hys worde: þys wolle þe kynge.
Thys alle þe dynte ys falle on me. 4668
There as my pepelle was wonte to be
To me fulle louynge *and* fulle kynde,
Ille wylled *and* frowarde nowe I hem ffynde. 4671
For no man to me wolde * sey of þe traytowre [leaf 58, back]
Butte alle worshyppe *and* grette honowre.
An Erles doȝter I gaffe hym to wyfe;
He hathe me greued *with* werre *and* stryfe.
For þer I had wende he had saued myn honowre, 4676
He maketh me be holde fals *and* a traytowre.

Sornegour declares himself innocent. If it pleases the King, he is ready to become his liege-man.

Where-fore I pray yowe of on þynge,
As ye ben a ryghtfulle kynge,
þat in no wyse ye þynke þorowe me 4680
Shulde be ded Partonope.
For an Erle haue here a kynge.
And yeff so be [þat] for no-thynge
I may not [now] excused be, 4684
Takethe venganse þen vppon me.
And yeffe hyt lyke yowe þen þat I haue

4672 *MS.* Wolle.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For whan he purposyth to do fals thing
Such ys his worde/ thus wolle the kyng.
Thus alle the dent ys falle on me.
There as my peple was wont to be 4669
To me fulle lovyng and fulle kynde,
Evyll wylled now hem fynde.
For none wolde tell me of this Traytour,
But speke hym worship and honour. 4673
And Erles doughter I gafe hym to wyfe;
He hath me rewarde wyth sorow and stryfe.
Where I had went tha[t] he shulde save myn honoure 4676
He makes me to be holde a fals Traytoure.
Where-fore I pray yow of oo thing,
As ye be now a ryght-full king,
That in no vyse ye thenke thorow me
Shulde be dede or take Partanope. 4681
For an Erle haue here a king.
And yf so be that for no-thing
I may not now Excused be, 4684
Take vengeaunce then on me.
And yf hit lyke yow that I haue

*Rawl. MS.*

When he porposeth to do false thynge,
Soyche is his wordes: þus with þe kynge
Thut all þe doute is fall on me. 4668
There as my pepill was wont to be
To me louy[n]ge *and* full kynde,
Evill willyde I do hem fynde,
Non wolde tell me of þis trayture, 4672
But speke hym worchipe *and* honoure.
An erlis doughter I gafe hym to wyfe;
He hathe me rewardyde *with* sorwe *and* stryfe. 4675
Where I wende to sauyde my honour
He makes me to [be] holde a trayture.
Where-for I praye you of o thynge,
As ye be nowe a right-full kynge,
That in no wyse ye thynke þorwe me
Shulde be dede ore take Partonope.
For an erle haue here a kynge.
And yef so be þat for no-thynge
I may not nowe excusede be, 4684
Take vengance þen on me.
And yef it lyke you þat I haue

My lyffe, I shalle, so Gode me saue,
To yowe as trewe *and* ffryndely be
As Eu*er* was Erle Partonope,
And do yowe seruyse as well as I can),
And þ*er*-to be-come yowre trewe lege man).
And here-of to make yowe swerte
I shalle le hostages of goode degre,
Erlys *and* baronys *and* o*þer* men),
Kynges also, *and* eche of hem
Shalle come *and* do yowe homage,
As welle as they þ*at* ben) for me i*n* Ostage."
The kynge hy*m* answered full goodely:
"Syr," he sayde, "be Gode all-myghty,
O-the[r] vengaunce kepe I none
Butte þ*at* ye haue seyde ye wolle done.
Ye seyne ye wolle my lege man) be
And alle yowre londe holde of me."—
"Syr," sayde Sornegowre, "þ*at* I yow seye,
To do hy*t* redy I wolle obeye."
þe ffrenshe men all helde he*m* well payde
W*yth* þe kynge, *and* also they sayde

4688 4692 4696 4700 4704

He will serve him as faithfully as Partonope,

and promises hostages.

The King agrees,

and receive Sornegour's homage.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My lyfe / I shall, so God me save,
To yow as trew and as frendly be 4688
As eu*er* that was Erle Partanope,
And do yow Servyse as well as I canne,
And therto be-come youre legeman.
And herof to make yow sewertee 4692
I shall lay hostage of goode degree,
Erles and Barons and other men,
[1]Kingis also, and eche of hem
Shall Come and do yow homage, 4696
As well as for to lye for me in hostage."
HE him answerd then full goodely:
"Sir," he sayde, "be God almyghty,
[1 leaf 84, back.]
Other vengenaunce kepe I none 4700
But as ye haue sayde that ye wolde done.
Ye seen he wole my legeman be
And alle youre londes holde of me."—
"Syr," sayde Sornogoure, "that I yow say 4704
To do hit redyly I wyll obey."
The frenchmen alle helde hem well payde
Wyth the king, and also they sayde

*Rawl. MS.*

My lyfe, I shall, so God me saue,
To you as trewe *and* frendly be 4688
As eu*er* was erle Partonope, [1 lf. 27.]
[1] And do you seruyse as well as I can),

And here-of to [make] you suerte 4692
I shall ley ostage of good degre,
Erlis *and* barons *and* o*þer* men),
Kynges also *and* iche of hem
Shall come *and* do you homage, 4696
As well as lye for me In hostage."
¶ He answerde þen full goodly:
"Sir," he seyde, "be God almyghty,

Othir vengance kepe I none, 4700
But as I haue seyde þ*at* will I done.
Ye sey ye will my lege man be
And all youre lordes holde of me."—
"Sir," [seyde] Sornogour, "that I you sey 4704
To do it redy I will obeye."
The frenche all helde hym payde

W*ith* þe kynge, *and* also þey seyde

Off kynge Sornegowre grette worshyppe *in* soþe, 4708
And seyden trewly he had kepte hys othe.
The kynge a-non) hys Omage haþe take.
The French are gratified. The ffrenshe men) grette Ioye make,
And seyne Sornegowre wyH holde hys heste, 4712
And that þe kynge a grette conqueste [leaf 59]
H[ath]e made, *and* fewe * strokys gefe.
They byn) ensured eche other to loue.
Thes IJ. kynges vnarmed be. 4716
Yette grette heuynes for Partonope
Ys made a-monge þe ffrenshe men).
They wait on Sornegour with due honour, The kynge a-nonne comawndethe hem)
Alle that of hys conselle be, 4720
That they shulde besy hem to se
That alle þe worshyppe *and* honowre
That myghte be do to Sornegowre,
Shulde be don) *and* alle þe seruyse 4724
þat myghte be do *in* ony wyse.
And so they dyd as they myghte.
but are sad at heart for Here hertys were heuy *and* no-þynge lyghte

4714. fewe] *MS.* grette ; gefe] *MS. scarcely* gofe.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of king Sornogoure grete worshiþ in sothe, 4708
And sayden he truly hath kept his hothe.
The king a-none his homoge hath take.
The frenshmen grete Ioye make,
And sayde that Sornogoure wolde holde his hest, 4712
And that the king a grete conquest
Hath made, and few strokes yove.
They be Ensured eche other to love.
These two kinges vn-armed be. 4716
Yett grete hevynesse ffor Partanope
Is mad a-monge the french men.
The king a-none conmaundeth hem
That they shulde besy hem) to see 4720
Alle that of Counsayle be,
That alle the worshiþ and the honore
That myght be do to Sornogoure *
Shulde be done and alle the servyse
That myght be done in eny wyse. 4725
And so they dyd as they myght.
Her hertes were hevy and no-thing lyght

*MS. places* l. 4723 *after* 4729.

*Rawl. MS.*

Of kynge Sornogoure grete worchipe
In sothe, 4708
And seyde he truly hade kepte his othe.

The kynge his homage hathe take.
The frenche men) grete Ioye make,
And seyde Sornogour wolde holde his heste, 4712
And þat þe kynge a grete conqueste
Hathe made, *and* fewe strokes yeve.
They ben ensuerede iche oþer to loue.
This ij kynges vnarmede be. 4716
Yet grete heuynes for Partonope
Ys made amonge þe frenche men).
The kynge anone comondyth hem
That þey shulde besye hem to se 4720
AH þat of his counseH be,
That aH þe worchipe *and* honoure
That myght be do to Sornogoure
Shulde be done *and* aH þy seruyce
That myght be don In ony wyse. 4725
And so þey dede as þey myght.
Here hertes were heuy *and* nothynge light

4724. *A flourished* S *before* shulde.

For the losse of Partonope. 4728 — the loss of Partonope.
Grette sorowe *in* herte for hy*m* made he.
Alle nyght gret sorowe a-monge he*m* was made;
None of he*m* cowde other glade.
The hethen) men) on) here syde 4732
On) the morowe faste to Chars gan) ryde, — The next morning, the heathen ride to Chars.
And to the castelle off Agysowre
To sechе here lorde kynge Sornegowre.
And whe*n* they hed aH I-soghte, 4736 — They do not find Sornegour, and suppose he is dead.
And of hym fynde cowde ryghte noghte,
Off hym cowde they no nothér rede,
Butte Supposen) sothely þ*at* he ys dede.
Kynge Fursyn) * *and* kynge Fabowre 4740 — Fursin and Fabur, with their company, ride to the lodging of Mares, and put the traitor to death.
Hem armed a-none w*yth* hert Sore,
And comawnded aH here cheualrye
W*yth* hem to ryde In grette hye
Streghte to Mares loggynge. 4744
They sayde he was causer of lesynge
Off here kynge *and* here a-vowe,
Where-fore they seyde ded shulde he be.
As they seyden) so they dyd. 4748

4732. of *crossed out before* on). 4740. *MS.* Furfyn).

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For the losse of Partanope. 4728
Grete sorow in hert made he.
Alle nyght grete sorow amonge hem was made;
None of hem co*u*the other glade,
The hethen men on her syde 4732
On the morow fast to Chars gvnne ryde,
And to the Castell of Agrysor [leaf 35]
To seche her lorde king Sornogoure.
And whan) they had alle I-sought, 4736
And of fynde hym Couthe they ryght nought,
Than they couth none other rede,
But supposen sothely that he ys dede.
King Sursyn) and king Fabour 4740
Hem armed anone wyth hert sore,
And Conmaunde alle her Cheualrye
Wyth hem to ryde in grete hie
Streight to Marres logging. 4744
They Sayde he was Cause of lesyng
Of her king and her a-bowe,
Wherfore they sayde that dede he shullde be.
As they sayden so they dyd. 4748

*Rawl. MS.*

For þe losse of P*a*rtonope. 4728
Grete hert w*ith* sorwe hade he.
AH nyght grete sorwe þey made;

None of hem couthe o*þer* glade. [lf.27,bk.]
The hethyn) men) on þ*er* syde 4732
On) morwe faste to Chars dede ryde,
And to the castell of Agysour*e*
To seche þ*er* kynge Sor*n*ogoure.
When þey hade aH sought, 4736
Of hym couthe þey here nought.

Of hym þey couthe no no þ*er* rede,
But suppose sothely þ*at* he is dede.
Kynge Sursyn *and* Kynge Fabure 4740
Hem armede anone w*ith* hert sore,
And comondyde aH here chevalrye
W*ith* hem to ryde In grete hye
Streight to Marras logynge. 4744
They seyde he was cause of lesynge
Of hir kynge *and* here meyne,
Where-fore he seyde he shulde dye.

As þey seyde so þey dede. 4748

Ferssely a-pon hym they rydde,
And In grette haste dyd hym sle, [leaf 59, back]
And grette parte also hys meyne.
They thank their God that Partonope is alive.
When Partonope sawe alle thys, 4752
To hem a-none yeldon he ys.
When they fownde hym on lyfe,
Grette Ioye was a-monge hem as blyfe,
And ponked ther gode of hys grace: 4756
They howped they shulde pe better passe
Thorowe Fraunce to pe ssee,
And so to passe safe in-to here cuntre.
And as they were in thys affray, 4760
On receiving a letter from Sornegour, they proceed to Pontoise, bringing Partonope with them.
Fro Povntyffe, ther as here kynge laye,
A letter he sende in grette haste,
Vndyr hys synette, comawndynge ffaste
Alle hys oste to come to Povntyfe 4764
To make an ende of aH pys stryffe,
And homage to do to pe kynge of Fraunce,
To home he had made hys alygeavnsse.
When they herde of here kynge 4768

4756. *or* panked?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Feersly vpon hym they ryde,
And in grete haste they dyd slee,*
And grete parte also of his meyne.
When Partanope sey alle this, 4752
To hem anone yolden he ys.
When they founden hym a-lyye,
Grete yoie amonge hem was made as bylyve,
And thanked God of his grete grace:
They hoped they shulde the better passe 4757
Thorow Fraunche alle to the See,
And so forthe safe in-to her Countree.
And as they were in this affray, 4760
Fro Pountyff, there as her kyng lay,
A letter he sent in grete hast,
Vndyr his Signett, comaundyng fast
Alle his Ooste to come to Pountyff 4764
To make an ende of alle this stryfe,*
And homage to do to the king of Fraunce,
To whom he had made his lyegeaunce.
When they herd of her king 4768

4750. *MS.* flee.
l. 4765 *after* 4771 *in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Faste vppon hym pey rede,
And in grete haste pey dyde sle
And a grete parte of his meyne.
When Partonope se aH this, 4752
To hem anone yeldyn he is.
When pey fonde hym on lyve
Grete Ioye amonge hem was blyve,

And thankede God of his grace: 4756
They hoppede pey shulde pe beter passe

Thorwe France to pe see,
And so forthe safe In-to per contre.
And pey were in pis affray 4760
Fro Pountyfe per here kynge lay,
A leter he sent In grete haste,
Vnder his sygnet, comondynge faste
AH his oste to come to Pountyfe 4764
To make an ende of pe stryfe
And homage do to pe kynge of Faunce,

To whom he hade made his legaunce.
When pey herde of per kynge 4768

That on̄ lyfe was, a-bofe alle þynge
They made grette Ioye, *and* yette þey were
For Mares dethe grettely in ffere.
Nowe be they come to Povntyfe
To here kynge, *and* of hys lyfe
They be as gladde as they may be.
*Wyth* hem *the*y brynge Partonope.
The kynge of Fraunce owte of þe towne
Ys ryden̄, *and* *wyth* hym a legyowne
Off hys knyghtes, as syker as day,
Welle I-horsed *and* in ffresshe a-raye.
Off all̄ þe Ostys they bere þe flowre.
And *wyth* hym rydeth̄ kynge Sornegowre,
Talkynge *and* spekynge dyuerse þynges.
And sone after they had tydynges
That þe oste of Sarsenyes was neye.
When the kynge of Fraunce hem sye, [leaf 60]
A-fore hem all̄ come kynge Fursyn,*
And nexte hym come kynge Faburyn̄,
Partonope and * kynge Loemers,*

4772 4776 4780 4784 4788

The King of France and Sornegour come to meet him.

Sornegour's vassals beg for pardon for having slain Mares.

4786. *MS.* Furfyn *or perhaps* Surfyn.
4788. and] *MS.* had ; *MS.* Leomers.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That he on̄ lyve was, above alle thing
They made grete Ioye, and yett they were
Foo Marres dethe gretly in feere.
Now be they come to Pountyfe 4772
To her kyng, and of his lyfe [lf. 35, bk.]
They be as gladde as they mow be.
Wyth hem they bring Partanope. 4775
The king of Fraunce oute of the town̄
Is ryden, and wyth hym a legyoun̄
Of his knyghtes, as syker as day, 4778
Wyth I-horsid and in freesh aray.
Of alle his Ooste they bere the floure.
And wyth hym rydys king Sornogoure,
Talking and speking of dyuers thinges.

And sone after haue they tithinges
That the Ooste of Sarasyns was nye.
And when the king of Fraunce hym sye, 4785
Afore hym alle Comyth king Fursyn *
And next hym Comyth king Fabouryn̄,
Partanope and king Loemers, 4788

l. 4786. *MS. rather* fursyn *than* sursyn.

*Rawl. MS.*

Was on lyve, aboue althynge
They made grete Ioye þere

For Marras dethe gretly In fere.
Nowe be þey come to Pountyfe, 4772
To hir kynge *and* of his lyfe.* [lf. 28.]
They be as glade as þey may be.
*With* hem þey brynge *Par*tonope. 4775
The kynge of France oute of þe towne
Ys redyn̄, *with* hym his alygyone,
Of his knyghtes, sekere as day,
Well̄ I-horssede *and* In noblay.
Of all̄ his oste þey bere þe floure. 4780
*With* hem was kynge *Sor*nogoure,
Talkynge *and* spekynge of dyuerse thynges.
And sone after haue þey tydynges
That þe oste of sarsons was nygh. 4784
When þe kynge of France hym sigh,

Afore hem all̄ comyth kynge Sursyn,
Nexte hym comyth kynge Fabryne,
*Par*tonope, *and* kynge Loemeres, 478

ll. 4772–78 *inverted in MS.*

And Marukyns,* a kynge fuƕ fers.
W*yth* hem come mony a worthy knygƕte.
These IIIJ. kynges on) here fete be lygƕte,
And come to Sornegowre, w*yth*-owte*n* les,
To crey hy*m* mercy, *and* axe here pes
Off þ*at* they had Mares Slayne.

The French rejoice to see Partonope again.

But lorde! the ffrenssƕe men) were fayne,
Whe*n* þe kynge had Partonope
In hy*s* possessione *and* in hy*s* sewerte.
Some lowhen), *and* some sterte,
And some wepte for tendernes of herte.
And Sornegowre was bo þe glaƕ *and* Ioyus
Off Partonope, *and* þ*er*-to desyrous
W*yth* hy*m* to speke, w*yth*-owte les.
But a-none þ*er* was so grette pres
To be-holde þ*ys* yonge Partonope,
Eche man) had Ioye on) hy*m* to se.
Some hy*m* welcome, *and* some hy*m* kysse,
The syghte of hy*m* here care made lesse.

The King receives the homage of the heathen,

The kynge of Fraunce taketh homage
Off alle þe heþyn), *and* þ*er*-to sure hostage,

4789. *MS.* Mavrekyns.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And Markynne, a king fuƕ feers,
Wyth hem come many a worthey knyght.
There foure kinges on) foote be lyght,
And come to Sornogoure wythouten) lees
To Crye hym Mercy and aske hym) pees
Of that they had Marres slayne.
But lorde! the frenchmen were fuƕ fayne,
When) the king had Partanope
In his possessyon) and in suerte.
Som) lowgehn), and Some strete,
And some wept for tendyrnesse of hert.
And Sornogoure was bothe gladde and Ioyouse
Of Partanope, and therto desyrouse
Wyth hym to speke, wyth-outen lees.
But there a-none was so grete prees
To be-holde this yong Partanope,
Eche man had Ioye on him to see.
Som) hym welcomed, some him kysse,
The syth of hym) her care made lesse,
The king of Fraunce tolde homage
And ther-to suer hostage,

*Rawl. MS.*

And Markyn, a kynge fuƕ fers.
W*ith* hem come many a worthy knyght.
These iiij kyng*es* on foote be light,
And come to *Sornogour*, w*ith*-out les,
To crye hym m*er*cy *and* aske hym pes
Of þ*at* þey hade Marras slayne.
But þe frenche men were fayne,
When) þe kynge hade *Partonope*
In his possession *and* In suerte.
Som lough*en*), *and* som sterte,
And som wepte for tend*er*nes of herte.
*Sornogour* was glade *and* Ioyeus
Of *Partonope and* þ*er*-to desyrus
W*ith* hym to speke, w*ith*-out les.
But þ*er* anone was so grete prese
To be-holde þis *Partonope*,
Eche man) hade Ioye hym to see.
Som hym welcomede, som hy*m* kyste,
The sight of hym þ*er* care made lesse.
The kynge of France toke omage,
And þ*er*-to sure ostage,

That they shulde hym bere feyth *and* trowþe,
And In hym shall neuer be slowþe
Fownden, but *in* trowþe here honowre
Euer he wolle safe, *and* þer-wyth Sornegowre,
When he herde þe deth of Mares,
He comawndethe hys men þat all þer pleys
Shulde cese *and* be putte *in* contynuawnce,
Whyll they were *in* þe Reme of Fraunce.
The kynge of Fraunce hath made an ende
Wyth all þes heþyn, *and* lefe to wende
He geuyth hem þorowe þe Remme of Fraunce,
Wyth-owte lettynge or dysturbaunce.
Atte þe departynge of thes ij. kynges, [leaf 60, back]
þe kynge of Fraunce geuyth grete þynges:
He gaffe hem golde, seluer, *and* corne,
And þat suche plente, þat neuer be-forne
In Fraunce was sene suche a coste,

and gives them leave to pass through the country.

He presents them with magnificent gifts,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That they shulde him bere fayth and trouth,
And in hym shall neuer be slouth
Founden, but that in thought thayre honoure [leaf 36]. 4812
Evyr he will saue, and therwyth Sornogoure,
When he herde the dede of armes,
He comaundyd his men that alle her plees
Shulde sees and be put in contynuaunce, 4816
Whiles they were in the Rewme of Fraunce,
For there they thought no lenger sogeourene,
But besy hem homward to retourene,*
For the king of Fraunce had made an ende
Wyth alle these hethen, and leve to wende
He yeuyth hem thurgh the Rewme of Fraunce, 4820
Wythouten letting or any dystaunce.
At the parting of these two kinges
The king of Fraunce yafe grete thinges:
He yafe golde, Seluer, and also Corne,
And that such plente as neuer be-forne
In Fraunce was seen such a cost, 4826

ll. 4818–19 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

That þey shulde hym bere feyth *and* trothe [leaf 28, back.
And In hem shall neuer be fonde slouthe,
Fonde, but In trouthe *and* honoure
Euer he will saue *and* þer-with Sornogoure, 4813
When he herde þe dede of armes,
He comondyth at all perelles
Shulde sece *and* put In contenewance,
Whyle þey were In the reme of France.
The kynge of France hade made ende
With all þis hethyn, *and* leve to wende
He yeuyth hem þorwe-out France, 4820
Without lettynge ore ony dystaunce.
And departyde of þis ij kynges,
The kynge of Fraunce yafe grete thynges:
He yafe golde, syluer, *and* also corne,
Soyche plente was neuer be-forne 4825
In France was sen soyche a coste,

Off corne suche plente, for all þe Oste
Was refreshed, yet more gaffe he : 4828
Clethes of golde *and* of sylke gret plente,
Horse, howndes, berys, and lyonys,
Goshawkys, sparohawkys, *and* ryalle facownys.

and assures Sornegour of his friendship.

Sornegowre suche frenshyppe he be-hyght, 4832
That homwarde *in* hert he ys gladde *and* lyght.
Affter þe kynge his yefftys alle
Hath I-geffe, boþe grette *and* smalle,
Be-þynketh hym grettely Partonope 4836
Whatte geftes beste geffe may he.
And for hys worshyppe shulde a-ryse
Grette geftys he gan to deuyse
And to departe so plentuosly, 4840
That men myght se so frely
Neuer man hys geftys gaffe.

Sornegour takes his departure, and the King of France leaves for Paris.

The heþyn kynge sownde *and* saffe
Hys lefe haþe taken, *and* streyght goþe he 4844
The nexte way *in*-to hys Cuntre.
The kynge of Fraunce be goode a-vyce
þe streyght way holdeth *in*-to Paryse.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of Corne suche plentee that alle the Ooste
Was refresshed, yet more yafe he : 4828
Clothes of golde and of Sylk grete plente,
Horsis, houndys, Berys, and lyouns,
Goshowkis, Sperhawkys, and ryall fawcouns.
Sornogoure such frendship he be-hyght
That homward in hert he ys gladde and lyght. 4833
After the king his yeftes alle
Had he yve, bothe grete and smalle,
Be-thinketh hym gretly now Partanope
What yeftes best yeve myght he. 4837
And for his worship shulde a-ryse,
Grete yeftes he ganne devyse,
And so to hem departe so plenteuously
That men myght se so fresshly 4841
Neuer man his yeftes yafe.
The hethen king sounde and safe,
His leve hath takyn, and Streyght gothe he 4844
The next way in-to his Countre.
The king of Fraunce by goode devyse
The streyght way holdyth to Pareys.

*Rawl. MS.*

Of corne soyche plente þat ilke oste
Was refresshede, yet yeve more he: 4828
Clothis of golde *and* sylke grete plente,
Hors, houndes, beris, lyons,
Goshaukes, sparehaukes, *and* royall facons. 4831
Sornogour soyche frenchipe he be-hight
That homwarde in hert is he light.
¶ After þe kynge hade gef his gyftes all
Hade he yeve, bothe grete *and* small,
Be-thynketh hym gretly þat Partonope
What yefte hym yeve myght he. 4837
And for his worchipe shulde aryse
Grete yeftes he gan devyse,
And to hem departyde so plentely 4840
That men myght se so freshly
Neuer man his yeftes yeve
The hethyn kynge sonde *and* saue
His leue hathe, *and* streight gothe he
The nexte wey In-to his contre. 4845
The kynge of France be good avyse
The streight wey to Parris holdyth he.

Wyth Sornegowre ys Partonope, 4848
And grette geftes nowe geuethe he
To hym *and* to all hys Oste,
þat wythowte a passynge coste
Alle men sayde hyt myghte not be. 4852
He was bothe manly, curteyse, *and* fre.
Ther was neyþer Erle, kynge, ne barowne,
Were he in fylde, Castelle, or towne,
þat he ne had gefftes grete. 4856
Hyt semed well he wolde not lette
Hym-selfe to worshyppe, for coste or dyspence. [leaf 61]
Also, for sothe, grette neclygens
Was neuer herborowed in hys persone,* 4860
He wyste so welle what was to done.
Ther was neyþer knyghte, ne squyer of price,
That they ne had gyfftes of good deuyse.
Þer-fore they thonked hym in hye wyse, 4864
And ther-to gaffe hym the pryce
Off manhode, fredome, *and* curtesey.
They cleped hym þe flowre of cheualrey;
For in hys geuynge he ofte hem prayde 4868

Partonope is highly praised for his generosity and courtesy.

4860. *MS.* prosone.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth Sornogoure ys Partanope 4848

[1]That wythoute a passyng Cooste
Alle men sayde hit myght not be. 4852
He was bothe manly, curteys, and free.
Ther was nouther king, Erle, ne baroun),
Were he In feelde, Castell or town),
That he ne had yeftes grete. 4856

Hym-self to worshiþ for cost or dyspence

Also sothely grete negligence
Was neuer founden In his persone, 4860
He wyst so well what was to done.
There ne was knyght, ne Squyer of pryce, [1 leaf 36, back]
That they ne hadde gyftes of goode devyce;
Where-fore they thanked hym in hye wyse, 4864
And therto gyffyn him so hye a pryse
Of manhode, fredom), and curtasye,
Of worshiþ, nurture, and Clevalrye;
For In his gyffing ofte he prayde 4868

*Rawl. MS.*

With Sornogoure is Partonope, 4848
And grete yeftes yeuyth he [leaf 29]
To hym *and* to all his oste,
That with-out a passenge coste
All men seyde it myght not be. 4852
He was wyse, manly, *and* fre.
Ther was neyþer erle ne barone,
Where he In felde, castell, ore towne,
That he ne hade yeftes grete. 4856
Hit semyde well he wolde not lete
Hym-selfe to worchipe for ony dyss-pence.
Also sothly grete neck[l]egennce
Was neuer founde In his persone, 4860
He wyste so well what he hade to done.
Ther ne was squyre, ne knyght of pryse,

But þey hade yeftes of good devyse,

Where-for þey thanke hem In here wyse, 4864
And þer-to gyfe hym so hye enpryse
Of manhode, fredom, *and* cortesey;

For In his praynge he hym prayde

Off here goode frenshyppe, *and* þer-*wyth* sayde,
Yeffe eue*r* hy*t* lay *in* hy*s* lotte eny þynge
That hem myghte do ese or plesynge,
He wolde be euer redy to do. 4872
The heþen) on) the other syde also
Hym þonked grettely, bothe moste *and* leste,
Off hys grette yeftes *and* hy*s* be-heste.
Sornegour and Partonope part like brothers. Butte whe*n* Sornegowre *and* Partonope 4876
Alle-gate shulde departed be,
And eche shulde take leue of other,
They wepte as þowe broþe*r* *and* broþe*r*
For eue*r* shulde departe on) tweyne. 4880
Sornegowre sayde, þowe he myghte wynne
Atte one worde alle Turkye *and* Fraunce,
He had leue*r* haue þe Allyawnce
Off yonge Partonope þan\ þat to Ioye, 4884
" And nowe I wotte welle, departe fro yow *
I moste nedys, þys ys the ffyne."
Fursin, And þer-*wyth* he wepte, *and* þen kynge Fursyne *

4884–85. *Three points in MS. after* Partonope *and* welle.
4885. yow] *MS.* ye. 4887. *MS.* Furfyne.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of his good frendshiꝑ, and therwyth sayde
Yeff eue*r* in his lotte lay any thing
That he myght do ease or Ellis plesing,
He wolde ben) redy eue*r* to do. 4872
The hethen) on) the tother syde also
Hym thanked gretly, bothe mooste and lest,
Of his grete yeeftes and his be-heeste.
But whan) Sornogoure and Partanope
Algate shulde de-partyd be, 4877
And eche shulde take leve of other,
They wept as they had be Brother and brother
That eue*r* they shulde departe a-twynne. 4880
Sornogoure sayd: "Though I myght wynne
At one worde alle Turky and eke Fraunce,
I had lever haue the delyaunce
Of yow Partanope than that to Ioye now. 4884
And now I wote well departed fro yow
I mote nedys, this ys the ffyne."
And ther-wyth he wepte, and than) king Surseyn)

*Rawl. MS.*

Of his frenchipe, *and* yet wi*th* seyde
Yef eue*r* in his lot lay onythynge
That hym myght do eyse ore plesynge,
He wolde be redy eue*r* to do. 4872
The hethyn on þe toþe*r* syde also
Hym thanketh gretly, moste and leste,
Of his grete yefte *and* his heste.
But when) Sornogo*ur* *and* Partonope
Algate shulde depa*r*tyde be, 4877
And iche shulde take leue of oþe*r*,
They wepte as þey hade ben broþe*r*,
That þey shulde depa*r*te atwyne. 4880
Sornogo*ur* seyde: "þough I myght wyne
At on worde Torkey *and* Frau*n*ce,
I hade leue*r* þy dalyance
Of you Partonope þen þat Ioye nowe.
And nowe I wi*th* depa*r*te fro you, 4885
I moote nede*s*, þis is þe fyne."
Ther-*with* he wepte, *and* þen Sursyn)

Come, *and* w*yth* hy*m* kynge Loemers *
And kynge Fabur[i]nes, þey had no perys,
For kynges they were alle thre,
And come to speke w*yth* Partonope.
Fryste of all spake Fursyne * þe kynge
To Partonope, *and* sayde: "Of one þynge
We wolle yowe pray, *and* þat eche-one,
Ye wolle vs conselle what were to done."
"Syre," sayde Fursyne,* "þ*ys* ys no les, [lf. 61, bk.]
Ye wotte welle þ*at* ded ys Mares,
And Gode wotte not þurghe owre defawte,
For falsely vppon yowe he made a-sawte
A-yenste þe a-corde of owre parleme*n*te.
Ther swore * we alle be one assente
The ffylde to kepe well *and* trewly
That no man shulde be so hardy
To entermete hym on eyþ*er* partye.
And thus sware * Mares as well as I.
And þen we sawe h*yt* myghte not ffayle
That þe vyctorye of þ*ys* batayle

Loemer and Faburin explain to Partonope that, as keepers of the place, they have thought it just to put Mares to death.

4888. *MS.* Leomers.
4892–96. *MS.* Furfyne.
4901. swore] *MS.* fore.
4905. sware] *MS.* swake.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Come, and wyth hym king Loemers,
And king Faburnyns, they had a prees,
For kinges they were alle there,
[1]And come to speke wyth Partanope.
Furst of alle spake Sursyn the king
To Partanope, and sayd: "Of oo thing [1 leaf 37]
We wollde yow pray, and that echone,
Ye wolde vs counsayle what were to done."
"Sir," Sayde Fursyn, "this ys no lees,
Ye wote wele that dede ys Marres,
And God wote not thorow oure defaute,
For flasly vpon yow he made assaute
Ayen the acorde of oure parlament.
There swere we alle by one assent
The feelde to kepe wele and truly
That no man shulde be so hardy
To entormete hym on neyther parte.
And this swere Marres as wele as we.
And thanne we sye this myght not fayle
That the victori of this batayle

*Rawl. MS.*

Come, *and* with hym Loem*ers*.

Firste of all spake Sursyn þe kynge[1]
[1 leaf 296]
To Partonope and seyde: "Of othynge
We will you praye, *and* þat ichone,
Ye wolde vs counsell what to don."

¶ "Sir," seyde Sursyn, "þis is no lesse,
Ye wot well þat dede is Marras,
And not þorwe oure defaute,
For falsly made on you de saute,
A-yen þe corde of oure parlemente.
There swere we all by on sente
The felde to kepe well *and* truly
That no man shulde be so hardy
To entermete on neyþer parte.
This sware Marras well as we.
Then we se we myght not faill

That þe victory of þis batail

Moste nedes falle to yowre syde. 4908
Thys Mares wolde no lenger a-byde :
He toke no hede of othe ne allegeawnce,
Butte enteryd þe lystes, *and* gret dysturbawnce
Made, for he wolde rescowe *hys* lorde, 4912
A-geyne þe ordynavnce *and* þe accorde
Off alle þe lordes of bothe partye.
Where[-fore] me þynketh, syr, trulye,
Suche as were kepers of þe place 4916
To suche one shulde do no grace,
Butte done hym lawe * *and* hye Iustyce.
So dude we, *and* þus *in* þys wyse
Ys dede þat fals Erle Mares, 4920
That brake hys othe *and* eke owre pes.
And þer-fore, yef any man wolde [say] þat y *
In thys case dude ffelonye,
Or ony of vs, þe contrary to proue 4924
I am redy." *And* þer-wyth hys gloue

Partonope answers that all troubles are now over.

He threwe downe ; *and* Partonope
Toke vp þe gloue, *and* þen sayde he :
"Off alle þys stryfe ys made a ende. 4928

4918. lawe] *MS.* grace. 4922. y] *MS.* ye.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Must nedes falle on youre syde. 4908
This Marres wolde no lenger a-byde :
He toke no hede of othe ne leygeaunce,
But Entryd the lystes, and grete distrourbaunce
Made, for he wolde rescow his lorde,
Agayn) the ordinaunce and acorde 4913
Of alle the lordis of bothe party.
Where-fore me thinkes truly
Such as were kepers of the place 4916
To such one shulde do no grace,
But do hym lawe and eke Iustyse.
So dyd we, and thus in this wyse
Ys dede that fals Erle Marres, 4920
That brake his othe and eke oure pees.
And therfore, yeff any man) wylle say that we
In this caas dyd ffelonee, 4923
Or ony of vs, the contrayri to prove
I am) redy," and therwyth his glove
He threw down) ; and Partanope 4926
Toke vp the glove, and then) sayde he :
"Of alle this stryfe ys made an ende.

*Rawl. MS.*

Moste nedes fall on youre syde. 4908
This Marras wolde no lenger abyde :
He toke none hede of oure legaunce,
But enterde *and* made dysstorbaunce
Be-cause he wolde rescowe his lorde,
A-gayne þe ordenance *and* þe acorde
Of all þe lorde[s] of bothe partye.
Where-fore me thynketh truly
Soyche as were kepe[r]s of þe place 4916
To soyche on sholde do no grace,
But do hym lawe *and* eke Iustyce.
So dede we, *and* In þis wyse
Ys dede þat false erle Marras, 4920
That brake oure othe *and* oure pes.
And yef ony man) sey þat we
In þis case dyde felonye,
Ore ony of vs, þe contrary to prove 4924
I am redy." *And* þer-with his gloue
He drewe downe ; *and* Partonope
Toke vpe þe gloue, *and* þen seyde he :
"Of all þis stryfe is made ende. 4928

Eche man ys kyste *and* oþer frynde,
And eche ys shapen to hys cuntre.
Lette aⱨ þes nedeles rehersales be."
And wyth þys Partonope haþe take 4932
Hys leue, *and* ther-wyth the heþen make [leaf 62]
Grette heuynes at hys departynge.
And þen he prayeth Gode hem brynge
Safe *and* welle in-to there cuntre. 4936
And thus wyth worshyppe departeth he.
And here-wyth-alle Partonope
The streyght way to Bloys takyth he.
NOwe ys Partonope come to Bloys 4940
And on a day a-pon * hys deys
A-monge hys meyne atte mete he sete
Alle heuy, *and* neyþer dranke ne ete,
Butte sette hys eyen in a place, 4944
And neuer hem remeuyd of a grette space.
Butte hys mayne grette Ioye made,
Etyn, *and* dronken, *and* were ryght glade.
And aⱨ-wey sate Partonope heuy, 4948

The heathen depart, and Partonope returns to Blois.

One day, Partonope sits silent on the daïs, heavy at heart, and thinking of Melior.

4941. *MS.* a pon a day on ; of *crossed out before* on.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Eche man ys kyst, and others frende,
[1]And eche man in-to his Contree.
Leete alle these nedeles rehersayles be." [1 leaf 37, back]
And wyth these wordys Partanope hath take 4932
His leve, and therwyth the hethen make
Grete heuenesse at his departing.
And then they prayde God hym bring
Safe and wele to his contree. 4936
And Thus wyth worshiꝑ departyd he.
And there-wyⱨt-alle Partanope
The stryght way to Bloys taketh he.
NOw ys Partanope comen to Bloys,
And in a day vpon his deys 4941
Amonge his meyne at mete he sate
Alle heuyly, and nother dranke ne ete,
But sett his yen in a place, 4944
And neuer hem remeved on a grete space.
But his meyne grete Ioye made,
Ethen, and dranken, and were ryght glade.
Alle-way sate Partanope hevyly, 4948

*Rawl. MS.*

Eche man is kyste *and* oþer frende,
And iche man In-to his contre.
Let aⱨ þis nedles rehersaⱨ be."

And *with* þis worde *Par*tonope hathe take [leaf 30] 4932
His leue, *and* þer-*with* þe hethyn make
Grete heuynes at his dep*ar*tynge.
Then þey pr*a*yede God hym brynge
Safe *and* weⱨ In-to her contre. 4936
And þus *with* worchipe dep*ar*tyde he,
And here *with*-aⱨ *Par*tonope
The streight wey to Bloyes toke he.
¶ Nowe is *Par*tonope come to Bloyes,
And on a day vppon þe doyes 4941
Amonge his meyne at met he sat
Aⱨ hevely, *and* noþer dranke ne ete,
But set his eye In o place, 4944
And not hem remevyde a grete space.

But his meyne grete Ioye made ;
They ete *and* dranke, *and* were glade.

Aⱨ-wey sat *Par*tonope hevely, 4948

þynkynge *in* hys herte besely
Off ffayre Melyowre, hys ladye ffre,
Howe longe þe tyme ys syn þat he
Hade be owte of hyr syghte,
And also *in* whate wyse he myghte
W*yth*-owten any other-ys offence
Sonneste come to here presence.

His mother wonders at his heaviness,

Hys moder on hym faste gan loke,
And of hys chere grette hede toke.
She had grette mervayle for * why *and* whatte
þe cause was so heuy þat he Sate,
Her dere sone Partonope.

and asks him the reason of it.

Fulle mekely to hym þus sayde she :
'My ffayre sone, ye wotte well thys,
In alle þys worlde a-lyue þer nys
þynge þat better loued shulde be,
Ne trusted neyþer, as þynketh me,
Then of a chylde shulde be þe moder.
For eche of vs shulde lofe so other,
That ther shulde none heuynes be
In yowre herte, þat a-none to me
Ye shulde dyscouer *and* playnely sey.

4958. for] *MS. and.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thenking in his hert besyly
Of fayre Melior, his lady free,
How longe hit ys sythen, that he
Had ben oute of her syght,
And also in what wyse he myght
Wythouten any other offynce
Sunnest come to her presence.
His moder on hym gan fast looke,
And of his cheere grete hede tooke.
She had grete mervayle for why and what [1 leaf 38]
The cause was so hevy and made
Hir dere Son sate, Partanope.
Fulle mekely to hym thus sayde She :
"My fayre Son, ye wote well this,
In alle the worlde on lyve there nys
Thing that better loved shulde be,
Ne trusted neyter, as thenkith me,
Than of the childe shulde be the modyr.
For eche of vs shulde so love other,
That ther shulde none hevynesse be
In youre hert, that anone to me
Ye shulde dyscouer and playnly say.

*Rawl. MS.*

Thynkynge In his hert besely
On fayre Melyore, his lady fre,
Howe longe it is þat sethe þat he
Hade ben out of here sight,
And also In what wyse he myght
W*ith*-out ony o*þer* offence
Sonneste come to here presence.
His mod*er* faste on hym gan loke,
And of his chere grete hede toke.
She seyde m*er*vell for why *and* what
The cause was so heuy *and* mate
Her dere son sat, P*ar*tonope.
Fulle mekely to hym þus seyde she :
" My fayre son, ye wot well þus,
In all þe worlde alyue þer nys
Thynge þat bet*er* louyde shulde be,
Ne trustede neyþer as thynketh me,
Then of þe childe shulde be þe mod*er*.
For iche of vs shulde shulde loue so o*þer*
That þer shulde no heuynes be
In youre hert, but anone to me
Ye shulde discou*er and* playnly sey.
[lf. 30, b.]

Ye haue sete nowe thes owres twey
Ryghte pensyfe *and* In grette heuynesse. [leaf 62, back] 4972
Tellethe me nowe yowre grette dystresse.
Ye seme a man), as þynketh me,
That grettely w*yth* loue vulnerate be,
And þat yowre herte w*yth*-owte varyaunce 4976
Ys hole i*n* yowre loues gou*er*naunce.
I conivre yowe, yeff h*y*t so be,
þe verey trowþe ye telle to me,
By þe feythe þat a goode chylde owe 4980
To h*y*s moder, *and* lette me knowe
The verey trowþe, *and* yeff ye be
In grette dystresse, playnely telle me.
And yeff ye haue cause to be seke or heyle, 4984
I may yowe ese w*yth* my conseyle."
" MOder," þen sayde Partonope,
"I wotte ryghte well truly þat ye
Loue me a-boue all erþely þynge. 4988
Ther-fore atte yowre comawndynge
I moste nedes obeysaunte be.

He seems to be in love.

Partonope confesses that he has a love.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye haue sett now this two mylevay
Ryght pensyfe and in grete heuynesse.
Telle me now what is youre dystresse.
Ye seme a man, as thenketh me, 4974
That gretly wyth love taken be,
And that youre hert wythouten varyaunce 4976
Is holly in youre loves gouernaunce,
I yow coniure, yf hit so be,
The verray trouthe that ye telle me,
By the fayth that a goode childe owe *
To his Moder, and lette me knowe 4981
The verray trought, and yeff ye be
In grete distresse, pleynly telle hit me.
And yeff ye haue cause to be seeke or hayle 4984
I may yow ease wyth my counsayle."
"MOder," sayde Partanope,
"I wote right wele truly that ye
Love me a-bove alle erthly thing. 4988
There-fore to youre commaundyng
I mote nede obeysaunt be.

ll. 4980–81 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye haue set þis ij myle wey
Right pensefe *and* In grete heuynes.
Telle me nowe youre dysstres. 4973
Ye seme a man), as thynkes me,
That gretly w*ith* loue take be,
And þat youre hert w*ith*-out varyaunce
Ys holy In youre loves gou*er*naunce.
I you conIoyre, yef it so be,
The verry trothe þat ye telle me,
Be þe feyth þat a childe sholde owe 4980
To his mod*er*, *and* let me knowe
The verry trouthe, *and* yef ye be
In grete dysstres, playnly telle me.
Yef ye haue cause to be seke ore heyle,
I may you eyse w*ith* my counsaille."
¶ "Mod*er*," þen seyde Partonope,
"I wot right well truly þat ye
Love me aboue all erthly thynge. 4988
There-fore to youre comondynge
I moste nedes obey-sante be.

And also ye haue coniured me
To telle wheder I haue [a loue] or none. 4992
Þe soþe I wolle sey, so motte I gone.
Trewlye, moder, a loue I haue,
That vnder heuen, se Gode me saue,
All the riches have come from her. Haþe no man) suche one of heye noblesse. 4996
Frome hyr come alle þys grette rychesse
That In þes someres was broghte w*yth* me,
Off golde *and* syluer so grette plente.
As she luste, she may me gye; 5000
She haþe of me the Senorye." *
Then) seyde h*ys* moder: "Blessed be þ*at* lorde
þ*at* *in* gou*er*naunce haþe aƚƚ þe worlde,
And geffe *grace* þ*at* for þe beste h*yt* be."— 5004
"Amen)," answered Partonope.
He cannot tell whether she is fair. "Ys she ryghte ffayre, my sone? telle me."—
"For sothe I notte, moder," sayde he.
"Thys ys mervayle, be Gode aƚƚ-myghte. 5008
So moche as ye haue had þe syghte

5001. *MS.* Sonorye.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And also ye haue coniuret me
To telle whether I haue a love or none. 4992
The sothe I wylle say, so mote I gone.
Truly, moder, a love I lave,
That vndyr hevyn), so God me save,
Hath no man) such one of high noblesse. 4996
From) her come alle this grete Rychesse
That in this Somers ys brought wyth me,
Of golde and Syluer so grete plente.
And as her lust She may me gye, 5000
She hath of me the seygnorye."
THanne sayde his Modyr: "Yblessid be that lorde
That in gouernaunce hath alle the worlde,
And yeve grace that for the best hit be."— 5004
"Amen," answerid Partanope.—
"Is She ryght fayre? my Son), telle me."— [1 leaf 38, back]
1 "For sothe, modyr, I note," sayde he.
"This ys mervayle, by God almyght.
So moche as ye haue had a syght 5009

*Rawl. MS.*

And also ye haue conIourede me
To teƚƚ wheþ*er* I love ere none. 4992

The sothe I wiƚƚ sey, so mot I gon.
Truly, mod*er*, a loue I haue,
That vnd*er* hevyn), so God me saue,
Hathe no man) of soyche nobiƚƚnes. 4996

Fro her come aƚƚ þis Ryches
That In þis som*ers* I brought w*ith* me,

Of golde *and* syluer grete plente.
And as she lyste she may gyde me; 5000
She hathe of me þe sou*er*aynete."
Then seyde þe mod*er*: "Blyssede be þ*at* lorde
That In gou*er*naunce hathe þe worlde,

And yef *grace* þ*at* for þe beste it be."

"Amen)," answerde Partonope. 5005
"Ys she fayre? my son, teƚƚ me."—

"For sothe, mod*er*, I not," seyde he.
"This is m*er*veƚƚ, be God aƚƚ-myght.
So moche as ye haue a sight [lf. 31] 5009

Off hyr, *and* also þe repayre [leaf 63]
In here howse, where she ys ffayre,
Or ells nay, ye can) not telle ?"—
"For soþe, moder, alle-þowe I dwelle
In her howse, boþe day *and* nyght̃e,
Off her had I neu*er* yette þe syght̃e.
For she haþe geffe me *in* charge,
þowe I be fro hyr *and* atte large,
I shulde neu*er* besy be
In no wyse her to se,
Tylle she fully a-corde *þer*-to.
And a-geyne her comawndement wyH I not do."
"FAyre sone," seyde she, "hyt ys beste
Thatte ye kepe alle her be-heste,
And þat ye do alle your ententé
To p*ar*forme alle her comawndeme*n*te.
Dyscouer hyr conselle *in* no wyse,
Butte besy yowe to do hyr seruyse.
And spare not for besynes ne labowre.
þynke she haþe done yowe grette honowre.
And I pray Gode, þat syttetH a-boue,

His Lady has forbidden him to try to see her.

The mother says he must obey his Lady.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of her, and also haue had repayre
In her hous, where She be fayre, 5011
Or ellis nay, ye canne not telle ?"—
"For sothe, modyr, alle-though I dweH
In hyr hous, bothe day and nyght,
Of her had I yett neuer no syght.
For She hath geffen me in charge,
Though I be from) hir at large, 5017
I shulde nevir besy be
In no wyse hir to see,
Tylle She fully a-corde therto. 5020
Agayn her comaundement wylle I not doo."
"FAyre Son)," sayde She, "hit ys the best
That ye kepe alle her by-heest.
And that ye do alle youre entent 5024
To parforme hir comaundement.
Dyscouer her counsayle in no wyse,
And besy yow to do hir Servysse.
Spare not for besynesse of labour*e*.
Thenkyth She hath do yow ryght grete honour*e*, 5029
And pray God, that sytteth a-bove,

*Rawl. MS.*

Of hir, *and* also hade repayre 5010
In hir how[s]e, howe where she be fayre,

In her howse, both day *and* nyght,
Of hir hade I yet neu*er* no sight.

For she hathe yeve me In charg*e*, 5016
Though I be fro hir *and* at large,
I shulde neu*er* besye be
In no wyse here to see,
TiH she fully acorde *þer*-to. 5020
Ayen her como*n*de-ment wiH I not do."

"A sone," seyde she, "it is þe beste
That ye kepe aH her beheste,
And *þer*-to youre entente 5024
To p*ar*forme her como*n*demente.
Dyscou*er* her counseH In no wyse,
And besye you to do here *se*ruyse.
Spare not for no man*er* of labure. 5028
Thynkyth she hathe do you honoure.

And I pr*a*ye God, þat Syttyth aboue,

ll. 5014–15 *inverted in MS.*

Yeffe yowe *grace* eue*r* to loue
Yowre lady, *and* no wyse forfette
He intends returning to her on the next day. My fayre sone, whe*n* þynke ye w*yth* her to mete?"—
"To-morowe, moder, efter none,
Whe*n* I haue dyneđ, þynke I to gon.
My mayne I wyll w*yth* yowe lette,
I wolle no frynde I haue þ*ys* wytte;
For, moder, I wolle gone all a-lone."—
"Ye wotte beste, sone, what ys to done.
Goue*r*ne yowe after yo*ur* entente,
And br[e]ke not her comawndeme*n*te.
And kepe yo*ur* conselle fro eue*r*y wyghte.
For on my syde, be Gode almyghte,
Hyt shall be kepte fro eue*r*y man.
And conseil I wolle yowe as I can."
Sorrowful, the mother goes to the King, and complains that her son has been lost by the devil's enchantments. The moder *and* þe sone departed be.
An heuy woman *in* herte ys she.
To h*ys* conselle þow she a-corde, [leaf 63, back]
Her hert ys full fer fro her worde.
To [þe] kynge of Fraunce ys she gonne.
"Syr," she sayde, "What may I done,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Yeve yow grace that neuer the love
Of youre lady in no wyse ye foryete.
My fayre Son, when think ye wyth her mete?"—
"To-morow, modyr, after none,
When I haue dyned, than thinke I gone.
My meyne wyth yow I wyll lete,
I wyll no frende I haue hit wete;
For, moder, I wylle gone alle a-lone."—
"Ye wote best, Son, what ys to done.
Gouern yow after her entent,
And breke not her coma[n]dement.
And kepe your counsayle from euery wight.
And on my syde, by God Almyght,
Hit shall be kept from euery man.
I shall hit kepe as wele as I can."

5045. *Between leaf* 38 *and leaf* 39 *one leaf has been torn out.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Yeve you *grace* þat neuer þe love
Of youre lady In no wyse for-yete.
Sone, when thynke ye w*ith* here to mete?"—
"To-morwe, mode*r*, at after-none,
When I haue dyenede, þen thynke I gon.
My meyne w*ith* you I will let,
I will no frende I haue it wyte;
For, mode*r*, I will gon alone."—
"Ye wot, son, beste what is to done.
Goue*r*ne you afte*r* hir entente,
And breke not here comon*d*emente.
Kepe youre counseil fro eue*r*y wight,
[1 leaf 31, back]
And on my syde, be God all-myght,
Hit shall be kepte fro eue*r*y man.
I shall it kepe as well as I can."
¶ The mode*r* *and* þe sone depa*r*tyde be.
An heuy woman In hert is she.
[1]To his counseil þought she acorde,
Her hert is full ferre fro hir worde.
To þe kynge of France is she gon.
"Sir," she seyde, "what may I done,

I sorowfulle wrecħe *and* wofulle caytyfe? 5052
I may be sory I am on) lyfe.
Ther was neu*er* woman had suche a harme:
My sone ys loste by crafte of charme,
Alle by þe deuyllys Enchauntemente. 5056
My sone ys lore, *and* I am shente."
Ther-w*yth* a-none þe kynge of Fraunce, The King takes her with him into a chamber,
In whome wes alle hyr affyaunce,
Toke hyr to hy*m* fulle goodely; 5060
And in-to a chamber preuely
They wente to-geder, þ*er* as she
Myghte telle hyr co*m*playnte, *and* no man se.
And þer she wepte wonderly sore 5064
Er þ*at* she myghte sey won) worde more.
Whe*n* she lefte hyr wepynge, and here the mother, after many tears, explains that Partonope in the Ardennes met a fairy,
þese wordes she sayde to þe kynge:
"Syr," she sayde, "I can not se 5068
Butte ye * haue loste Partonope.
Whe*n* he wes loste i*n* yowre fforestes,
In Ardern) a-monge þe wylde bestes,
Ther drewe to hy*m* a þynge of ffeyre, 5072
As þowe hy*t* had ben) a woman) or a ladye,
And bade hy*m* of goode comforte for to be,
And be-hyghte also þ*at* she
Shulde brynge hy*m* owte of dysese. 5076
And w*yth* hyr wordes so hy*m* duđ plese,
And geffe hy*m* þ*at* tyme of hauer,

5069. ye] *MS.* I.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

I wofull wreche *and* caytyfe? 5052
I am sory I am on lyue.
There was neu*er* woman) hade soych harme: *.
For my sone is loste be crafte *and* charme,
All be þe deviłł entysemente." 5056
Ther-w*ith* anone þe kynge of Frau*n*ce,
In whom was here affyau*n*ce,
Here to hym he toke full goodly; 5060
And In-to a chambir full prevely
They went to-ged*er*, þ*er* as she
Might tell here complaynt *and* no man se.
And þ*er* she wepte wond*er*ly sore 5064
Ore þ*at* she myght sey ij word*es* more.
And when she lefte hir wepynge,
Þis word*es* she seyde to þe kynge:
"Sir," she seyde, "I can not see 5068
But ye haue loste Partonope.
When he was loste In youre fores*tes*,
In Arderne amonge þe wilde best*es*,
There drewe to hym thynge of fayre,
As it were a woman) ore a lady, 5073
And bade hym of comforte be,
And be-hight hym well þ*at* she
Shulde hym brynge out of dysseyse. 5076
And w*ith* her word*es* so hym dyde plese,
And yaf hym þ*er*-to grete avere,

And he *in* þat tyme was *in* grette fere.
who made him her lover, at the same time forbidding him the sight of her. He made *wyth* hyr covenaunte
To be hyr loue *and* hyr seruante.
He louethe * hyr beste of any creature.
Yette of hur *per*sone, shappe, ne fygure,
*Wyth* hys eyen he neue*r* [had] syghte trewly.
þys ys, me þynketh, a *mer*velowse ffoly.
Off hyr he hath alle maner plesawnce. [leaf 64]
þus ys he broghte *in* þe deuyllys dawnce.
She hath defended hy*m* in alle degre
He shulde not besy hym here to se.
And þus I see welle he ys butte lore.
He is now going back to the fairy. And yette y sey yowe furthermore,
He bydethe no lenger þe*n* to-morowe none.
He shapythe hy*m* towarde here to gone.
Thus ys he loste, syr, what sey ye?
For Goddys loue, syr, consellythe me.
I haue be-þoghte me of won þynge
Yeffe h*y*t were to yowre plesynge.
Wolle ye here nowe my devyse?
I wolle be ruled at yowre a-vys.
The King has, however, a lovely niece who might serve her purpose. Ye haue a nece, syr," she sayde,
"That ys to mary, *and* ys a mayde,
Wyche hathe passynge grette * beawte.
And þe*r*-to, syr, ye wotte well þat she
Ys well nerysshed, co*n*nynge, *and* wyse.
Trewly me þynketh she berythe þe pryse

5082. louethe] *MS.* þynkethe. 5102. *MS.* grette passynge.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

And þat tyme was In grete fere.
He made *with* here a couenante
To be hir loue *and* hir *se*ruaun*te*.
He louyth her beste of ony creture.
Yet of hir shape ne figure,
*With* his eyen he neue*r* sey.
This me thynketh grete folye. [1 leaf 32]
Of her he hathe all man*er* plesaun*ce*.
[1]Thus is he brought In þe devil*les*dau*nce*.
She hathe defendyde hym In all degre
He shulde not besye hym here to see.
Thus I see he his but lore.
And yet I sey forther-more,
He byte no leng*er* þen to-morwe none.
He por*p*osethe hym to here gone.
Thus is he loste, *sir*, what sey ye?
For Godd*es* loue, som counsell gyf me.
I haue be-þought me of o thynge,
Yef it were to you plesynge.
Will ye here nowe my devyse?
I will be rulede be youre avyse.
Ye haue a nyce, *sir*," she seyde,
"That is to marye, *and* is a mayde,
Whiche hathe passynge grete beute.
Ther-to, *sir*, I wot well þat she
Ys well nortured, cony[u]ge *and* wyse,
Truly me thynke she beryth þe pryse

5103. ye *crossed out before* she.

Off alle maydenys *in* þe reme of Fraunce.
Yeffe ye a-corde to hys allyawnce,
Yeff ye wolle þus sende for hy*m* a-none, 5108
I shalle telle yowe how þ*ys* shaⱡⱡ gone.
I moste haue ij. pottys of wyne; A potent drink will make him change his mind.
H*yt* moste be goode *and* Inle ffyne.
þ*e* tone I shalle i*n* þ*ys* wyse a-ray: 5112
Yeff my sone þ*er*-off assay
A drawȝte or tweyne, I wotte ryghte weⱡⱡ
H*ys* þoȝte shaⱡⱡ chaunge eue*ry* delle.
Yowre nece to yowe þe wyne shalle brynge, 5116 The King's niece is to bring the wine.
But drynketh not þ*er*-off for no-þynge.
Yowre nece þ*er*-off shalle drynke I-nowe.
þe to þ*er* potte shalle be for yowe.
And lette he*m* twayne to-geder speke; 5120
I kepe here dalyance no man) * breke.
And thys I howpe alle shalle be welle."
The kynge answeryd: "I graunte eche delle. [leaf 64, back] The King agrees to her plan,
H*yt* ys wysdome a man h*ys* frynde to wynne 5124
Where þorowe ffoly they shulde twynne,
Be what crafte h*yt* eue*r* may be."
And þ*er*-wyth a-none for Partonope
He sent a-none i*n* alle þe haste, 5128 and sends for Partonope.
Chargynge hy*m* he shulde faste
Come to hy*m*, alle þynges lefte.
Partonope a-bode tylle efte
Off h*ys* Iorney *and* off aⱡⱡ h*ys* þynge, 5132

5121. *MS. adds* dyd *before* breke.

*Rawl. MS.*

Of maydens aⱡⱡ as In Frau*n*ce.
Yef ye acorde to þis alyau*n*ce,
Yef ye wiⱡⱡ sende for hym anone, 5108
And I shaⱡⱡ teⱡⱡ you howe ye shaⱡⱡ done.
I moste haue ij pott*es* of wyne;
Hit moste be good *and* Inly fyne.
The tone I shaⱡⱡ In þis wyse array: 5112
Yef my son þ*er*-of assay
A draught ore ij, I wot Right weⱡⱡ
His þought shaⱡⱡ change eue*ry* deⱡⱡ.
Youre nyce to you þe wyne shaⱡⱡ brynge,
But drynketh not þ*er*-of for nothynge.
Youre nyce I-nowe shaⱡⱡ drynke þ*er*-of,
The to þ*er* pa*r*te shaⱡⱡ þ*er*-in leue.
And let iche to o þ*er* speke; 5120
I kepe here dalyance no man breke.
Thus I hope aⱡⱡ shaⱡⱡ be weⱡⱡ."
The kyng answerde: "I gr*æ*unt iche deⱡⱡ. [leaf 32, back]
Hit is wysdom a man his frende to wyne, 5124
Ther þorwe foly þey shuⱡⱡ atwyne,
Be what crafte þ*at* eue*r* it be."
Ther-w*ith* anone for P*a*rtonope
He sent a man) in haⱡⱡ þe haste, 5128
Chargynge hym he shulde faste
Come to hym, aⱡⱡ thynge lefte.
P*a*rtonope abode tiⱡⱡ efte
Of his Iorney *and* of aⱡⱡ thynge, 5132

And In grette haste come to þe kynge.
Partonope comes. When he was come, þe kynge a-none
To a wyndowe *wyth* hym dyde gone,
And ther they fylle in mery talkynge 5136
Off dyuerse þynges; *þer-wyth* þe kynge
Bade alle men owte of þe chamber goo,
Safe the ladye and they too,
The maiden bars the door. And þe mayde, wyche rose vp faste, 5140
And after hem barred þe dore *in* haste.
Thys fayre mayde, wyche ys to marye,
Description of the maiden's beauty. Her bewte dyscry fayne wolde I
Affter þe sentence off myne auctowre. 5144
Butte I pray yowe of *þys* grette labowre
I mote at *þys* tyme excused be,
Off þe ffeture to reherse þe bewte.
She is eighteen years of age, Xviij. yere she wes of age, 5148
Semely of stature, borne of hye parage.
Hur herte was sette grettely *in* on þynge
To be ffreshe a-rayed in clo*þ*ynge,
fond of fine attire, Enbrowded *wyth* perle *in* strawnge wyse. 5152
*þer* cowde hy*t* no man lyghtely deuyse
To telle owte playnely here entente.
Here forehede was brod, here browes bente,
Hyr here was bloye, streyghte wes hur nose, 5156
Hur colowre rody lyke to the rose.
Off sangweyne was hur complexione,
þe here of hur browes were sum-dele browne,
The skynne of hur necke was lyly whyte. 5160
She wes not lene, but flesly a lyte. [leaf 65]

---

*Rawl. MS.*

And in grete haste come to þe kynge.
When he was come, þe kynge anone
To a wyndowe *with* hym dyde gon,
And *þer* þey fatt In many talkynge 5136
Of dyuerse *materis*; *and þer-with* þe kynge
Bade att men out of chambir goo,
Safe þe lady *and* þey two,
And þe mayde, whiche rose faste, 5140
And barrede þe dore þen In haste.
This fayre mayde, which is to marye,
His beute dyscrye wolde I
After þe sentence of myn auto*r*. 5144
But I pra*y*e you of þis labure
That I may at þis tyme excusede be
Of eue*r*y fetture to reherse þe beute.
xviii yere she was of age, 5148
Symly of stature, borne of high pa*r*age.
Hir hert was set gretly In o thynge
To be freshe arrayde In clothynge,
Enbrawderde pa*r*te in strange wyse.
To tell out playnly hir avyse, 5153
Her forhede brode *and* streight nose,
Hir coloure rede lyke a rose.
Of sangwen her complexcion, 5158
The here of he*r*e browis were browne,
The shyn of hir nyke was lytty whyte.
She was not lene, but flesshly a lyte.

Smale armes she had *and* hondys ffayre,
She was curteyse, lowly, *and* debonayre.
Clethed she was In samette ffyne,
Atte hur owne delyte welle shapyn.
She was sette in ffreshenesse of goode a-raye.
She was as freshe as þe rose in maye.
Off alle hur bewte I make a ffyne.
The kynge of Fraunce nowe axethe þe wyne,*
Thys mayde gothe *wyth* goode chere,
And ffyllethe a cuppe of þat pychere,
Wychе þe moder of Partonope
Hadde so a-Rayed yeff þat he
Off þat wyne drynke a drawghte,
That a-none he shalle be caughte
In suche wyse he shulde for-yete
Melyowre, hys fayre lady swete.
The mayde bryngeth þe kynge þe wyne,
That of þe poysen was myghty *and* ffyne.
The kynge knewe alle þe crafte welle,
He kyssed þe cuppe, but neuer a delle
Ther-of he dronke, but þus he sayde:
"Berythe my cope, fayre mayde,
To my cosyn Partonope.
And I commawnde that also ye
Drynke to hym *and* make hym chere."
Thys mayde haþe boþe connynge *and* manere,

courteous and debonair.

The maiden brings the wine to the King.

The King does not touch it,

but bids the maiden bear the cup to Partonope, and drink herself.

*After* l. 5169 *MS. adds:*

He kyssythe þe cuppe but neuer a delle [he *crossed out*] dranke he
He raughte þe cuppe to Partonope ys moder fre.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Smale armes *and* hondes fayre.
She was courteys *and* eke debonayre.
Clothyde she was In fyne satyn,
[1]Well I-shape, for euer here delyte
Was set In freshnes of array; [1 leaf 33]
She was as freshe as rose Ine may.
Of all here beute I make a fyne.
The kynge axede after his wyne.
This mayde goth *with* good chere,
And fylde a coppe of þe pichere
Whiche þe moder of Partonope
Hade so arrayde þat yef þat he
Of þis wyne drynke a draught,
That anone he shulde be caught
In soyche wyse he shulde for-gete
Melyore, his lady swete.
The mayde bringyth þe kynge wyne,
That of þis poyson [was] myghty *and* fyne.
The kynge knewe þis crafte well,
And kyssede þe coppe, but neuer a dell
There-of he ne dranke, but þus sayde:
"Beryth my coppe, fayre mayde,
To my cossyn Partonope.
And I comonde also þat ye
Drynke to hym *and* make hym chere."
This mayde hade conynge *and* manere,

She bare þe cuppe to Partonope. 5188
"Syr," she sayde, "þe kynge woll þat ye
Drynke of þys cuppe, I shall be-gynne."
She purposythe fully hys loue to wynne,
She and Partonope drink of the powerful wine; She dronke fryste, *and* þen dronke he. 5192
Thys wyne was lusty, *and* Partonope
Sette cuppe to mowþe, *and* better assayde,
And þer-wyth-all he prayde þe mayde
She wolde drynke to hym a-geyne. 5196
And so they dronke þat boþe they bene [leaf 65, back]
Welle I-wette, *and* þen Partonope
he looks on her beauty and forgets Melior. Off þys mayde behelde so þe bewte,
That wyth hur loue he wes so take, 5200
He had for-yete Melyowre hys make.
And wyth þys mayde he felle in talkynge
Off dyuerse materes, þat of o þynge
Hys moder was syker by hys chere 5204
He had for-yete hys olde ffere.
His cheer changes. Hys chere gan chawnge, hys blode gan ryse.
Thys mayde wes plesawnte in all wyse;
To loue hym beste wes alle hur luste. 5208
He kisses Fulle ofte tymes þys mayde he kyste.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And wyth this Mayde he fylle in Talking [leaf 39] 5202
Of dyue[r]s maters / that of oo thing
His moder was syker by his chere 5204
That he had for-yete his olde fere.
His chere ganne chonge, his bloode gan ryse.
This mayde was plesaunt in alle wyse;
To love hir best was alle his lyst; 5208
Full ofte tymes this mayde he kyst.

*Rawl. MS.*

And bare þe coppe to Partonope. 5188
"Sir," she seyde, "þe kynge with þat ye
Drynke of þis coppe, I shall be-gynne."
She porposede hir his loue to wyne.
She dranke firste *and* þen dranke he.
This wyne was lusty, *and* Partonope
Set coppe to mouthe, *and* beter assayde.
And þer-with-all he prayede þe mayde
She wolde drynke to hym ayen. 5196
And so þey dranke þat bothe þey bene
Well wet, *and* þen Partonope
Of þis mayde so be-helde þe beute
That with here loue he was so take, 5200
He hade for-yet Melyore his make.
And with þis mayde fill In talkynge

Of dyuerse mater, *and* of o thynge
His moder was sekere be his chere 5204
[1]That he hade for-yete his olde fere.
His chere gan change, his blode to ryse.
[1 leaf 33, back]
This mayde was plesant In all wyse;
To loue here beste was his luste. 5208
Full ofte tymes þis mayde [he] kyste.

To hym so plesawnte was þys mayde
þat atte þe laste to hur he sayde:
"Yowre beawte *and* yowre goodely chere,
Your semely poorte, your womanly manere,
In my trewe hert arne prynted so,
þat where þat euer I ryde or goo
Ye ar my loue *and* lady souereyne.
And to brynge me owte of peyne
Graunte me nowe to be my loue."—
"Syr," sayde þe mayde, "be Gode a-boue,
On a condycione ye graunte mé
To be my husbonde, I woll be
Euer redy atte your comawndemente."—
"I graunte to parforme your entente,"
Sayde thys yonge Partonope.
Thus in þys wyse a-corded they be.
Yette of þys foly haue I no mervayle;
For a ryghte sober man, wyth-owten ffayle,
Wyth drynke *and* dalyaunce *and* grette delyte,
Off so fayre wone myghte in suche plyghte

the beautiful maiden, and asks her to be his love.

She consents on condition that he promises to be her husband.

Partonope is willing.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To hym so plesaunt was this mayde
That at the last to hir he sayde:
"Your high beaute, your goodely chere,
Your semely porte, your womanly manere,
In my trew hert are paynted soo
That where that euer I ryde or goo
Ye are my love and lady souerayngne.
And to bring me oute of payne
Graunte me now to be my love."—
"Sir," sayde the Mayde, "by God a-bove,
On a condicion) that ye graunt me
To be my hosbond, I wylle be
Euer redy at youre comaundement."—
"I graunte to parforme alle youre entent,"
Than sayde this yong Partanope
"Thus in this wyse a-corded we be."
Yett of his foly haue I no mervayle;
For a right Sosour man, wythouten fayle,
Wyth drinke and daliaunce and grete delyte
Myght be brought in such plyte

*Rawl. MS.*

To hym so plesant was þis mayde.
Thus at laste to here he seyde:
"Youre high beute, your goodly chere,
Youre symly porte, youre womanly manere* 5213
In my trewe hert are peyntyde so
That where þat euer I ryde ore goo
Ye are my loue *and* lady souerayne.
And to brynge me out of payne
Graunt me nowe to be my loue."—
"Sir," seyde þis mayde, "be God above,
On on condicion) þat ye grante me
To be my hosbonde, *and* I will be
Euer redy at youre comondemente."—
"I graunt to parforme youre entente,"
Then) seyde þis yonge Partonope.
Thus In þis wyse acordyde þey be.
Yet of his foly haue I [no] mervell;
For a right sobure man) samfaill,
With drynke *and* dalyance *and* grete light
Of so fayre on) myght [in] suche plight

5213. *MS.* Youre symly porte, your high chere And also youre womanly manere.

Be broght̃e to axe hur of hur *grace*,
Beynge bo*þe* *in* so *preuey* a place.
Ther were no mo folke but they to, 5232
Safe *þe* kynge *and* hys moder *þer* were no mo,
Lokynge owte atte a wyndowe *and* talkynge
Howe they myght̃e Partonope In brynge
To lofe thys mayde *and* for-yete Melyowre. [leaf 66] 5236

The King persuades Partonope to wed his niece, and promises him great riches.

The kynge a-none, w*yth*-owte more,
Cleped to hy*m* Partonope.
"Cosyn)," he sayde, "howe lyke ye
Be my nece, wyc̃he ys to marye? 5240
By owre lady *þat* *in* heuen syttet̃he on) hye,
Yeff ye wolle haue hur to your wyffe,
As I am trewe kynge, a*ll* my lyffe
I shal*l* be to yowe goode lorde *and* souereyne. 5244
For ye shal*l* truste me fulle *and* playne:
I shal*l* geffe yow townes, Castelles, *and* Cyte,
And off a*ll* ryches grette plente.
Off a*ll* men) on) lyfe I truste yowe beste." 5248
Hys moder on) hur syde made grette heste.

5241. on)] *perhaps* an)?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of so fayre one to aske hir of hyr grace,
Beying bothe in so pryve a place.
There were no folke but thay towo, 5232
Saue the king and his modyr moo,
Loking oute of a wyndow and talking
How they myght Partanope bring
To love this mayde and leve Melioure.
'I'He king anone, wythouten) more,
Clepyd to hym Partanope. 5238
"Cosyn," he sayde, "how lyke ye
By my nyece, which ys to Marye? 5240
By oure lady of hevyn) that men to calle
and crye, [leaf 39, back]
Yeff ye wylle haue hir to youre wyfe,
As I am) true knight, alle my lyfe
I shal*l* be to yow goode lorde and
soueraygne. 5244
For ye shal*l* trust me ful*l* and playne:
I shal*l* yeve yow twones, Castelles *and*
citee,
And of alle rychesse ful*l* grete plentee.
Of alle men a-lyve I trust yow best."
His modyr in hir syde made grete
heeste. 5249

*Rawl. MS.*

Be brought to aske here of hir *grace*,
Beynge bothe In so prevy place.
Ther were no folke but *þey* two, 5232
Safe *þe* kynge *and* his mo*der* also,
Lokynge out of a wyndowe talkynge
Howe *þey* myght Partonope In brynge

¶ The kynge anone, w*ith*-out more,
Clepyde to hym Partonope.
"Cossyn)," he seyde, "howe leke ye
Be my nyce, whiche is to marye? 5240
Be oure lady, to whom I crye,

Yef ye wil*l* haue here to youre wyfe,
As I am trewe knyght, a*ll* my lyfe
I shal*l* be to you good lorde *and* souer-
ayne. 5244
For ye shal*l* truste me playne:
[1]I shal*l* yeve you castelles *and* Cete,
[1] leaf 34]
And of a*ll* Ryches grete plente,
Of a*ll* men) on lyve I truste you beste."
His mo*der* on hir syde made grete
heste. 5249

They yede so to hym not for to lye,
He accorded hy*m* fully to þ*y*s ffolye. — He agrees.
H*y*s moder was gladde tho owte of mesure, 5252
And made he*m* eche oder to ensure.
þe kynge by þe honde he toke þe mayde,* — The King formally gives him the maiden,
And Partonope þ*us* he sayde* :
"Thys woma*n* I yeffe yowe to yo*ur* wyfe, 5256
In Ioye for eue*r* to lede yo*ur* lyfe,
And so I pray Gode h*y*t mote be."—
"I thonke yowe, syr," sayde Partonope. — and Partonope thanks him.
He wende aƞ þ*y*s had ben) ryghte welle, 5260
H*y*s olde loue was for-gête eche a delle.
He kysseth h*y*s loue, he maketh hur chere.
He was in wyƞ, had he leysere
And place, þ*y*s ys syker as daye, 5264
For to haue pleyed þe comyn) play
Off wyche thes louers haue suche plesaunce,
For Melyowre was clene owte of Reme*m*braunce.
Thus wes he falle to novelry. 5268

5254. *MS.* mayden). 5255. he sayde] *MS.* they sayden).

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They yede so to hym not for to lye,
He a-corded hym fully to this folye.
The moder was gladde that wythouten mesure, 5252
And made hem fast eche other ensure.
The king by the hande tho toke the mayde,
And to Partanope thus he sayde :
"This woman I yeve yow to your wyfe, 5256
In Ioye for euer to lede your lyfe,
And so I pray God hit euer mote be."—
"I thank yow, Sir," sayde Partanope.
He wende alle this had bene ryght wele, 5260
His olde love was for-gete eche dele.
He kysseth his love, he maketh her chere.
He was in wylle, had he hadde leysere
And place, this ys syker as day, 5264
To haue pleyed the comon) play
Of which these lovers haue such plesaunce,
For Melioure was clene oute of remembraunce.
Thus was he falle to novellerye. 5268

*Rawl. MS.*

They yede so to hym not for to lye,
He a-cordyde fully to his folye.
The mod*er* was glade þ*at* out of mesure,
And made hem sure iche to o þ*er*. 5253
The kynge toke þe mayde be þe honde,
And þus P*ar*tonope he seyde :
"This woman) I yeve you to wyfe 5256
In Ioye for eu*er* to lede yo*ur* lyfe,
And so I p*r*aye God it eu*er* may be."—
"I thanke you, s*ir*," seyde P*ar*tonope.
He wende aƞ þis hade ben weƞ, 5260
His olde loue was for-gete iche deƞ.
He kyste his loue, *and* maketh hir chere.
He was In wiƞ, while he hade leyser
A[nd] place, þis is seker as day, 5264
To haue pleyde þe comyn play,
Of whiche þis lou*er*s haue soych plesau*nce*,
For Meliore was clene out of remem-brau*nce*.
Thus was he faƞ [to] novelly. 5268

The Poet will never forsake his Lady.

Thus was grette merveyle, for trewly I
Shulde neuer haue be brogthe *in* þat plyghte,
Off ony oþer to haue Ioye or delyte
Butte of my lady, þat ys my souereyne; 5272
I telle yowe trowþe, I can not feyne.

Partonope holds the maiden in his arms.

Fresshe *and* lusty ys Partonope;
For *in* hys armes hys loue haþe he, 5275
Wyche he hath geton hym fresshe *and* newe. [leaf 66, back]
He seyethe to hyr he wolle be trewe.
And she *wyth* hym falleth *in* Dalyaunce
Off maters of loue *and* of hye plesaunce;
*Wyth* kyssynge *and* talkynge she ys fatt *in* boldenesse.

She tells him she is happy that she has saved him from his old love.

When wymmen be well they can not cese. 5281
*Wyth* gladde chere to hym she sayde:
"My dere herte, fulle well a-payde
Alle my lyffe-dayes ben may I, 5284
That I haue conquered yowe so wysely.
For be crafte I haue yowe take,
And made yowe fully to for-sake
Yowre olde loue, *and* fully to me 5288
Ye ben ensured euer trewe to be."

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

This ys grete mervayle, for I truly
Shulde haue ben brought in that plyte
Of any other to haue had Ioye or delyte, 5271
But of lady that ys my soueraygne;
I telle yow thoug, I canne not fayne.
Fressh and lusty ys Partanope; 5274
For in his armes his love holdes he,
Which he hath geten hym fressh and new. 5276
He sayde to hir he wolde be trew.
And She wyth hym) ys fallen in daliaunce
Of Maters of love and hight plesaunce.

*Rawl. MS.*

This is grete merveil, for iche truly
Shulde neuer a brought In þat plight,
Of ony oþer to haue Ioye ore delyte,

But of my lady *and* my souerayne;
I tell you trowthe, I can not fayne.
Freshe *and* lusty is Partonope, 5274
For In his armes his love holdyth he,
Whiche he hathe gottyn hym newe.

He seyde to here he wolde be trewe.
She *with* hym is fall In dalyaunce

Of materis of love *and* high plesaunce,
*With* kyssenge *and* talkynge is fall in dalyaunce. [1 leaf 34, back] 5280
When women) beth well I can) not sese.
*With* glade chere she to hym seyde:
"My dere hert, full well payde
All my lyve-dayes be may I, 5284
That I haue conquerede so wysly.
[1] For be crafte I haue you take,
And made you fully to for-sake
Youre olde love; *and* holy to me 5288
Ye be ensurede euer trewe to be."

When of hys loue he herde hur speke,
Hys herte hym þozte for sorowe shulde breke.
Alle pensyfe stylle a grette whyle he sytte.
In thys þynkynge a-yen hys wytte
Ys come to hym aH ffresshe *and* newe.
" All[a]s ! " þoght he, " I am vntrewe
To hur þat ys my souereyne ladye."
And þer-wyth-aH he sterte vp fersly,
And to þe dore streght he wente.
The barre in hys honde he hente,
And openyd þe dore in grette haste,
And þorowe þe haH heyed ffaste.
In-to þe porche he come rennynge,
Hys horse he fownde þer redy stondynge.
Vppon hys horse in haste he lepte,
More of hys trowþe toke he no kepe.
A-none as þe kynge wes war of þys,
A sory man for soþe he ys.
He cursed þe moder *and* hur Enchawntmente.*
The newe loue also for aH þys ys shent.
In grette haste rydeth Partonope
To the casteH of Bloys, *and* tenderly wepyth he,
Thynkynge on hys lady Melyowre,
Howe of hys herte she ys þe tresowre,
And he hath hur serued so falsely.
In hys herte he fynte hym gyltye. [leaf 67]
Whome in haste he cometh rydynge ;

At these words Partonope recovers his senses.

He starts up, unbars the door, and rides in haste back to Blois.

The King is angered and curses Partonope's mother and her enchantments.

5308 *MS.* Enchawnsmente. *After* 5314 *catchword* In hys herte.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

When of his love he herde hir speke,
His hert hym þought wolde breke.
AH pensefe a grete while he sate. 5292
In his hert thynkynge agayne his wyte
Ys come to hym freshe *and* newe.
" Allas ! " he þought, " I am vntrewe
To hir þat is my souerayne lady." 5296
And þer-with he stert vp freshly,
And to þe dore streight he wente.
The barre In his honde he hente,
And oppynde þe dore In haste, 5300
And þorwe þe haH he hyede faste.
In-to þe porche he come rynynge,
His hors he fonde redy stondynge.
Vppon his hors In haste he lepte, 5304
More of his trouth toke he no kepe.
When þe kynge was ware of þis,
A sory man for sothe he is.
He courssede his moder *and* hir enchantmente. 5308
The newe love also is I-shente.
In grete haste rydes Partonope
To þe casteH of Bloyes, *and* sore wepte he,
Thynkynge on his lady Melyore, 5312
Howe of his hert she is þe tresoure,
And he hathe her seruyde falsly.
In his hert he fyndes hym gylty. 5315
To Pountyfe In haste he come rydynge;

Partonope shuts himself up in a chamber, weeping and lamenting sorely.

Frome hys meyne he hydythe hys wepynge.
Frome hys horse lepethe, *and* streghte gothe
In-to hys chamber, for he ys lothe
Hys meyne shulde knowe of hys dysese.
He byddythe hem voyde, þys ys no lese.
They voyde hys chamber in grette haste;
After hym he barrethe the dore ffaste.
Nowe by hym-selfe he ys allone;
He makethe sorowe *and* mochе mone.
He cursythe the cunselle of þe kynge,
He hatythe hys newe loue a-boffe aH þynge.
The kynge, þe moder, *and* hys loue,
Herde tydynges þat a-bofe
In-to a chamber was Partonope

He refuses to see his mother.

Go to slepe. "þat may not be,"
Sayde hys moder, "for no-þynge.
AH for noȝte þen were owre charmynge."
To hys chamber she yede in haste,
The dore she fownde barred faste.
She knocked þer-ate, *and* faste gan) crye:
"Vndo the dore, sone, hyt am I."
AH for noghte he lette hur be,
And þen he sayde: "For sothe ye

She has caused all his grief.

Haue fro me take my erthely Ioye;
And mowe I ones departe fro the,
Ye shaH neuer efte haue Ioye of me.

He bids her go.

Gothe forthe yowre way, *and* lette me be."

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Fro his meyne he hydyth his wepynge.
Fro his hors he lepyth *and* streight gothe
In-to his chambir, for he is lothe
His meyne shulde knowe his dysseyse.
He byddes hem voyde, þis is no lese.
They voyde his chambir in grete haste,
After hem he barres þe dore faste.
Nowe be hym-selfe he is alone,
He maketh sorwe *and* moche mone.
[1] He courseth þe counseH of þe kynge,
[1 leaf 35]
And his newe love above aH þynge.
The kynge, his moder, *and* his love
Herde tydynges þat vp above
In-to a chambir was Partonope
Goon to slepe. "þat may not be,"
Seyde his moder, "for nothynge.
AH for nought were oure charmy[n]ge."
To his chambir she yede In haste.
The dure she yede, *and* founde sperede faste.
She knokede faste, and loude dyde crye:
"Vndo þe dore, son, it am I."
AH for nought he let here be.
Then) he seyde: "For sothe ye
Haue fro me take my erthly make *and* Ioye;
And nowe I am departyde fro you a-weye.
Ye shaH neuer after haue Ioye of me.
Gothe furthe youre wey, *and* let me be."

Thys lady wepynge went hur way,
Wenynge fully, *þys* ys no nay,
She had to hym no trespas do.
Partonope a-none, as she was go,
Be-þoghte hy*m*: "Yeff I a-byde here,
The kynge *and* my moder w*yth* wepyng' chere,
W*yth* mony a-nother, scholde wonder on me,"
And a-no*þer* whyle þus þoghte he:
"My loue, my lady, my hertys lechę,
I wolle me besy yowe for to sechę.
For I haue not so grettely a-geyne resone [leaf 67, back]
Forfete to hur, butte g*race* and þardone
I may axe of hur *and* haue.
Off þat I haue do, so Gode me saue,
W*yth* aH my hert I me repente,
And m*ercy* [crye] w*yth* goode ententę."
And w*yth* *þys* þoghte he rose vp faste.
The dore he vnbarred *in* grette haste,
And went hys way fuH heuely.
And for men) shulde hy*m* not aspye,
Ouer hys eyen) he keste hys hode,
And to a man) þat to-fore hy*m* stode
He sayde: "No lenger loke þou a-byde,
Butte fecchę my horse, for I wolle ryde
A lyteH way for to desporte me
AH alone; for of my meyne
Atte *þys* tyme grettely haue I no nede."
Thus aH alone forthe he yede.

5344 5348 5352 5356 5360 5364 5368

She goes, weeping.

Partonope will ask his Lady's pardon,

and repents of his actions.

He leaves secretly,

and riding forth,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

This lady wepynge went hir wey, 5344
Weny[n]ge fully, þis is no nay,
She hade to hym a trespas do.
Partonope anone, as she was goo,
He þought: "Yef I abyde here, 5348
The kynge *and* my moder *with* wepynge chere,
*With* many o*þer* shuH wonder on me."
Ano*þer* while þus þought he:
"My loue, my lady, my hertis leche
I wiH me besy for to seche. 5353
For I haue gretly agan) resoune
For-fet to here; *grace and* pardoune
I may aske of hir *and* haue. 5356
Of þat I haue do, so God me saue,
*With* aH my hert I me repente,
And m*ercy* crye *with* good ententę."
*With* þat þought he rose vp faste. 5360
The dore he vnbarrede In haste,
And went his wey hevely.
For his meyne shulde hym not spye,
Ouer his eyen) he caste his hode, 5364
And to a man þat be-fore hym stode,
[1] He seyde: "No leng*er* þou a-byde,
But feche my hors, for I wiH ryde
A lytiH while to dyssporte me 5368
AH alone; for of my meyne [1 leaf 35, back]
At þis tyme haue I no nede."
Thus alone furthe he yede.

And thus alone as he rode musynge,
he meets the knights who brought him the sumpter-horses. Knyghtes sodenly hym come metynge,
Off wyche I haue tolde of be-fore,
Þat broghte hym hys somers wyth aH hys tresowre.
They greet him, The[y] saluyd hym fulle godely,
And Þen they seyde: "Syr, grettely
Off your lady desyred ye be.
Gothe your way, for atte Þe ssee
tell him of his ship, Yowre bote, your shyppe, Þer ys redy.
The tyde a-bydethe yowe trewly,
And Þe wynde *and* the weder at wyH ye* haue."—
"Off thes tydynges, so Gode me safe,
I thonke yowe grettely," seythe Partonope.
and then disappear. And wyth Þat worde Þes knyghtes be
Sodenly gon, he wotte ner where.
And he rydethe forthe to Þe water of Lere.
On the Loire the boat is lying ready. When he come Þer, redy he fownde
A fayre bote stondynge by Þe londe,
Where-In he fownde a ffeyre bedde made.
Partonope Þer-off wes wonder gladde.
Shortely, no lenger wolde he a-byde,
Butte gothe to botte, *and* weder *and* tyde [leaf 68]
Wes aH redy ryghte to hys plesyre.
Downe on Þe bedde he hym leyde at leysere;
He Þoghte Þer for to slepe a wynke.
His horse and hounds become invisible. Nowe shuH ye here a wonder Þynge:
Hys horse, hys lemerys noghte he seye,

5375. *MS. rather* semers. 5382. ye] *MS.* they.

---

*Raul. MS.*

And alone as he rode mvsynge,
Kny[g]ht*es* sodenly hym come metynge,
Of whiche I haue tolde be-fore,
That brought hym Þe som*ers* *with* tresoure.
They saluede hym fuH softely,
And Þen Þey seyde: "Sir, gretly
Of youre lady desyrede ye be.
Gothe youre wey, for at Þe see
Youre bote, youre ship Þer is redy.
The tyde abyd*es* you, *and* truly
The wynde *and* weder at wiH ye haue."—
"Of Þis tydynge*s*, so God me saue,
I thanke you hertly," seyde Partonope.
And *with* Þat worde Þese knyght*es* be
Sodenly gon, he wot neu*er* where.
He rydyth furthe to Þe wat*er* of Loyre.
When he come Þer, redy he fonde
A fayre bote redy be Þe londe,
Where-In he fonde a fayre bede made.
Partonope Þer-of was wond*er* glade.
Shortly, no leng*er* wolde he abyde,
Bout gothe to bote; wed*er* *and* tyde
Was redy dight to his plesure.
Downe on Þe bede he toke his leysere;
He Þought Þer to slepe awhile.
Ye shaH here a wond*er* thynge:
His hors, his lem*ers* not he se,

The knyghtes ne no-þynge were bye.
The bote was gouerned in þe see.
A wonder þys ys, as þynkethe me.
The bote streyghte hym broghte to þe shyppe.
When he was In, he toke grette keppe :
For hys horse, hys lemers þer he fownde,
Wyche be-hynde hym on the strownde
Hed be lefte, for so wende he.
And þus forthe sayleth Partonope
þorowe þe water wyche ys called [L]oyre,
Tyll he entered Chyffe Deoyre,
Wyche ys chyffe hauen of þat cuntre.
Fro þe shyppe to þe londe streyghte goþe he.
Master of þe shyppe, ne gouernowre
Sawe he none, *and* streghte to þe towre
Off hys lady nowe rydethe he,
And lette þe shyppe allone be.
Streyghte he rydethe in-to þe palys,
And in þe hall, a-pon the deyse
He sette hym downe; hys soper was redy.
He yete no mete, but sate heuely.
Sone after soper, when tyme was,
To chamber he went a esy pas.
He knewe what he was wonte to done.
He made hym redy for streyghte to gone
To bedde, þat was hys entente.
Shorte tale to make, to bedde he* wente.

He sees them again on board the ship.

Partonope arrives at Chef d'Oire,

and rides to the palace.

He can eat nothing.

He goes to bed.

5425. *MS.* hem.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

The knyghtes ne nothynge where þey be.
The bote was gouer[n]de in þe see.
A wonder þis was, as thynketh me.
The bote hym brought to þe shipe.
When he was In, he toke grete kepe :
His hors, his lemers þer he founde,
Whiche be-hynde hym, *and* on þe stronde,
Hade ben, for so wende he. [leaf 36]
And þus furthe saillyth Partonope
Thorwe þe water whiche clepede Loyre,
Till he enterde In-to Chyfe doyere,
Whiche is chefe hauyn of þe contre.
Fro þe chipe to þe londe gothe he.
Maister of þe shipe, ne gouernoure
Sees hym none ; streight to þe toure
Of his lady nowe rydes he,
And let þe shipe alone be.
Streight he rydyth to þe palis,
And In þe hall, vppon þe doyes,
He set hym downe ; his sopere was redy.
He etes no mete, but syttes heuyle.
Sone after soppere, when tyme was,
To chambir he goth and eyse pas.
He knewe what he was wont to do.
He made hym redy streight to goo
Te bede, þat was his entente.
Short tale to make, to bede he wente.

When he was leyde, þe couertowre
Melior comes. To hym he drowe. *þer-wyth* Meleowre
To bedde come fulle softely. 5428
In armes he toke hur fuƕ goodely,
He kyssed hur, *and* made hur chere. [leaf 68, back]
Butte she a-spyed be hys manere
She asks him the reason of his sadness, and He was atte þat tyme sum-what heuy. 5432
"GOode syr," she seyde, "whate cause or why
Be ye nowe in thys heuynes?
Telleƕe me playnely your dystresse."
Partonope confesses that he was tempted by his mother and the King of France. He answered hur fuƕ softely: 5436
"My dere herte, I crey yowe mercy.
I-wys, my loue, I am grettely dysmayed.
The kynge of Fraunce hatƕ [me] be-betrayed,
And my euelle moder also, 5440
Thorowe a drynke made me do
A þynge where-of I repenle me.
Falce *and* vn-trewe hyt made me be
To yowe, my lady souereyne. 5444
On here falsehode I me complayne.
A wyne I dronke, was made by crafte,
þorowe wycƕe my wytte was me by-rafte,
And I be-come a fole naturelle. 5448
Thys made my moder, she ys fuƕ felle.
He pledged his troth to a maiden, Ther-*wyth* they broghte me a mayde
That was mery, *and* þen they sayde:

5447. þe *crossed out before* wyche.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

When he was leyde, þe couertoure
To hym he drewe; *and* þer-*with* Melyore
To bede come fuƕ softely. 5428
In his armes he toke hir goodly,
He kyssed hir, and made hir chere.
But she asspyede be his manere
¶ He was at þat tyme som-what heuye. 5432
"Good sir," she seyde, "what cause ore why
Be ye In þis heuynes?
Teƕ me playnly your dysstres."
He answerde here softely: 5436
"My dere hert, I crye your mercy.
My dere hert, I am dyssmayde.
The kynge of Fraunce hathe me be-trayede,
And myne eviƕ moder also, 5440
Thorwe drynke made me to do
A thynge where-of I repente me.
False *and* vntrewe it made me be
[1]To you, my lady souerayne. 5444
On hir falshede I me complayne.
A wyne I dranke, was made be crafte,
Thorwe whiche my wyt was me rafte,
And I be-come a fole naturaƕ. 5448
This made my moder, she is fuƕ feƕ. [1 leaf 36, back]
Ther-*with* þey brought a mayde
That was to marye; þen þey seyde

'Howe lyke yowe be þys mayde yonge?
She ys ryghte ffeyre *and* nece to þe kynge.'
The kynge þer-w*yth* come as blyfe,
And gaffe hur me vn-to my wyfe,
W*yth* townes, castellys, *and* grette ryches. 5456 and received great riches with her;
þer I ensured* here a-fore þe wyttenes
To be hur husbondon *and* alle oþer for-sake,
And she on hur syde to be my make
Ensured by-fore hem alle tho. 5460 but left her in time.
Yette by grace hyt happed so,
Er I here nyghed bodely,
My wytte come to me gracyosly.
And þen I wyste I had mys-do. 5464
In grette haste sterte I vp tho,
And lefte my trowþe þer w*yth* hem alle.
Where-fore your mercy euer I calle,
For I for-yete yowe þus ffalsselye. 5468
My swete herte, haue on me mercy." [leaf 69] Now he implores his Lady's pardon.
Off speche he stynte, *and* seyde no more,
Butte stylle he lay *and* syked sore.
"Syr," sayde hys lady, "why do ye thus?" 5472 Melior assures him that she loves him the more for having returned.
Ther-w*yth* she gaffe hym a swete cosse,
And sayde: "Lette be, my herte swete,
For I wolle ryghte welle ye wete
I loue yowe a thowsande folde þe more, 5476
That ye haue bynd a-sayde so sore,

5457. *MS.* ensweryd *or* ensdreryd. 5458. *MS. scarcely* husbonden).

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Howe lyke ye þis mayde yenge? 5452
She is right fayre *and* nyce to þe kynge.'
The kynge w*ith* here come as blyue,
And gafe me hir to my wyfe,
W*ith* townes, castelles, *and* grete Ryches. 5456
Ther I ensurede here, *and* none wytnes,
To be here hosbonde, *and* none oþer for-sake,
And she on here syde to be my make
Ensurede be-fore hem all þis to do. 5460
Yet be *grace* it happede soo,
Ore þat I nyghede here bodyly,
My wyte come to me *grace*ously.
Then I wyste I hade mys-do. 5464
In grete haste vp sterte I þo,
And lefte my trouthe w*ith* hem all.
Ther-fore m*er*cy eu*er* I call,
For I forgat you þus falsly. 5468
My swete hert, eu*er* I crye you m*er*cy."
¶ Of speche he stont, *and* seyde no more,
But still lay *and* sighede sore.
"Sir," seyde þis lady, "why do you þus?" 5472
Ther-w*ith* she yaf hym a swete cus,
And seyde: "Let be, my hert swete,
For I will right well I wete
Love you a þousonde folde þe more 5476
That ye haue ben assayde so sore

And leve hem alle *and* drawe to me.
And I may *þer*-by knowe *and* se
Yowre herte to me stonte eu*er* stable,
Where-fore *þys* traspas ys pardonable.
But he must beware of treason. Butte yeffe here-after þe deuylle be
Yowre master so grettely *þat* me to se
[Ye desyre] ffor drynke or for ony poysone,
To make of me opyn) demo*n*stra*c*yone,
Er my wyH be *þat* h*yt* be so,
Ye shulle vn-do vs boþe to.
Alle o*þer* þynges mowe fulle lyghtely
Off me for-yeffe be, but trewly I
Loue yowe so weH w*yth* myn) herte,
Alle o*þer* forfettys mowe me not smertte."
Nowe ar they falle fro *þys* Dalyaunce,
And besy he*m* to do ech̄e o*þer* plesawnce.
Thus alle þe nyght̄e to-geder þey be,
Tylle on) the morowe *þat* Partonope
Moste nedes ryse, for hyt was day.
And þus he rose, *and* wente h*ys* way,
Where he wolde hym to dysporte.
Off no wyght̄e ells had he comforte
A fortnight having passed, Partonope again thinks of seeing his family, Neue*r* a day, tylle h*yt* was nyght̄e.
Thys lyffe he leuyd fortenyght̄e.
And on) a day he hym be-þoght̄e
In whatte care he had broght̄e
Hys moder, *and* eke þe kynge of Fraunce,

*Rawl. MS.*

And lefte hem aH *and* drewe to me.
I may *þer*-by bothe knowe *and* se
Y*our* hert to me stonte eu*er* stabiH, 5480
Where-for þis trespas is *þ*ardonabiH.
But yef here-aft*er* þe deviH be
Y*our* maist*er* so gretly þat me to se
Ye desyre for drynke ore for poyson [leaf 37] 5484
To make of me oppyn demonstracion,
Ore my wiH be *þat* it be so,
Ye shaH vndo us bothe two.
AH o*þer* thynge*s* nowe fuH lightly 5488
Of me for-yeve, truly I
Love you so weH w*ith* aH my herte,
AH o*þer* forfette*s* may me not astert."
Nowe are þey faH fro þis dalyau*n*ce,
And besye hem to do iche o*þer* plesau*n*ce. 5493
Thus aH nyght to-ged*er* þey be,
TiH at morwe þat P*ar*tonope
Moste nede*s* ryse, it is day. 5496
And þus he rose, *and* wende hir wey,
Whe*þer* he wolde hym to dyssporte.
Of nought e*H*es hade he comforte
Neu*er* a day, tiH is was nyght. 5500
This lyfe he leuyde a fortnyght.
And on a day he hym be-þought
In what care he hade brought
His mod*er* *and* eke þe kynge of Frau*n*ce, 5504

And aƚƚ hys kynrede *and* hys allyaunce.
Where-fore he porposeƚƚe hem aƚƚ to se
And hastely to go *in*-to hys cuntre.
As he [on] nyghte *in* bedde laye [leaf 69, back] 5508
W*yth* hys lady, hys fresshe maye,
He toke hyr *in* armes *and* w*yth* þat hur kyste.
" My dere herte, he sayde, "*and* I wyste
Ye wolde not dysplesed be, 5512
I wolde haue leue of yowe to se
My cuntre; hyt were to me grette ese.
Butte me were lotƚe yowe to dysplese."
And w*yth* þat worde she syked sore. 5516
" My loue," she sayde, "euer-more
I drede me þorowe fals en-chawntemente
Ye shulle make vs boþe shente.
Yowre moder atte yowre nexte comynge 5520
I fere me shaƚƚ make yowe brynge
Some þynge where-þorowe ye shaƚƚ me sene.
Shente for euer shaƚƚ ye þen bene,
To brynge me *in* offence *and* to breke your trowþe. 5524
My swete herte, haue on me rowþe.
For Gode me so helpe as wyslye
I gaffe yowe cause neuer why
Thus lyghtely to departe fro me. 5528
W*yth*-owten stroke ye wolle me sle.
In Fraunce ye mowe lyffe *in* pes,
Er euer to yowe I shulde make pres
That ye shulde euer repayre to me, 5532

and prays Melior for leave.

She fears that the mother will turn him from her again by her enchantments.

*Rawl. MS.*

And aƚƚ his kenrede *and* his alyaunce.
Where-fore he porposeth hem to see
And hastely go In-to his contre.
As he on nyght In bede lay 5508
W*yth* his lady, þis freshe may,
He toke her In armes *and* hir kyste.
" My dere hert," he seyde, "*and* y wyste
Ye wolde not dyssplesede be, 5512
I wolde haue leue of you to se,
To me it were a grete eyse.
But lothe me were you to dyssplese."
W*yth* þat worde he sighede sore. 5516
" My loue," she seyde, " euer-more
I drede me of false enchantmentes,
Ye shaƚƚ make vs bothe shente.
Youre moder at youre nexte comynge
For me shaƚƚ make you brynge 5521
Som thynge þat ye shaƚƚ me sene.
Shent for euer þen shaƚƚ ye ben,
[1]To breke myne offence and my trouthe
My swete hert, haue on me routhe. 5525
For God me helpe so as wyssly
I yef you neuer no cause why
Thus lightly to departe fro me. 5528
With-out stroke ye wiƚƚ me sle.
In France ye may byde In pes,
Ore euer I shulde to you make pres
That ye shuƚƚ euer repayre to me, 5532

[1] leaf 37, back.

Butte yeff hyt to yowe plesaunce be.
Yeffe ye thus departe fro me,
It will kill her if Partonope breaks his word.
And breke your beheste, ye shulle se
Ye shulle me sle wyth-owten knyffe. 5536
Thus shall your loue reve me my lyffe,
And þus shall I be lefte allone
In care *and* sorowe to make my mone
I note to whom, when* ye be wente. 5540
Wyth sorowe *and* wepynge shalle I be shente,
For efter won euylle comythe mony mo.
And ye *in* suche wyse lette me go,
Then shall I endure *in* languyshyinge, 5544
Never full dedde, but euer dyinge,
And lytell ete *and* lesse drynke,
And no dele slepe þowe I wynke. [leaf 70]
þus shall I my body pyne, 5548
Fro myrthe *and* Ioye my hert restreyne.
Off all trewe conseil shall I be sadde,
And mercy axe ther non may be hadde.
Soche Ioye haþe he þat lesythe hys loue, 5552
Alle day hyt hath byn *in* proue :
Comynly ther þat wone louythe beste
Off all oþer hys thonke ys leste.
Lo, dere herte, þus mowe ye se 5556
In whatte myschyffe ye shulle lefe me,
Yeffe ye me se or þan my luste.
In yowe fully ys alle my truste,

5540. *Second* when *seems marked for erasure.*

---

*Rawl. MS.*

But it to you plesance be.
Yef ye þus departe fro me,
And breke youre heste, ye shall se
Ye shall me sle *with*-out knyfe. 5536
Thus shall ye reve me my lyfe,
Thus shall I be lefte alone
In care *and* sorwe to make my mone
I not to whom, when ye be wente. 5540
*With* sorwe *and* wepynge I shall be shente,
For after on evill comyth many mo.
And in soyche wyse ye let me goo,
Then shall I endure In langwyssynge,
Neuer full dede, but euer dynge, 5545
And lyte mete drinke *and* lese drynke,
And no dell slepe þough I wynke.
Thus shall I my body peyne, 5548
Merthe *and* Ioye my hert resstrayne.
Of all newe counsell I shall be sade,
Mercy askynge þer none may be hade.
Soyche Ioye hathe he þat louyth his loue. 5552
All þe day it hathe be put In prove
Comynly þer þou lovyste beste
Of all oþer his thanke is leste.
Loo, dyre hert, þus may ye see 5556
In what myschef ye shall leue me,
Yef ye me se ore þen me lyste.
In you fully is all my truste.

For lo, dere herte, þys ys my ffere :
A-monge yowre ffrendes, when ye be þer,
Wyth crafte broghte yn ye shulde be.
Ye shulle hem truste better þen me.
Yowre moder wenythe all fantasye be
That I do, seth me to se
Ye ben defended ; þer-fore sykerly
She wolle make some crafte where-by
Ye shulle a-yen my wyll me se.
Thus shulle ye leue hur better þen me.
Yet a-boue all þys ys my fere
My loue to lese þat ys so dere,
Haue boughte myne herte, *and* þat be ye.
Nowe gode [loue], haue mercy on me."
"MI ffayre lady, þynke well thys,
In alle þe reme of Fraunce þer nys
Man ne woman þat can me brynge
To done offence In eny þynge
That were contrary to yowre plesawnce.
Gode kepe me euer fro þat myschaunce.
Then were I worse þen ony hownde,
That thys louynge haue yowe fownde,
That I shulde your deth caste.
Myne endeles sorowe þen shulde I haste.
For by the holy A-postolys twelffe
I loue yowe better þen my-selffe.
And moche loue þen haue I loste, [leaf 70, back]
Yeffe ye shulde me thys mystruste."

His mother will surely use some witchcraft.

Partonope begs her to trust him.

He were worse than any hound to cause her death.

Her faith is the measure of their love.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Loo, dere hert, þis is my fere : 5560
Amonge youre frendes, þis is my fere,
[1]With crafte brought In ye shall be.
Ye shall hem truste beter þen me,
Youre moder wenyth all fanten be 5564
That I do, sethe me to see [1 leaf 38]
Ye be defendyde ; þer-fore sekerly
She will make som crafte wherby
Ye shall ayen my will me see. 5568
Thus shall ye leue here better þen me.
Yet above all þis is my fere
My love to lese, þat is so dere,
Haue bought my hert, *and* þat be ye,
Nowe, good loue, haue mercy on me."—
"My fayre lady, thynke well þis, 5574
In all þe reme of Fraunce þer nys
Man ne woman þat can) me brynge
To do offence In ony thynge 5577
That were contrarye to your plesaunce.
God kepe me fro þat myschaunce.
Then were I wors þen an hounde, 5580
Sethe so longe I haue you founde,
That I shulde youre dethe caste.
My endles sorwe shulde In haste.
For be þe holy appostelles xii 5584
I loue you beter þen my-selve.
And moche loue þen haue I loste,
Yef ye shall me þus mysstruste."

Thus aH nyghte by-twyn hem twey 5588
Wordes *per* were; hem luste not to pley,
Ne slepe neyper, *pys* ys no nay,
The next day Partonope makes his prepara-tions for the voyage. TyH on pe morowe *pat* brodde daye
Shone In so bryghte *pat* Partonope 5592
poghte *pat* hyt was hey tyme *pat* he
Made hym redy, *and* so he dyde;
And to hys dyner streyghte he yede.
And after dyner streyghte yede he 5596
He observes the sea from the castle. Vppon a towre of pe castelle to se
The see, pe wynde, *and* eke pe tyde.
AH *pys* was weH, *and* *per*-fore a-byde
Longe *wyth* hys lady poghte not he. 5600
Butte aH-wey after Partonope
To hys lady eu*e*ry nyghte
Sware he shulde neuer pe syghte
Off hyr desyre, tylle *pat* she 5604
Taking his leave, he goes on board; Luste hyt were so; *and* pus takythe he
Hys leue; also when hyt was day,
To shyppe he gothe, *and* taketHe pe way
Ouer pe see* streyghte to Bloys. 5608

5608. *MS. adds* pe shyppe *after* see.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Neyther they myght not slepe, this ys no nay, [leaf 40] 5590
Tylle on the morow that brode day
Shone in so bryght that Partanope 5592
Thought that hit was tyme that he
Made hym redy, *and* so he dede;
And to his dyner streyght he yede,
And after dyner streyght yede he 5596
Vppe in-to the Toure of the CasteH to see
The See, the wynde, *and* eke the tyde,
Alle this was weH, and there-fore a-byde
Longe wyth his lady thought not he.
But alle-way after Partanope 5601
To his lady euery nyght*
Swere he shulde neuer the syght
Of hir desyre, tylle that She 5604
Lyst hit were so; and thus taketh he
His leve; and so when hit was day,
To Shippe he gothe, and taketh the way
Ouer the See styreght to Bloys. 5608

ll. 5602-03 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Thus aH pe nyght be-twyx hem to 5588
Word*es* *per* were; hem lyste none o*per* to do.
They myght not slepe, *pis* is no nay,
TiH on pe morwe pe brode day
Shone In so bright *pat* P*ar*tonope 5592
Thought it was tyme *pat* he
Made hym redy, *and* so he dyde;
And to his den*er* streight he yede.
And after den*er* streight yede he 5596
In-to pe toure of pe casteH to se
The se, pe wynde, *and* eke pe tyde.
[1]AH *pis* was weH, *and* *per*-fore abyde
Longe *with* his lady pought not he.
But alwey after P*ar*tonope 5601
To his lady eu*e*ry nyght [1 leaf 38, back]
Swere he shulde neuer pe sight
Of her desyre tiH *pat* she 5604
Lvste it were; *and* pus taketh he
His leue; *and* when it was day,
To shipe he goth, *and* taketh pe wey
Ou*er* pe se streight to Bloyes. 5608

Thyder he come as who seyethe treys.
Shorte tale to make, he yede to londe,
And went to Bloys, *and* þer he fownde
Hys moder *and* alle hys oder meyne,
That off hys comynge fulle Ioyfulle bee,
And of hys passage haue grette mervayle,
For no man sawe shyppe neyþer sayle,
And þat A-none he come to Bloys.
In hys comynge he ys curteyse.
All Fraunce made Ioye of hys comynge.
On horsbacke lyghtely lepethe þe kynge,
He prycked faste þorowe þe towne.
After hym heyed, boþe Erle *and* barowne.
Knyghtes, Squyers of euery degre
Come to welcome Partonope.
And he hem thonked wyth swyche* chere, [leaf 71]
That they lyked so hys manere.
Euery man made grette Ioyinge
Off Partonope-ys home comynge
Off welcomenynge an ende to make,
The grette pres here leue haþe take,
And homwarde eche man takethe hys wey.

and sails to Blois, where he is given a hearty welcome.

All France rejoices.

Kings, Earls and Barons give him welcome.

5624. *MS.* swythe.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thether he come as who sayth treyes.
Short tale to make, he yede to londe,
And went to Bloys, and there he fonde
And Modyr and alle his other meyne,
That of his comyng full Ioyfull be, 5613
And of his passage haue grete mervayle,
For no man seeth nether Shipp nor sayle,
And that alone he come to Bloys. 5616
In his comyng he ys curteys.
Alle Fraunce made Ioye of his comyng.
On horsbak lyghtly lepyth the king,
He pryked fast thorow the thown. 5620
After hym hyed bothe Erle and baroun);
Knyghtes and Squyers of euery degree,
Came to welcome home Partanope.
And he hem thanked wyth such chere,
That they lyked so his goode manere.
Euery man made grete Ioyng 5626
Of Partanopes home Comyng. [1]lf. 40,b.]
Of his welcomyng and ende to make,
[1]The grete prees her leve haue take, 5629
And homward eche man toke the way.

*Rawl. MS.*

Deþer he come as who seyth threys.
Short tale to make, he yede to londe,
And went to Bloyes, *and* þer he fonde
His moder *and* alle his oþer meyne,
That of his comy[n]ge Ioyefulle be,
And of his passynge [haue] grete mervelle, 5614
For no man seyth noþer ship ne saile,
And þat alone he come to Bloyes. 5616
In his comy[n]ge he is courteys.
All France made Ioye of his comy[n]ge.
On hors-bake lightly lepyth þe kynge,
He prekede faste þorwe þe towne. 5620
After hym hyede erle *and* barowne.
Knyghtes *and* squyeres of euery degre
Come to welcome Partonope.
He hem thankede with blythe chere,
That þey lekede so his manere. 5625
Euery man made grete Ioyenge
Of Partonope home comy[n]ge.
Of his comy[n]ge an ende I make. 5628
The grete prese þer leue hathe take,
Home iche man toke þe wey.

Partonope's mother asks the advice of her mother, as to keeping her son in France.

Sone after hyt felle vppon a deye
Thys moder of Partonope
Hur wyttes castethe howe beste myghte she
Hur Sone haue stylle In Fraunce.
A moder she had, *in* home hur affyaunce
Was grettely, for she was bope olde *and* wyse.
She þoghte she wolde haue hur a-vyse.
Hur moder she tolde alle hur conselle.

She counsels her to send for the Bishop of Paris.

She hur answered, *and* sayde : "*In* perelle
Grettely stante Partonope;
Where-fore, doghter, I conselle þat ye
Sende for þe bysshoppe off Parys.
He ys a clerke, *and* þer-to ryghte wysse,
And can goode skyll of Sermonynge.
He knowethe the helpe off alle þynge."
He was sente after, he come a-none.
When he wes come, to-gedyr they gone
In-to a parlere alle thre.

The mother lays the case before him.

The moder sayde to the bysshoppe : "Syr, ye
Be ryghte welcome, w*yth*-owten more.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Sone after hit felle vpon a day
That the Moder of Partanope 5632
Hir wyttes cast how best myght She
Hir Son with-holde stylle in Fraunce.
A Mod*er* She had, in whom hir affiaunce
Was gretly, for She was bothe olde and wyce. 5636
Sheo thought Sheo wolde haue hir a-vyce.
Hir Moder She tolde alle hir Counsell.
She answerid, and sayde, "In grete perell
May thus stonde Partanope; 5640
Wherfore, doughter, I counsayle the
Send for the Bysshop of Paryse,
He ys a Clerk, and therto Riche and wyse,
And canne goode skylle of *ser*monyng,
He knoweth the helpe of alle thing."
He was sent aft*er*, he come a-none. 5646
When he was comyn, to-gyder they gone
In-to a parloure alle there. 5648
The mod*er* sayde to the Bysshope : "Ye, Sere,
Bene ryght welcome, wythouten more.

*Rawl. MS.*

Sone aft*er* it fitt on þe day
That þe mod*er* of P*ar*tonope 5632
Here wytt*es* kyste howe beste myght she
Here sone kepe stitt In Frau*n*ce.
A mod*er* she hade in hir here affyau*n*ce
Was, for she was olde *and* wyse. 5636
She þought she wolde haue here avyse.
[1] Hir mod*er* she tolde here counsell.
She answerde : "In grete p*er*ell [1 leaf 39]
May þus stonde P*ar*tonope; 5640
Where-fore dought*er* I counsell the
Sende for þe byshope of Paris.
He is a clerke *and* þer-to right nyse,
And can good skitt of *ser*mony[n]ge.
He knowe*th* þe helpe of all thynge."
He was sent aft*er*, he come anone. 5646
When he was come, to-ged*er* þey gon
In-to p*ar*loure nowe all there. 5648
The mod*er* seyde to þe bysshope : "Ye sore,
Ye be right welcome w*ith*-out more.

5648. thre *crossed out before* there.

I am dyssesed wonder sore,
Where-fore *your* conseH I moste haue.
I ffere me grettely, so Gode me saue,
My sone to lese Partonope.
For thys h*yt* stante trewly, syr, he
Ys taken) w*yth* ffendys of ffayre.
For aH a-lone he gotHe, þ*at* we
Be monthe ne wotte where hy*m* to ffynde,
Butte alle hys mayne he leuytHe be-hynde.
He hatHe a loue, syr, sykerly.
She hatHe defended hym hyly
That he desyre hur noghte to se.
Thys ys a wonder þynge to me. [leaf 71, back]
They mete neu*er* but on) nyghte;
Off hur had he yette neu*er* no syghte.
W*yth* hur he fynte aH man*er* of plesaunce.
H*yt* ys a fende or some myschawnce,
That wolle hys body *and* sowle brynge
In-to some myscheffe; lo, þys ys a þynge
WycHe greuetHe my hert wonderly Sore.
Thys ys þe cause ye were sent fore."—

Her son lives for months with a fairy,

but meets her only by night.

His body and soul are in jeopardy.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

I am diseased wonderly sore,
Where-fore youre counsayle I mote haue.
For I feere me gretly, so God me saue,
My Son to leese Partanope. 5654
For thus hit stont truly, Sir, he
Ys take wyth feendes of the ffayry.
For aloone he gothe that I 5657
Ne wote in a moneth where hym to fende,
And alle his meyne he levys hym be-hynde.
He lateth hym a-loone, Sir, sykerly.
She hath defended hym highly 5661
That he desyre not hir to see.
This ys a wonder thing to me.
They mete neuer but a-nyght; 5664
Of hir had he yett neuer no sight,
He fyndeth wyth hir alle maner of plesaunce. 5666
Hit ys a feende or som) myschaunce,

*Rawl. MS.*

I am desseysede wonder sore,
Where-fore youre counseH I moste haue.
For I fere me gretly, so God me saue,
My sone to lese Partonope. 5654
For þus it stont truly," quod she,
"He is take with fendes of þe feyre. 5656
For alone he goth þat I
Ne wot In a monthe where hym to fynde,
And aH his men) he leuyth be-hynde.

He lettyth hem alone sekerly. 5660
She hathe deffendyde hym gretly
That he desyre not here to see.
This is a wonder thynge to me.
They met neuer but at nyght; 5664
Of here he hade neuer yet sight.
He fyndyth with here aH plesaunce.

Hit is a fende ore som myschaunce
That with his body *and* soule brynge 5668
In-to som myschef; lo, þis is a thynge
Whiche greuys my hert wonder sore.
This is þe cause ye were sent fore."—

"Wyll," sayde þe bysshoppe, "lette me a-lone.
In-to a chamber I woll gonne,
And brynge yowre sone þe*n* in to me.
A whyle i*n* conselle we woll be."
For hur sone she sent a-none.
Whe*n* he was come, she made hy*m* gone
The Bishop speaks to Partonope, In-to þe chamber w*yth*-owte lette,
Where as þe bysshoppe hy*m* sone mette,
And sayde to hy*m*: "Welcome be ye.
Come, syttythe downe ryghte here be me."
The bysshoppe h*ys* tale be-gan) sotelly
and refers to his renown. Alle a-ff[e]rre, and seyde: "Syr, I
Here of yowe mochе worshyppe *and* honowre;
For off all Fraunce ye bere the flowre
Off manhode *and* of cheualry.
Thys ys þe cause, syr, why þat I
Hyder am come yowe for to se,
He is glad to see him in good health. And w*yth* all my herte am gladde þat ye
Arne i*n* hele *and* in gladnes."
þ*ys* bysshoppe pleyed wyles, as I gesse;
For he no worde spake of h*ys* lady,
Butte o*per* materes broghte yn sopely.
And þe*n* he sayde: "Trewly ye
To Gode mochе holden be.
Ye haue þe name of ge*n*tylnes,
Off curtesy *and* off hye prouesse.
þus renneth yo*ur* fame þorowe þe worlde.
"Thank God Thanke the heyly þat ylke lorde
Fro whome þ*ys* comethe; for wytte well ye [leaf 72]

*Rawl. MS.*

"Well," seyde þe bysshope, "let me alone." 5672
In-to a chambir she is gon,
In-to his chambir w*ith*-out lete, 5678
[1]Where as þe bysshope sone mete,
And seyde to hym: "Well-come be ye
Come, sit downe right here be me." 5681
The bisshope be-gan his tale subtilly
All afferre, *and* seyde: "Sir, sekerly
I here of you moste worchipe and honoure [1] leaf 39, back] 5684
For of Fraunce ye bere þe floure
Of manhode *and* of chevallrye.
This is þe cause, sir, þat I
Heþer am come you to see, 5688
With all my hert *and* glade am I
That ye are In hele *and* gladnes."
This bysshop pleyde wylis, I gesse:
For he no worde spake of his lady, 5692
But o*per* mater*is* brought subtilly.
Then he seyde: "Truly ye
Moche to God holdyn be.
Ye bere þe name of Ientillnes, 5696
Of courtesey *and* high prowesse.
Thus renyth þe fame þorwe þe worlde.
Thanketh hyely þat ilke lorde 5699
Fro whom þis comyth; for well wot ye

Off yowre-selfe hyt may not be.
For þowe a monne wolde yefe yowe a ffoder
Off golde, ye myghte not selle to a-nother
Bewte, strenghe, ne provesse,
Fredome, curtesy, ne larges.
Alle tho graces comethe fro hym;
Fro yowe cometh no-þynge but fowle synne.
Ther-fore sette alle yowre entente
To fulfyH hys commaundemente.
Serue* not a-nothe[r]wyth hys yefte.
Take resone to yowe, *and* porsewe þryfte,
And besy yowe to serue Gode a-boue;
Then haue ye a lorde *and* eke a loue.
Yeff ye hym loue, he wolle yowe kepe
Fro alle your Enemys, þowe ye slepe,
Oþer ellys whereþer ye be wakynge.
Ther-fore loue hym a-boue aH þynge.
AH wordely worshyppe I-nowe haue ye.
AH þat he geffe yowe, *and* þynketh þat he
Alle, when hym luste, may fro yowe take.
Loue hym þen for yowre owne sake,
And loue hym trewly in alle wyse.
Loke none erthely loue yowe suppryse,
Leste þer-wyth ye be so blente,
That ye breke hys comawndemente.
Lyethe not longe in dedely Synne,
Yeff þer be eny nowe þat ye be ynne.

5704 5708 5712 5716 5720 5724

for all your beauty, strength and prowess,

dedicate these to Him,

and love Him above everything."

"Beware of the guiles of earthly love, and confess your sins."

5710. Serue] *MS.* Seyne. 5711. *or* persewe?

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Of youre-selfe may it not be.
For though a man wolde gyfe a foþer
Of golde, he myght not seH to anoþer
Beute, strenght, ne prowesse,
Fredom, courtesye, ne largesse.
AH þis graces come fro hym;
Fro you comyth not but syn.
Ther-for set aH your entente
To kepe fully his comondemente.
Serve not anoþer with his gyfte,
Take reson to you, *and* porsue right.
Then haue ye a lorde *and* a love
To serve ouer aH thynge above.
Yef ye hym loue, he wiH you kepe

5704 5708 5712

Fro aH enemys, þough ye slepe,
Ore elles þough ye be wakynge.
There-fore loue hym above aH thynge.
[1]AH worldly worchip I-nowe haue ye.
And aH þat he gafe you; *and* thynke þat he
[1 leaf 40]
When hym lyste may fro you take.
There-fore loue hym for your owne sake,
And loue hym truly In aH wyse.
Loke none erthly loue you surpryse,
Leste þer-with ye be so blente
That ye breke his comondemente.
Lyth not longe In dedly synne,
Yef þer be ony þat ye be Inne.

5716 5720 5724

5717. *catchword* AH wordly.

Goþe faste to sore confessione." 5728
þus endyth̄e þe bysshoppe ys sermone.

Seeing Partonope dismayed, the Bishop continues his admonitions,

When þe bysshoppe hadde aH seyde,
Partonope sat aH dysmayde.
He caste a syke, h*y*t semed fro ferre. 5732
That herde þe bysshoppe, *and* nyghhed hy*m* ner.
He bade hy*m* boldely teH owte h*y*s synne,
And ransake h*y*s co*n*syence weH w*yth*-yn.

and tells him a tale of victorious saints,

And þe*n* he tolde hy*m* a nobeH story 5736
Off holy wrytte, *and* howe þe vyctory [leaf 72, back]
Off þe deuyH seynttes hadde
In olde tyme, *and* bade hy*m* be gladde,
And on þe deuylle showe h*y*s knyghthode, 5740
Sythen in batayle he lacked no ma*n*hode,
"And showe þat þou arte Goddys knyghte."
And so moche pynge hy*m* he be-hyghte,
þat atte þe laste Partonope 5744

till Partonope is no longer able to resist.

Aggreid hy*m* fully for to be
Atte þe bysshoppys owne wyH.
And sodenly ther-w*yth* he felle
In-to a þoghte fuH heuely. 5748
"Allas," þoghte he, "what may I
Do, for weH I wotte truly
I haue do nowe fulle grette ffolye
My loue þus fowle to be-traye. 5752
Nowe ys to late to sey naye,
Sythe I am agreed *per*-to."

5754. *MS. possibly* sythen.

*Rawl. MS.*

Gettyth faste to conffessionn." 5728
Thus endyth þe bysshope his *sermon*.
¶ When þe byshope hade aH seyde,
Partonope stont aH dyssmayde.
He caste a sigh, it semyde fro ferre. 5732
That herde þe bysshope *and* nyghede nerre.
He bade hym boldly teH out his syne,
And ransake his concience *with*-Ine.
Then he tolde hym a nobiH storye 5736
Of holy wryte, *and* how victorye
Of þe deviH *and* sentence hade
In olde tyme, *and* bade hym be glade,
And þe deviH shewyde his knyghthode.

Sethe In bataiH he lakede no manhode,
"Shewe þat þou art Godde*s* knyght, 5742
And thynke howe meche ye hy*m* hight,"
That at laste Partonope 5744
A-greede fully for to be
At þe bysshop*us* owne wiH.
And sodenly þer-*with* he fiH
In-to a þought fuH hevely. 5748
"Allas," he þought, "what may I
Do, for weH I wot truly
I haue do nowe grete folye
My loue þus foule to be-*tray*e. 5752
Nowe is to late to sey nay,
Sethe I am a-greede þer-to."

5728. Gettyth] e *like* o.

Þen to þe bysshoppe he seyde: "Syr, loo,
Off a synne I moste me shryue.
A loue I haue, wyche *in* my lyue
W*yth* myne eyen yette neu*er* I seye.
For hur to se fuƕ hylye
She me defendyth; yette haue I be
W*yth* hur fulle moche. *And* hardely she
Off Gode speketh wel *and* off h*ys* lawe,
And eu*er* conselleth me to drawe
Hym to serue *and* eke to plese.
And wyttethe weƕ, þ*ys* ys no lese,
Off hy*m* she speketh fuƕ blessydlye.
Golde *and* syluer fuƕ plentuosly,
And p*re*cyous stones she geuythe to me,
And ryche clopes; *and* bytte me be
Manly *and* þ*er*-to off yefftes large.
Somerys of golde she made me charge,
And to me sente he*m* in-to Fraunce.
And to my kyn *and* myne allyaunce
She bade I shulde departe ffrely. [leaf 73]
And so I dude, for trewly I
Yafe kynges, Erles, *and* eke barownes,
Knyghtes, Squyers: Cytees *and* townes.
And moche peple of eu*er*y degre
W*yth* hur golde I w*yth*-helde w*yth* me.
Þorowe hur ys pes come *in*-to þ*ys* lande.
She hath made me to take on hande
þ*ys* batayle, þorowe wyche I haue þe pryce.

He confesses that he has a love whom he has never seen.

She always speaks well of God.

She sent great gifts to France,

and through her peace is now restored.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Then to þis bysshope he seyde þo:
"Of syne I moste me shreyve. 5756
A love I haue *with*-In my lyve
*With* myne eyen yet neu*er* I sigh.
For hir to se fuƕ houghly [1 leaf 40, back]
She me defendyde; yet haue I be 5760
*With* hir fuƕ meche. *And* hardly she
Of God spek*es* *and* of his lawe,
And eu*er* counssellyth me to drawe
Hym to *ser*ue *and* to plese. 5764
And wete ye weƕ, þis is no lese,
To me she gyffes fuƕ besely
Golde *and* syluer plentuosly,
And presious stonys she yeuys me, 5768
And ryche clothis; *and* bedd*es* to me be
Manly and of yefte*s* large.
Som*ers* *with* golde she made charge
And to me sent h*em* to Fraun*ce*. 5772
To my kyn *and* myne alyaun*ce*
She bade I shulde dep*ar*te frely.
And so I dyde, for truly I 5775
Yeve kyghte*s*, erlis, *and* eke baroun*s*,
Knyghte*s*, squyeres Cetes *and* townes.
And moche pepiƕ of eu*er*y degre 5778
W*yth* here golde weƕ helde w*yth* me.
Thorwe here is pes come to londe. 5780
She hathe made me take on honde
The bataiƕ be þe which I haue þe pryce.

Where-fore, syr, to myne a-vyce,
She haþe fuH gentylly quytte hur vn-to me,
Saue in on) þynge þat hur to se
She me defendytHe so heyly.
All the same he submits to the Bishop's will. For þys cause, syr, trewly I
Putte me in yowre ordynawnce,
What euer happe me falle or chawnce."
When) þe bysshoppe herde hys entente:
"Nowe, lorde," he sayde "omnipotente,
I ylde þe gracys *and* þonkynge!
The Bishop advises him to see the lady. Partonope," he sayde, "a-boue aH þynge
I cunselle þat ye hur se,
þowe hyt a-geyne hur wyH be."
The mother gives him an enchanted lantern. Hys moder seyde on) þe oder parte:
"I haue ordeyned þerfore an) arte
Where-porowe ye shulle hur naked see.
Butte for no-þynge loke ÿe ne be
A-fferde of þat fowle þynge."
To hym a lanterne she dyd brynge
A-none, *and* þer-In a candeH bryghte,
þat shonne as þe day lyghte.
For wynde ne weder hyt wolde not owte.
And þer-wyth wyles, wyth-owten dowte,
She maketHe hym fully to agre
Vn-to hys lady fals to be.
þys lanterne wyth lyghte she doþe hym proferre.
Partonope hides the lantern till he returns to Melior. He hyt reseyuetHe, *and* in a coferre
Hyt putte, *and* hoydytH hyt preuely,
Tylle on) þe tyme þat he be redy
To go hys lady for to se. [leaf 73, back]
TyH þys be do, grette þoȝte haþe he.
Off þys porpose shorte tale to make,
He makes his way to the ship. Towarde hys lady þe wey he haþe take.
To ryde faste spareth not he,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Where-fore, maister, be myne avyse,
She hathe fuH Ientiffy quyte her to me,
Save In o thynge þat hir to see
She me defendyde so highly.
For þis cause truly I
Put me In youre ordenaunce,
What haþe may faH ore chaunce."
¶ "Lorde," he seyde, "omnipotente,
Yeve me grace with myne entente
To yelde you due thankynge!
Partonope above," he seyde, "aH thynge

Tylle he come stregħte to þe see.
A-none he comeħe a-ponꝺ þe strownde.
Hys botte aH redy *þer* he fownde,
And redely *þer*-In he leppe,
And rowed forþe vnꝺ-to þe shyppe.
Wh*en* he was *þer*, In he yede,
And forħe he sayleħe a fuH grette spede.
þe wynde was goode, þe tyde was feyre.
A-none was he atte Cheffe-De-Oyre,
Wycħe was þe hau*en* of þe Cyte,
Where as wonte was Partonope
To take þe londe *and per* a-ryue.
H*ys* lanterne he toke to hy*m* as blyue.
H*yt* was nygħte *and* sum-dele derke.
Fulle p*reuely* he hyd þ*ys* fals werke,
As a traytowre fals *and* felle.
He lefte þe shyppe *and* entered þe casteH,
Where he fownde aH sucħe semblaunte
As he was wonte, aH þe remenaunte
Off wex, of napery fuH feyre a-raye,
VesseH of golde, ffyne *and* gay,
Plente of bredde *and* off goode wyne
Off aH man*er* atte þe fuH ffyne,
Parteryggys, bryddys, *and* venosone,
Off aH deynteis ryghte grette ffoysone.
Vppon) þe benche downe he hy*m* sette.
He ne yete ne dranke, for *in* þe nette
Off blynde ffoly he was I-take ;
For alle resone had hy*m* for-sake.
Wh*en* the Soper wes aH I-done,
Streygħte in-to þe chamber he dyde gone [leaf 74]

5820 5824 5828 5832 5836 5840 5844

When he arrives at Chef d'Oire it is night.

He carries the lantern to the castle.

In the palace the table is laid as usual,

with sumptuous appointments,

but Partonope does not touch anything.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1]To take the londe and there a-ryve. 5828
His lantern) he toke to hym as bylyve ;
Hit was nyght and somdele derk.
FuH prevyly he hidde this fals werke,
As a traytoure fals and felle. 5832
He left the Shipp and enterd the CasteH,
Where he fonde alle such semblaunt
As he was wont and alle reuenaunt
Of wex and napery fuH fayre aray, 5836
VesseH of golde, fyne and gay, [1leaf 41]
Plente of Bred and of goode wynne
Of alle manere and that fuH fyne,
Partrykes, bryddes, and venesoun) 5840
Of alle deyntes ryght grete feysoun).
Opon) the Bench downe he hym sett,
He ete ne drank, for in the nett
Of blynde foly he was take ; 5844
For alle reson) had hym for-sake.
Whenne the Soper was alle done,
Streight in-to Chambre he dyd gone

Wyth lyght a-fore hym as he was wone. 5848
Þen he be-þo3te what wes beste to done
Wyth the crafte of Nygromansy.
He hides the lantern in the bed, and undresses. Wyth-In þe curteynes he gan hym hey,
And toke þe cloþes vp of þe bedde, 5852
And þer-vnder þe launter[ne] hydde.
He off wyth hys cloþes euerychone,
And naked to bedde wente a-none.
Owte of þe chamber voyded þe lyghte. 5856
Melior lies down by his side. And þer-wyth come hys lady bryghte;
And naked to bedde faste she dyd hye,
And to hur loue she drowe ryghte nye.
When naked hur felte Partonope, 5860
The cloþes fro þem vppe þroweth he.
Partonope takes out the lantern, and beholds the fairest woman ever born. Hys launterne he putte vp wyth hys lyghte.
Alle naked þer had he þe syghte
Off þe ffeyreste shape creature 5864
That euer was formed þorowe nature.
She swoons. When þys lady dyd þys a-spye,
On hym she caste a pytuos eye,
And sowned wyth a dedely chere. 5868
Partonope understands his folly, and throws the lantern against the wall. Tho Partonope gan sore to fere;
He wyste weH he had done grette folye.
Alle hys crafte he can defye,
And þrewe þe launterne a-geyn þe walle, 5872
Þat on a thowsande pecys smalle

5872. *MS.* lavnterne *with* v *crossed out.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth lyght a-fore hym as he was wonne. 5848
Than he be-thought hym what best to done
Was wyth his craft of nygromancy.
Wythin the Curteyns he gan hym hye,
And toke the Clothis vp of the Bedde,
And there vnder the lantren hydde.
He of wyth his Clothis euerychone, 5854
And naked to bedde he went anone.
Oute of the Chambre voydyd the lyght;
And ther-wyth come his lady bryght.
Alle naked to bedde fast She dyd hye,
And to her loue She drawe ryght nye.
When naked hir felt Partanope, 5860
The Clothes from hym tho ferre Throw he.
His lantren he put vp wyth his lyght.
Alle naked there had he the syght
Of the fayrest shapen creature 5864
That euer was foordened thorow nature,
When his lady did this aspye,
[1] On hym She cast a peteuouse ye
And swonnyd wyth a dedely chere. 5868
To Partanope gan to sore fere;
He wyst wer he had do grete folye.
Alle his craft he ganne dyffye,
And threw the lantren a-yenne the walle, [1 leaf 41 back.] 5872
That on a thousand pecis smalle

Hyt flye þat ffryste shonne so bryghte,
And þer-wyth quenched þat fowle lyghte.
Þys lady euer sowned faste,
Fulle pyteosly, *and* atte þe laste
She felle owte of hur sownynge
In-to a sorowfull wepynge,
Tylle longe after hur hert dyd breke.
Þan pytuosly she gan to speke,
As she þat was grettely dysmayed.
"Allas!" she sayde, "I am be-trayed [leaf 74, back]
And shamed þorow my nowne dede.
Thus hathe loue quytte me my mede.
Loue to serue I was to hasty.
My ffayre, swete loue, what haue I
Done or sayde þat longeth to blame,
That ye haue done me þys opyn shame?
Dyd I a-geyne yowe any þynge
That was so heyly yowre dysplesynge,
þorowe þe wyche ye were þus wrothe wyth me,
That I shulde þus I-shamed be?
Yeffe I wyste whatte my gylte were,
Yette I myghte suffer þe better to bere

Melior at last awakes from her swoon.

She wails and laments.

What has she done that her lover should disgrace her?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Hit flye that first shone so bryght,
And therwyth quenchid this fals lyght.
This lady euer swonned fast
Fulle peteously, and atte last
Sho fylle oute of hir swonnyng
In-to a sorowfull weping,
Tylle long after her hert gan breke.
Than peteously She ganne to speke,
As She that was gretly dysmayd.
"Allas!" She sayde, "I am be-trayd
And Shamed thorow myn owne dede,
Thus hath loue quytte me my mede.
Loue to serve I was to hasty.
My fayre swet love, what haue I
Done or sayde that longht to blame,
That ye haue done me this opyn Shame?
Dyd I ayen yow euer eny thing
That was so highly youre dysplesing,
Thorow which ye were thus wrothe wyth me,
That I shulde thus shamed be?
Yeff I wyst what my gylt were
Yet I myght suffre the better to bere

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Hit fley þat firste shone so bright.
Ther-with quenchide þe false light.
This lady euer swonyde faste
Fulle petuosly, *and* at laste [1 leaf 41]
She fill out of hir swony[n]ge
In-to a sorowfull wepynge,
That longe after hir her[t]e gan breke.
Then peteously she gan to speke,
As she þat was gretly dyssmayde.
"Allas!" she seyde, "I am be-trayede
And shamede þorwe myn owne dede.
Thus hathe loue quyte me my mede,
Love to serue I was to hasty.
My fayre, swete loue, what haue I
Done ore seyde þat longyth to blame,
And ye haue done me þis oppyn shame.
Dyde I euer onythynge
That was highly youre dyssplesynge,
Thorwe whiche ye were wrothe with me,
That I shulde þus shamede be?
Yef I wyste what my gilte were,
Yet I myght soffere þe beter to bere

Alle þys shame *and* þys dysese.
I telle yowe trewly þys ys no lese.
How often did she warn him! Lorde Gode! howe ofte dyd I yowe warne
Ye shulde desyre no crafte of charme
Me to se tyll tyme were.
Whatte þe cause was ye shall nowe here.
Ther was *in* yowe neyþer resone ne skylle
In þys wyse to se me a-geynes my wylle.
She is the daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople. I was doȝter of an Emperowre,
Wyche of Constantynoble* helde þe ho[no]wre.
He was louyd *and* drad þorowe þe worlde.
Eche man was gladde *wyth* hym to a-corde,
Saue onely Sulcan, þe lorde of Perce,
He wes euer to hym aduerse.
Whatte *wyth* hys ryches *and* hys grette Ire
He droffe hym owte of hys Empyre.
Having no other heir, her father put her to school. My ffader hadde no eyre but me.
Off me þer-fore grette hede toke he,
And me to scole a-none dyd sette,
And grette clerkes a-none lette ffette
To lerne me clergy *and* grette wysdome,

5905. Constantynoble] *MS.* Constantyne hole.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Alle this shame and this disease.
I telle yow trewly this ys no lees.
Lorde God! how oft dyd I yow warne
Ye shulde desyre craft ne charme
Me to see tylle tyme were.
What my cause ys ye now shall here.
There was in yow no reson ne skylle
In this wyse to see me a-yenst my wylle.
I was doughter of the Emperoure
Which of Constantyne-noble helde the honoure
He was louyd and dradde thorow alle the worlde. [leaf 42]
Eche man was gladde wyth him to a-corde,
Save onely fulgan, the lorde of Perch.
He was euer to hym auerse,
That wyth his rychesse and hys grete Ire
He droff hym oute of his Empryre.
My fader had none heyre but me.
Of me therfore grete hede he toke,
And me to scoole anone dyd sett,
And grete Clerkes anone lete fett
To lerne me clergye and gret wysdom

*Rawl. MS.*

All þis shame *and* þis dysseyse.
I tell you trewly þis is no lese.
Lorde, howe ofte dyde I you warne
Ye shulde desyre crafte ne charme
Me to se till tyme were.
What my cause was ye shall here.
Ther was In you no reson ne skill
In þis wyse to se me aynste my will.
¶ I was doughter to þe emperoure
Whiche of Costentyn helde þe honoure.
He was louyde *and* drede of all þe worde.
Eche man was glade *with* hym to acorde,
Safe only saltan, þe lorde of Perce,
He was euer to hym averse.
With his Ryches *and* his grete Ire [1 leaf 41 b]
He drafe hym out of his emperyre.
My fader hade none ayre but me.
[1] Of me þer-fore grete hede toke he,
And me to scole anone dyde sete,
And grete clerkes anone dyde fete
To lerne me clergye *and* wysdome.

And þat I myght̄e þe better gouerne þe kyn[g]dome.
A c. mastres I had *and* mo. [leaf 75]
And Gode gaffe me grace to lerne so,
þat þe VIJ. sciens I cowde parfyght̄ly. 5920 She learnt the seven arts, medicine, and divinity
And after þat þen lerned I
To knowe þe Erbe *and* here vertu,
And eke þe rotes where euer they grewe,
Where þat in kynde were colde or hote, 5924
Alł maner of spyces I knewe by rote,
Howe in phisike* þey haue here worchynge.
The seke in-to hele I can̄ wel̄ brynge.
After þys I lerned Diuinite, 5928
To knowe þe personys of þe trinite.
By þen̄ I was xv. yere of age,
My masters, þat were boþe wyse *and* sage,
In alle the vij. artys I dyd hem passe. 5932
Then̄ to Nygromancy sette I was, She knew necromancy,
Then̄ I lerned Enchawntemente[s],
To knowe þe crafte of experimente[s].
In my chamber often̄ preuely 5936

*After* 5917 *catchword* A C masters.
5926. phisike] *MS.* sekenes.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That I myght the better gouerne the kingdom̄. 5917
An̄ hundereth Maystres I had and moo.
And God yaff me grace to lerne soo
That the Sevyn̄ Seyence I cowde parfytely. 5920
And after that lerned I
To know of euery herbe the vertue,
And eke of Rothis, where euer they grew,
Whether they in kynde be colde or hote.
Alle maner of Spyces I know by rote,
How in phisike they haue her worching.
The syeke in-to heele I canne wele bring.
After this I lernyd dyuynite, 5928
Thre persones to know of the trynyte.
By than I was xv yere of age,
My maystres, that were bothe wyse and sage,
In alle the vij arse I dyd hem passe.
Thanne to nygromancy sett I was. 5933
Thanne I lernyd enchauntementes,
To know the craft of experymentes.
In my Chambre ofte tymes pryuyly

*Rawl. MS.*

An honderde maisters I hade *and* moo.
God yef me grace to lerne soo 5919
That þe VIJ scyence I couth parfyttly.

And after þat þen lernyde I 5921
To knowe of euery erbe þe vertu,
And of rotes where euer þey grewe,
Wheþer þey In kynde be colde ore hote.
Alł maner of spyces I knowe be rote,
Howe In fysike þey haue þer werkynge.
The seke In-to hele I can wel̄ brynge.
Aftur þis I lernede deuenyte, 5928
Thre persones to knowe of þe trenyte.
Be þan I was xv yere of age,
My maistres þat were wyse *and* sage

In alł þe vij artes I dyde hem passe.
Then to negromonsy set I wasse. 5933
Then I lernede [e]nchantementes,
To knowe be crafte of experimentes.
In my chambir ofte tymes prevely 5936

I dyde craftes fuƕ meru[el]osly ;
For oponly I wolde no-þynge done,
My konynge shulde haue be kydde a-none.
and often in secret showed the Emperor her craft. But when hyt lyked þe Emperowre 5940
To se my craffte, þen In a towre
Or In a chamber þus preuely
Hym to dysporte þen wolde I
And my mastres at hys commawndemente, 5944
Pley craftes þorowe wych mony man was blynte.
She worked charms of various kinds, [The chambre wyth my fader that I was Inne,
By craft of nygromauncye and such gynne
Shulde seme hit grew, wythouten doute, 5948
In largenesse a myle a-boute
To alle thoo that wythinne were.
Ther-to hit was so bright and clere,
And that a-boute high mydnyght,] 5952
As þowe þe sonne had shonne in bryghte
As hyt dothe in þe somerys day
such as Ther shulde they haue seyne knyghtes gay,

5954. *MS. adds* lyghte *after* day.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

I dyd crafte fuƕ mervelously ; 5937
For openly I wolde no-thing done,
My Cunnyng shulde have bene kydde anone.
But when hit lyked my ffader the Emp[e]roure 5940
To see my craft, then in a toure
Or elles in a chambre thus pryvyly
Hym to dysporte than wolde I
And alle my maysters at his comandement, 5944
Play craft thorow which many a man was blent. [leaf 42, back]
The chambre wyth my fader that I was Inne,
By craft of nygromauncye and such gynne
Shulde seme hit grew, wythouten doute, 5948
In largenesse a myle a-boute
To alle thoo that wythouten were.
Ther-to hit was so bright and clere,
And that a-boute hight mydnyght, 5952
As thogh the Sonne had shenyd ynne bright
As hit dothe in the Someris day
Ther shulde they haue seen knyghtes gay,

*Rawl. MS.*

I dyde crafte fuƕ mervelusly ;
For oppynly I wolde nothynge done,
My konny[n]ge shulde be kyde anone.
When it lykyde my fader þe emperoure
To se my crafte, In a toure 5941
Ore elles In a chambir prevely
Hem to dyssport þen prevely
Aƕ my maistres at his comondement
Pley crafte þorwe whiche many was blent. 5945
The chambir with my fader þat I was In,
Be crafte of negromonsy *and* soyche devyne
Shulde seme it grewe a myle a-boute
In largenesse, with-out doute, 5949
To aƕ þo þat with-In were.
Ther-to it was so bright *and* clere,
And þat about high mydnyght, 5952
As þough þe son hade shene bright,
As it doth In somers day. [leaf 42]
There shulde þey haue sen knyghtes gay,

Armed on horsbacke, redy to ffyghte.* 5956 tournaments,
*Þys* was, I trowe, a *mer*velows syghte.
*Þen* shulde they turney *mer*u[el]osly
As longe as me luste, *þen* wolde I
In las whyle *þen in* a þoghte 5960
Turne* aH *þys* meruayle to noghte. [leaf 75, back]
After *þat* I wolde make come a lyon), and fights between wild animals.
The olyfaunte also, *and* eke þe Gryfone,
And alle *maner* of bestys, whyle I wolde; 5964
Eche *wyth* other ffyghte shulde.
By þe wytte *þat* Gode hape sente me,
In cast[eH] or towne* þowe *þer* had be
Off pepeH dwellynge an C. M[l], 5968
Thus durste I welle haue take on) honde
*Þat* none of *þem* shulde of o*þer* war be,
For none of *þem* shulde* o*þer* se.
And by *þys* crafte for sothe haue I 5972
In my casteH kepte yowe fuH *pr*euely,
W*yth*-owte knowynge of any wyghte,

5956. *MS.* Armed on horsbacke *in* goode a-ray
Eche one w*yth* o*þer* redy to ffyghte.
5961. *MS. adds* I wolde *after* Turne.
5967. ow *crossed out after* caste; *MS. adds* or *before* þowe.
5971. *MS. apparently* shuldo.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Armed on horsbak redy to fyght 5956
Thus was, I trowe, a merveylous thing.
Then shulde thay turne mervaously
As long as me lust a[nd] thenne wold I
In lesse while thenne in a thought 5960
Turne alle this mervayle to nought.
After that I made come a lyoun),
The Olifaunte also, and eke the Gretfoun),
And alle maner of beestes, whiles I wolde; 5964
Eche one wyth other fyght shulde,
By the wytte that God hath sent me
In CasteH or town) thought there had be
Of people dewling an hundreth thousand, 5968
This durst I welle take on) hand
None of other shulde ware be,
For none of hem myght other see,
And by this crafte forsothe haue I 5972
In my CasteH kepte yow fuH truly,
Wythouten knowing of any wyght,

*Rawl. MS.*

Armede on hors bright redy to fight.
This was, I trowe, a *mer*velus sight.

As longe as me lyste, *and* þen wolde I
In lesse while þen I a þought 5960
Turne aH þis *mer*veH to nought.
After *þat* I made come a lyon),
The olyfaunt *and* eke þe gryffon),

AH maner of bestes which I wolde; 5964

Eche on *with* o*þer* fight shulde.
Be the whiche God hathe sent me
In casteH ore towne þough *þer* hade be

Of pepiH dwellynge an c. þousonde, 5968

This durste I weH take on honde
Non of o*þer* shulde ware be,
For none of o*þer* myght o*þer* see.
And be þis crafte for sothe haue I 5972
In my chambir kepte *pr*evely,
W*ith*-out knowynge of ony wight,

And do yowe plesaunce w*yth* aⱡⱡ my myghte.
Partonope has now bereft her of her magic power.
Aⱡⱡ *þys* connynge *and* aⱡⱡ *þys* crafte 5976
Ye haue clene fro me be-rafte.
Thys ys þe cause *and* þe skylle,
For ye haue sene me a-yen my wyⱡⱡ.
For aⱡⱡ þe dayes whyle I lyffe, 5980
Thys crafte woⱡⱡ I neu*er* putte *in* pr*eue*.
To-morrow her shame will become apparent.
To-morowe a-none as h*yt* ys day,
Ye shuⱡⱡ weⱡⱡ knowe *þys þat* I say
To yowe, ys soþe *and* no-þynge les: 5984
Ye shuⱡⱡ to-morowe se grette pres
Off Erlys, knyghtes, Squyers, *and* barownn*e*,
Off ladyes, g*e*ntyⱡⱡ-wem*men* of grette renowne.
My shame þ*en* shaⱡⱡ I se opynly, 5988
That haþe be hyd fuⱡⱡ pr*eue*ly
þorowe my connynge *and* my scyence,
Wycⱨe ys nowe loste þorowe yowre neglyg*e*nce.
All her lords will reprove her.
Myne Erlys, my barownys, *and* eke my mayne, 5992
Thes kynges sonys *þat* w*yth* me be,
Shulle welle knowe knowe a-pertely

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And do yow plesaunce wyth alle my myght.
Alle this Cunny[n]g and this craft 5976
Ye haue clene from) me be-raft.
This ys the Cause and the skylle,
For ye haue seen me a-yenst my wylle.
For alle the dayes that I lyve, 5980
This craft wylle I neu*er* putt in preve.
To-morow anone at hit ys day,
Ye shaⱡⱡ welle know this that I say
[1]To yow, ys sothe and nothing lees. 5984
Ye shuⱡⱡ to-morow see grete prees
Of knyghtes, Squyers, and baroun),
Of ladyes, gentylwomen of grete Renon).
My shame shulde see then opynly 5988
That hath byn) hydde fuⱡⱡ prevyly
Thurgh my Connyng and my science,
Which ys now lost thorow youre negligence [1 leaf 43]
Myn) Erles, my Barouns, and alle my meyne 5992
Thees kinges* Sonne that wyth me be,

Shulde weⱡⱡ knowe and se appertly

93. *In* kinges *there seems to be an indistinct* t *after* g.

*Rawl. MS.*

And do you plesau[n]ce *with* aⱡⱡ my myght.
Aⱡⱡ þis cony[n]ge *and* þis crafte 5976
Ye haue clene fro me refte.
This is þe cause *and* þe skiⱡⱡ,
For ye haue sen me aynste my wiⱡⱡ,
For aⱡⱡ þe dayes while I leue 5980
This crafte wiⱡⱡ I put In *preve*.
To-morwe anone as it is day
Ye shaⱡⱡ weⱡⱡ knowe þat I say
To you is sothe *and* nothynge lesse. 5984
Ye shaⱡⱡ to-morwe se grete prese
Of knyght, squyere *and* barou*n*ne,
And ladyes of grete renou*n*e.
My shame shaⱡⱡ so oppynly 5988
That hathe ben hade full *prevely* *
Thorwe my conny[n]ge *and* my scyence
Which is loste þorwe yo*ur* neclegence.

My erlis, my barons, *and* my meyne,

This knyght*es* son*es* þat wyth me be [1 leaf 42, back] 5993
[1]Shuⱡⱡ weⱡⱡ knowe *and* se* apertly

5989. *Abbreviated as for* provely.
5994. *MS. apparently* so.

Whatte lyfe we haue lyued boþe ye *and* I,
And aH w*yth* O voyse repreue me
That eu*er* I shulde yo*ur* loue be.
Thus shaH openly be knowe my shame. [leaf 76]
And who ys causer of my blame?
My swete loue, no-body but ye."
And w*yth* þ*at* worde thys lady ffre
Fylle on sownynge as she were dedde.
Partonope was w*yth*-owten redde,
And hy*m*-selfe so can dysmay,
To hur he cowde þ*us* no worde say,
Notte of h*ys* forfette onys crye hur m*er*cy.
Me þynkéthe þ*ys* was not gou*er*ned m*an*ly.
When thys lady fro sownynge came,
Hur co*m*playnte aH newe began,
And sayde: "Lorde Gode Omnipote*n*te,
That erþe, water, and ffyrmamente
Atte O worde madyste aH of noghte,
Why ssufferyste þ*ou* euer wom*m*anys þoghte
W*yth* m*an*nys loue encombred to be,

She falls in a swoon again.

Having recovered, she complains bitterly of the inconstancy of men.

6004. g *crossed out before* can). 6013. *or perhaps* woma*n*nys.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

What lyff ye haue levyd bothe ye and I,
And alle wyth oo voyce reprove me
That eu*er* I shulde yo*ur*e love be. 5997
Thus shaH opinly be knowe my shame.

And who ys cause of my blame?
My swet love, no-body but yee." 6000
And wyth that word this lady free
Fylle in a swonnyng as She were dede.
Tho was Partanope wythouten rede,
And hym-self so gan dysmay. 6004
To hir he gan no word say,
Not of his forfette onys crye her mercy.
Me thenketh this was not gouerned manly.

WHanne this lady of swonnyng sesed thanne, 6008
Her Complent alle new be-ganne,
And sayd: "Lord God omnypotent,
That erthe, water and firmament
Wyth one worde madest alle of nought,
Why sufferst thou eu*er* womannys thought 6013
Wyth mannys love encombred be,

6014. m *in* encombred *with four strokes.*

*Rawl. MS.*

What lyfe we haue leuyde, ye *and* I,
And aH w*ith* o voyse repreue me 5996
That eu*er* I shulde youre loue be.
Thus shaH oppynly be knowe my shame. [1 leaf 42, back]
And who is cause of my blame?
My swete loue, no-body but ye." 6000
And w*ith* þ*at* worde þis lady fre
FiH In swony[n]ge as she were dede.
Tho was P*ar*tonope w*ith*-out rede,
And hym-selfe gan dyssmay. 6004
To here he couthe no worde sey,
Not of his forfet onys crye her m*er*cy.

¶ When þis lady of swony[n]ge secede þen, 6008
Her complaynt aH newe be-gan,
And seyde: "Lorde God o[m]nipotente,
That erthe, wat*er* *and* fyrmente
W*ith* on worde madeste aH of nought,

W*ith* mans loue acomberde be, 6014

Or tryste here worde? for weⱡ by me
Eche woman may ensampeⱡ take.
For fayre wordes men can make
I-nowe, tyⱡ they haue here luste.
Here loue wolde they neuer after truste,
Butte besy hem tyⱡ they haue a newe.
And so haue ye* done; for fuⱡ vntrewe
Haue I fownde yowe to me,
Yowre newe shaⱡ so serued be:
Ye loue so weⱡ Nouelrye.

In spite of her learning she has proved herself a fool.

Be war* nowe ye haue do no ffoly.
For aⱡ I haue gon to scole,
I haue preued my-selfe a ffole;
That shaⱡ I wytte weⱡ to-morowe.
To me þen towarde ys shame *and* sorowe;
For eche man þen shaⱡ wonder on me.
And my fayre loue, þen shaⱡ ye be

To-morrow the lords will know their secret love.

Destroyed but* yeff I hyt make,
For ye shaⱡ se, I vnder-take,
Knyghtes *and* Squyers mony won.
They roghte neuer whatte to don,

6021. ye] *MS.* I. 6025. *MS. adds* ye *after* war.
6032. Destroyed but] *MS.* But destroyed.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Or trust his word? for welle by me
Eche woman may Ensample take. 6016
For fayre wordys men Conne weⱡ make
Ynow, tylle they haue alle her lust.
Her love they conne neuer after trust,
But besy hem tylle they haue a new.
And so haue ye done; for fulle vntrew
Haue I founde yow now to me.
[1]And youre new so shaⱡ seruyd be:
Ye loue so weⱡ novelry. 6024
Beware ye haue now do no foly.
For alle that I haue gone to scole,
Now haue I provid my-self a foole;
That shaⱡ I wele wete to-morow. 6028
To me than ys toward shame and sorow; [1 leaf 43, back]
For eche man shaⱡ thanne wondyr on me.
And my fayre loue, than shaⱡ ye be
Destroyed but yf I hit make. 6032
For ye shaⱡ see, I vnder-take,
Knyghtes and Squyers many one.
They rought neuer what to done

*Rawl. MS.*

Ore truste his worde? for weⱡ be me
Eche woman may ensampiⱡ take. 6016
For fayre wordes men can make
I-nowe tiⱡ þey haue þer lyste.
Here loue þey neuer after truste,
But besye hem tiⱡ þey gane newe. 6020
And so haue ye don; for fuⱡ vntrewe
Haue I fonde you nowe to me.
And youre newe so shaⱡ seruyde be:
Ye loue so weⱡ nowe nedly. 6024
Be ware nowe ye haue don foly.
For aⱡ þat I haue gon to scole,
Nowe haue I prouyde my-selfe a fole.
That I shaⱡ wyte to-morwe. 6028
To me is comy[n]ge shame *and* sorwe;
For iche man þen wiⱡ wonder on me.
And my fayre lorde, þen shaⱡ ye be
Dysstroyde but yef I it vnder-take. 6032
Knyghtes *and* squyeres many on,
They routhe neuer what to done

On) yow for to a-venget be. [leaf 76, back] 6036
For mony a day haue they serued me
Fo[r] to se me oponly ;
And nowe shuⱡ they knowe a-pertely
þat I haue kepte yowe for my loue. 6040
Allas ! wycⱨe shame *and* wycⱨe reproue
Ye shalle þen) be to me,
And yette I telle yowe trewly þat ye
Haue do worse to me þen aⱡ thys : 6044
Ye haue rafte me my wordely blys,
My maydenhode, my honowre, *and* my name,
My Ioye, my boldenes, *and* aⱡ my game,
My bewte, my shappe, my goodely beholdynge, 6048
My pley, my Iolyte, my mẏry lawgⱨynge,
My fredome, my curtesy, *and* my bounte.
Alle þes vertues haue ye rafte me,
And geffe me for aⱡ þes myn) endeles payne. 6052
Ther-fore ye be nowe Sertayne
My sorowe, my wratⱨe, my Rancowre,
My sykynge, my wepynge, my Dyshonowre,

Partonope has deprived her of all delights and virtues,

her beauty and her happiness,

and given her an endless sorrow.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

On) yow for to avengid be. 6036
For many a day haue they *ser*uyd me
For to see me openly ;
And now shaⱡ they know appertly
That I haue kep yow for my loue. 6040
Allas ! whicⱨ shame and whicⱨ reprove
Ye shaⱡ thanne be to me.
And yett I telle yow truly that ye
Haue do worse to me then alle this: 6044
Ye haue refte me of my wordely blysse,
My maydenhode, myn) honor*e*, and my name,
My Ioye, my boldenesse, and alle my game,
My beaute, my shapp, my goodely beholding, 6048
My play, my Iolyte, my mery laughyng,
My fredom), my curtasy*e*, and my bounte.
Alle these vertues haue ye reft fro me,
And yeve me for alle these myn) endelesse payne. 6052
Ther-fore to me ye be now certayn)
My sorow, my wrath, and my Rancour*e*,
My syghing, my weping, my dyshonour*e*,

*Rawl. MS.*

On you for to avengyde be. 6036
[1] For many a day þey haue *ser*uyde me
For to se me oppynly ; [1 leaf 43]
Nowe shaⱡ þey knowe apertly
That I haue kepte you for my loue. 6040
Allas ! *with* shame *and* *with* repr*o*ue
Ye shaⱡ be þen to me.
Yet I teⱡ you þat truly ye
Haue don wors þen þis to me : 6044
My worldly blyse ye haue refte me,
My maydenhode, my honoure, *and* my name,
My Ioye, my boldnes, *and* my game,

My beute, my shape, my goodly beholdynge, 6048
My pley, Iolyte, *and* mery laughynge,
My fredom, my cortesey *and* my bounte,
Aⱡ þis vertues haue refte fro me,
And yeve me for þis my endles payne.

Ther-for to me ye be *ser*teyne 6053
My sorwe, my wrethe, *and* my rancour*e*
My sighynge, my wepynge, my dyshо[no]ure.

My langorynge, my sekenes, euyn *and* morowe, 6056
He is her shame and her reproach. My fowle shame, myne endeles sorowe,
My grette reprefe, my recheles ffoly,
My sorofuⱡ payne, my dedely vylony.
The[re] ys no ende of my sorowe; 6060
Shamed for eu*er* I shaⱡ be to-morowe.
Euer curse I may ther-ffore
That day infortunatte þ*at* I was bore.
Losse of goode may esely be take; 6064
But she þ*at* lesytⱡe hur loue *and* hur make,
Hur hertte shaⱡ neu*er* haue Ioye a day
After hy*m* to loue, þ*ys* ys no nay."
Thys lady for sorow hyr hondys doþe wrynge, 6068
Hur here sheteryⱡ, *and* lyetⱡe sore wepynge.
Partonope weeps and moans, Hyr co*m*playnte heryⱡ Partonope.
After hy*s* detⱡ sore wyssyetⱡe he;
He syketⱡe, he wepytⱡe þytuosly,* [leaf 77.] 6072
and curses his mother and the bishop. Hys moder he cursetⱡe dyspytuosly,*
The Erchebysshoppe *and* eke hys* sermone,
And prayetⱡ Gode they botⱡ Mon)

6072. *MS.* dyspytuosly. 6073. *MS.* sorofully.
6074. hys] *MS.* þe.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My longouring sekenesse, even and morow, 6056
My foule shame, my endelesse sorow,
My grete reprofe, my rechelesse folye,
My sorow-fuⱡ payne, my dedely vilanye.
Ther ys none ende of my sorowe; 6060
Shamed for eu*er* I shaⱡ be to-Morowe.
Beuer Curse may I ther-fore [leaf 44]
The day in-fortunate that I was bore.
Losse of goode may easily be take; 6064
But She that lees hir love, hir make,
Her hert shaⱡ neu*er* haue Ioye a day
After hym to lyve, this ys no nay."
This lady for sorow hir hand*es* dothe wryng, 6068
Hir heere to-theryⱡ, and lyetⱡ so weping.
HIr complaynt hereⱡ Partanope,
After his detⱡ sore wysshed he;
He syghed, he wepyd petevusly. 6072
His moder he cursed to spytefully,
The archebysshop and eke his sermoun),
And praetⱡ God the bothe moun)

*Rawl. MS.*

My langourrynge sekenes eu*er*-more,
My fuⱡ shame, my endles sorwe, 6057
My grete reprefe, my recheles foly,
My sorwfuⱡ payne, my dedles velonye.
There is none ende of my sorwe; 6060
Shamyde for eu*er* I shaⱡ be to-morwe.
Eu*er* course I may þ*er*-fore
The day vnfortunat þ*at* I was bore.
Losse of good may eysely be take; 6064
But she þ*at* lesses hir loue *and* make,
Hir hert shaⱡ neu*er* haue Ioye o day
Aft*er* hym to loue, þis is no nay."
This lady dothe hir hond*es* wrynge,
Hir here to-tere, *and* lighe sore wepynge. 6069
¶ Hir complaynt heryⱡ P*ar*tonope.
Aft*er* his dethe sore wysshede he;
He sighede *and* wepte petuously. 6072
His mod*er* he coursede spyttuously,
The erche-bysshope *and* his *ser*mon),
[leaf 43, back]
And p*ra*yⱡ God þ*at* þey bothe mon)

Haue myschaunce or þen þat they deye,
And þen at erste be-gan faste crye,
And axe hys lady of hur mercy.
He sayde: "My lady, truly I
May excuse me by no resone
þat I ne haue a fulle hey tresone
Wroghte; other be cause *þer*-of *and* not I.
Butte yette I knowlage *þer*-of þe ffelony,
þat I haue forfette lymme *and* lyffe
To yowe, my souereyne lady *and* wyffe.
Ther-fore to-morowe lette me [be] slayne
Off yowre knyghtes, þat wolde so fayne
Take on me veniawnce; for truly I
Am not worthy to haue mercy.
I dar In no wyse axe pardon,
For I haue don so hye treson.
I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe
þen euer to lyffe *in* care *and* stryffe.
My lyffe to me ys butte shame.
Off trowþe for euer ys loste my name.
Where-fore, my ffayre souereyne ladye,
I pray yowe hyly of yowre mercy,

He acknowledges his guilt,

and says he dare not implore his Lady's mercy.

He wishes to be slain

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Haue myschaunce or that they dye.
And than at erst he gan fast crye
And aske his lady of hir mercy,
He sayd: "My lady, trwly I
May excuse me by no reson
That I haue do a full high treason.
Other ar Cause therof and not I.
But yett I knowlech the felony,
That I haue forfett lymme and lyfe
To yow, my sounerayn lady and wyfe.
The[r]fore to-morow lat me be slayn
Of youre knyghtes, that wolde so fayne
Take on me vengaunce; for trwly I
Am not worthy to haue mercy.
I dare in no wyse aske no pardon,

For I haue done to high a treason.
I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe
Thanne euer to leve in care and stryff.
My lyff to me ys no-thing but shame.
Of trewth for euer ys lost my name.
Wher-for, my fayre souerayn lady,
I pray yow highly of youre mercy

*Rawl. MS.*

Haue myschance ore þat þey dye.
Then at erste he gan faste crye,
And aske his lady of hir mercy.
He seyde: "My lady, truly I
May excuse me be no reson
That I ne haue don high treson.
Oþer are cause *þer*-of *and* not I
But yet I knowelege me gylty,
That I haue forfet lyme *and* lyfe

To you my souerayne lady *and* wyfe.
Ther-for to-morwe let me be slayne
Of youre knyghtes, þen wolde I fayne
Take on me vengance; for truly I
Am not worthy to haue mercy.
I dare in no wyse aske mercy ne pardon,
For I haue don so high treson.
I wolde leuer for-go my lyfe
Then euer to leue In care *and* stryfe.
My lyfe to me is but shame.
Of trouthe for euer is loste my name.
Where-fore, my souerayne lady,
I praye you highly of mercy,

by her knights.

In þys wyse þat erly to-morowe
I may be slayne, *and* owte of sorowe
I may be broghte *and* owte of stryffe.
My dethe ys me leuer þen my lyffe."

At daybreak the ladies of the court rise to wait on their mistress.

And as they lay *in* here talkynge,
þe lyghte of day *in* faste gan) sprynge;
þen gan) hur wy*m*men faste a-ryse.
Hyre ffresshenes, here a-raye for to devyse
Hyt were nowe to grette a taryinge.
Myne auctor þer-of makethe no rehersynge,
Saue onely of here grette kynredde. [leaf 77, back]
Ther-of he spekethe, w*yth*-owte*n* drede:
Off kynges, of Erles they come echone.
Streyghte to he*re* lady they can) gone
In-to þe chamber, ther as they laye.
And by þat tyme h*yt* was brodde daye,

They are sorry to see how the Queen has behaved,

Ther sawe they alle opynly
Howe here lady had gouer*n*ed hur p*re*uely.
Grette sorowe ther a man) myghte se
A-monge þe wy*m*men; *and* þen Partonope

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In this wyse that erely to-morowe
I mowe be slayn), that out of sorowe
I mowe be brought and out of stryff.
[1] My deth ys me leuer then my lyffe."
And as thay lay in this wyse talk-
ing, [1 leaf 44, back]
The lyght of day in fast gann) spring.
THanne gann) hir wymmen fast to
ryse.
Her beaute, her a-ray for to devyse
Hit were now a grete tarying.
Myn auctoure therof maketh no re-
hersyng,
Saue onely of her grete kynrede.
Therof he spekes, wythouten) drede:
Of kinges and Erles they come Echone.
Streyght to hir lady they gynne gone
In-to the chambr', there as she lay.
And by that tyme hit was brode day,
There syghe they alle opynly
How her lady had gouerned hir
pryvyly.
Grete sorow there a man) myght see
A-monge the women; and then Par-
tanope

6104. *MS.* wynmen.

*Rawl. MS.*

In þis wyse þat erly to-morwe
I may be slayne, þat out of sorwe
I may be brought *and* out of stryfe.
My dethe is me leuer þen my lyfe."
As þey lay In þis wyse talkynge,

The light of day faste gan In sprynge.
¶ Then gan) hir women faste ryse.

Her beute *and* hir array to devyse
His were nowe a grete tarynge.
Myn auto*r* þer-of maketh no reher-
synge,
Safe only of hir grete kynrede.
Ther-of þey speke, w*ith*-out drede:
Of kynge*s*, erles þey come ichone.
Streight to her lady þey gan gon)
In-to þe chambir þer as she lay.
And be þat tyme it was brode day,
Ther sigh þey all oppynly [leaf 44]
Howe þer lady hade gouer[n]de her
prevely.
Grete [sorwe] þer a man) myght see
A-monge þe women; *and* þen Partо-
nope

Wyste weⱡ he had do grette ffolye.
The wy*m*men on) hy*m* faste gan) prye,
And seyde fuⱡ euylle *and* as he*m* luste.
þ*y*s ffayre lady had lyteⱡ reste,
What for drede *and* what for shame.
Alle hur wy*m*me*n* hur fowle gan) blame,
And sayde: "Grette Ioye ye may haue
Off yowre-selfe, when) suche a knaue
To yowre loue ye haue þus take,
And so mony lordes for-sake,
Knyghtes *and* squyers eke þe*r*-to.
Allas for shame! What haue ye do?
Whyle ye lyffe ye may repente
þat yowre luste *and* yowre talente
Ye haue be-sette on) a lewed knaue."
And seyde þat aⱡ we*m*me*n* haue
A custome, *and* þey sette he*m* to loue,
Off shame they ne recche ne of reproue,
Be so þat they mowe haue here luste,
For any þynge þat be hadde moste.

and blame her for having chosen that knave for her lover.

6133. þat *crossed out before, and* aⱡ *after* seyde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyst wele he had do so grete foly.
The wymmen on) hym gan) fast crye,
And sayde fuⱡ hevyly, and as hym lyst.
This fayre lady had lyteⱡ rest,
What for drede and for shame.
Alle hir wymmen foule g[a]nne her blame,
And sayde: "Grete Ioye ye mow haue
Of youreself, when suche a knaue
To youre love ye haue thus take,
And so ma[n]y lordes han) for-sake,
Knyghtes and Squyers eke ther-to.
Alas for shame! what haue ye do?
Wyles ye lyve ye mow repent
That youre lust and youre talent
Ye haue be-sett on) a lewde knaue."
And sayde that alle women haue
A custome, and they sett hem) to love,
Of shame they ne recch ne of reprove
Be so they mowe haue hir lust
For any thing that be had must.

6119, 6123. *MS.* wymmen.

*Rawl. MS.*

Wyste weⱡ he hade do grete foly.
The women) on hym faste gan crye,
And seyde iⱡ as hem lyste.
This fayre lady hade lytiⱡ truste,
What for drede *and* for shame.
Aⱡ her women) gan hir blame,
And seyde: "Grete Ioye may ye haue
Of youre-selfe, when soyche a knave
To youre loue ye haue take,
And so many lorde*s* haue for-sake,
Knyghte*s and* squyeres eke þe*r*-to.
Allas for shame! what haue ye do?
While ye leue ye may repente
That youre luste *and* youre talente
Ye haue be-set on a lewede knave?"
And seyde aⱡ þat women haue
A costum, *and* þey set hem to loue,
Of shame þey ne reche ne reprove,
Be so þey may haue þe*r* luste,
For ony thynge þat be hade moste.

Approaching the bed they begin, however, to repent of their reproaches.

When þe day was wyȝt forþe sprong,
And þes w*e*mm*e*n had weȝt I-ronge
Here belle, wyche was heuy to here,
Thys lady had boþe shame *and* fere;
For she was *in* ryghte grette dowte:
Here w*o*mm*e*n stode aȝt rownde a-bowte
Hur bedde, *and* pre-cedyn wonder nye
To haue þe syghte of he*re* lady.
On her*re* they loked wonder ffaste, [leaf 78]
And nere they come at the laste
Here lady better for to a-vyse.
And þ*e*n they þoghte i*n* aȝt wyse,
And she had ben gladde *and* no-þynge heuy,
She had bewte and þat passyngely.

Her beauty ends their sadness, and they regret their reproof.

Hur bewte made here malencoly to sece,
So þ*a*t þ*e*r wes non of þ*a*t prece,
That þey ne were *in* here herte sory
That they hadde repreuyd so here lady.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

WHanne the day was wele sprong,
And these women had wele y-ronge 6139

. . . e was in ryght gret doute 6142
. . . o*m*men stode aȝt rownde a-boute
. . . d *and* p*re*sed wondyr nye 6144
. . . e a syght off hur lady
. . . they lokyn wondyr fast
. . . rre they come att þe last
. . . dy bett*e*r to A-vyse 6148

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ When þe day was weȝt I-spronge,
And þis women) weȝt I-ronge 6139
Hir beȝt, which was heuy to bere, 6140
This lady hade bothe shame *and* fere;
For she was In right grete doute:
Hir women) stode rounde aboute
Hir bede, *and* pres*e*de wond*e*r nyghe
To haue a sight of hir lady. 6145
On hir þey loke wond*e*r faste,
And nere þey come at þe laste
Hir lady bett*e*r to devyse. [1 leaf 44, back]
Then þey þought In aȝt wyse, 6149
And she hade ben glade *and* not heuy,
She hade beute not passyngly.
Hir beute made hir maly[n]coly sese,
[1] So þ*a*t þ*e*r was none of þ*a*t prese 6153
That þey ne were In hert sorye
That þey hade so rep*re*uyde þ*e*r lady.

*Clifden MS.*

. . an thay thowght in aȝt wyse
. . . e had ben glad *and* not heuy
. . . d beuate *and* not passyngly
. . . uate made hur malyncoly sees
. . . . er were non of þ*a*t prees 6153
. . . ay ne were on hert sory
. . . . h[ad so] reprouy[de] her lady

And aꝯ stode stylle by one a-corde,
þat none of hem durste sey more a worde.
Wyth-In a whyle come In a-none
A semely lady, *and* þat a ffayre one.
In hur *per*sone was fownde no lacke:
Hur here henge tressyde at hur backe,
Fulle bloye, wyche hynge downe to hyr fete.
Eche of hyr bewtyes to o*per* was mete,
And so answerynge *in* eche degre,
þat she was preysed passyngly of bewte.
Hyr a-raye to reherse here,
H*yt* nedythe not, but *in* þe beste manere
She wes a-rayed, þ*ys* ffayre maye.
Butte who so luste to here of hur a-raye,
Lette hy*m* go to the ffrenssche bocke,
That Ideꝯ mater I forsoke
To telle h*yt* in prose or els *in* ryme.
For me þoghte h*yt* taryed grette tyme,
And ys a mater fuꝯ nedeles,
For eche man wotte weꝯ w*yth*-owten les,
A lady þat ys of hye Degre,

A beautiful lady makes her appearance.

The Translator refrains from giving a needless account of her dress,

which is to be seen in the French book;

---

*Rawl. MS.*

And aꝯ stode stiꝯ In on a-corde,
That none of hem durste sey a worde.
¶ W*ith*-In a while come In anone
A symly lady, *and* a fayre one.
In hir *per*sone was fou*n*de no lake:
Her here henge tressede at hir bake,
Weꝯ hangynge downe at her feete.
She of hir beute to o*per* was mete
And so haunswerynge In iche degre,
That she was presede passynge of beute.
Here array to reherse to reherse here,
Hit nedyth not, for In beste man*ere*
She was arrayed In þe beste, þat freshe may.
Who so luste to here of hir arraye,
Let hym go to þe frenche boke,
And who so wiꝯ it ou*er*-loke,
To teꝯ it In prose ore In ryme,
For me it were a longe tyme,
And it is a mat*er* þ*er*-to nedles,
For iche man wot weꝯ, *with*-out les,
A lady þat is of higꝯ degre,

*Clifden MS.*

. . . . tyꝯ [In on] a-corde
. . . . em deir to say more a word
. . . . whyle come in a-non
. . . . s[ymly] lady *and* a fayre on
. . . . was found no lacke
. . . hyng tressyd at hur bakke
. . y honged downe to her fete
. . . ff he[r] beuate to other was [mete]
. . . . seryng in eche degre
. . . . *pre*sed passyngly off beuate[1]

þen here who-so wyꝯ loke[2]

. . . hyt in p*ro*cesse or yn ryme
. . . hyt wer a long tyme
. . . t ys A mat*er* þ*er*to fuꝯ nedeles
. . . e man wote weꝯ w*ith*[-out] lees
. . . þat ys off hey degre

[1] [*Bottom line*]
[2] [*Top line of col.*]

A-rayde *in* þe beste maner mote be.
Whatte nedes to speke of hur foreheᵭde,
Off hur nose, hur mowþe, hyrre lyppes redde,
Off hur shappe, or of hur armes smalle? 6180
Off þ*ys and* more a ryghte grette tale
Myne auctor maketħe, wychꝫ shaꝯ not for me
Be nowe rehersed, but thus that she
Was holdeꝺ one off the ffayreste [leaf 78, back] 6184
That was oꝺ lyue, *and* þ*er*-to þe goodelyste
W*yth* to dele þ*at* myghte be,
And Wrake for sothe hyte she.
Suster she was to ffeyre Melyowre. 6188
Forthe she come w*yth* herte sore
Streyghte to þe bed, þ*er* as she lay.
Þese o*þer* ladyes, whe*n* they hyr saye,
He*m* w*yth*-drewe*n*, *and* dyd hur reue*r*ens; 6192
And glad they were aꝯ of hur p*r*esens.
To Melyoure yede þe ffayre Wrake,
And þese wordes to hur she spake:
"LAdy," she sayde, "for Godes loue haue me*r*cy 6196
Off yowre worshyppe, *and* hoyde yo*ur* foly.

nor will he repeat the Author's description of her beauty.

Her name was Urake, and she was the sister of the queen.

She begs Melior to forgive her lover,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Arrayde In þe beste mane*r* moste ne*d*es be.
What nedyth to speke of hir for-hede,
Of hir nose, mouth, ore lyppu*s* rede,
Of hir shape, ore of hir armes smaꝯ?
Of þis *and* more right a grete taꝯ 6181
Myne aut*or* seyth, which shaꝯ not fyne.
Hem to reherse I wiꝯ resyne.
For she was holde on of þe feyreste
That was on lyue, *and* also þe godlyeste
With ij delle þ*at* myght be, 6186
And Wrake for-sothe hight she.
Syst*er* she was to feyre Melyore. 6188
For she come furthe w*ith* hert sore,
Streight to þe bede, þ*er* as she lay.
This o*þer* lady, when she here sey,
Hade w*ith*-drawe *and* don here reuerence. 6192

[*Four leaves are here wanting.*]

*Clifden MS.*

. . . in þe best mane[r m]ost be
. . . nedyth hyt to speke off here for-hede
. . . nose mouth *and* lyppys rede
. . . shap or off hur armys smalle 6180
. . . And more A ryght gret tale
. . . uctor hath whych shal not serue
. . ow to reherse y wyꝯ reserue
. . . was holdyn one off þe fayrest 6184
. . . as on lyue *and* one off the godlyest
. . . ele that myght be
. . . ake for-sothe hyte she
. . . she was to fayre Melyoure 6188
. . . me fo(?)rthe with hert sore
. . . ht to the bedd ther as she lay
. . . hyr lady whan she hur say 6191
. . . drawen *and* done here reuerencse[1]
. . . . . off hur p*r*esence[2]
. . . . . fayre Vrake 6194
. . . . . ur she spake
. . . . . r goddys loue haue mercy
. . . . . hyp*and* hyde yowre foly

[1] *Bottom line.* [2] *At back of* l. 6236 ff.

Thys man ye loue, we aH weH se,
And for yowre beste hyt may happe to be.
Take the aH pese wordes in vayne
That my felowes haue* to yowe sayne.
Nowe pat they haue be-holde hym welle,
Here hertes be chaunged euery dele.
They pynke they haue a pynge mys-do.
And I shaH sey yowe eke also
Playnly *and* truly myne a-vyse:
Me pynkethe he shulde be bope manly *and* wyse.
A ffeyrer, a semylyer shaH no man fynde,
powe a man soghte to pe grette Ynde,
Then ye haue chose here to yowre loue.
A grette dele pe lesse ys yowre reproue.
I wotte weH he hath do ryghte grette foly,
And quytte hym to yowe vntrewly.
AH-powe a louer be fownde vnstabeH,
Yette ys pe forfette PardonabeH,"
" FAyre suster," sayde the Quene,
" Ye wytte neuer trewly what ye mene
In thys mater; for sykerly I
Hym haue defended fuH hylye
He shulde not se me in pys wyse.
Ther-fore I wolle me weH a-vyse,
Or I for-geffe hym pys hy trespas. [leaf 79]
For whyle I lyffe, 'Allas, allas'
May be my songe, I wotte ryghte weH.
For and ye felde that I fele,
Hyt shulde not be lyghtely for-yeue.
But aH-way, suster, ye speke of loue,

6201. haue] *MS.* no.

*Clifden MS.*

. . . . . s weH we see 6198
. . . . . t may hap to be
. . . . . ys in vayne 6200
. . . . . haue sayne *
. . . . . behold hem weH
. . . . . euery dele
. . . . . no thyng mysdo 6204
. . . . . Hso
. . . . . myn aduyce
. . . . . both manly *and* wyse

6201. *Walker prints* haue (s ?) fayne.

. . . . shaH no man fynd 6208
. . . . hym thorow grece *and* ynde
. . . . ym to youre loue
. . . . is youre reproue
. . . . do ful folylye 6212
. . . . w vntrwlye
. . . . found vnstabuH
. . . . ay be pardonabuH
. . . . vnd . . . . . 6216

[*The last very incomplete lines of Walker's transcript belong to* ll. 7557 ff.]

who is the fairest between here and Ind,

but her appeal is all in vain.

Off my wordes be not dysplesed,
Ye haue felte þer-of yet no dysese."

Urake still tries to console her sister.

TO hur answered þe fayre Wrake :
" Medame, grette cause ye haue to take
Sorowe for hys vnkyndenes.
But yette for thys, grette heuynes
In yowre hert takeⱦe not ye.
Thynkeⱦe of whatte estate ye be.
Ye shende your-selfe, *and* þer-fore grette ffoly

What is is

Hyt ys, sytⱦe a-mendyd hyt may not be.
Ther-fore my conselle ys that ye
Leue aⱧ þys ; hyt ys to done.
Or else we shuⱧ of yowe echone
Be so encombred þat no comforte
We shaⱧ make yow no dysporte.

Let her remember she is queen,

þynkeⱦe ye ar quene *and* lady of þys londe.
No man may be any bonde
Yowe restrayne fro yowre desyre.
Ther-fore þys rancowre *and* þys grette yre
Off wrathe owte of yowre herte lette passe,
And take þys man) a-geyne to grace.
Where-to clepe ye yowre-selfe caytyfe,
And wayle þe tyme ye be on lyue ?
Wher-to wepe ye þus pytuosly ?

and banish these thoughts. Melior will not listen to her.

Exile þys þoghte owte of yowre memorye."
" Svster," sayde thys lady ffre.
" Thys cunselle þat ye cunseⱧ me
May neuer setyⱧ in myne herte.
I fele þer-of so dedely smerte,
That trewly *and* by Gode a-boue,
Me þynkeⱦ I can) hym neuer loue.

6237. *MS. possibly* sythen.

---

*Clifden MS.*

ye shend yowre selffe A . . . . [1] 6236
hyt ys sythen A-mendy . . . .
ther-for my counsayle . . . . .
leue aⱧ thys sorrow fo . . . . .
or els we shaⱧ off yow . . . . . 6240
be so encombred that . . . . .
we shuⱧ knowe yow . . . . . 6242

wherto wepe ye thys s . . . [2] 6251
[S]vster sayd thys. . . . 6253
thys counsel th. . .
May neuer seteⱧ in . . . .
y fele here-of so ded . . . . 625
that truly *and* by god . . .
My thynkeⱦ y coude . . .

[1] *At the back of leaf beginning* l. 6193.

[2] l. 6251 *is top line in MS.*

Allas, my suster, am I to blame?
He hath̄ do me so opyn̄ shame, [leaf 79, back] 6260
And Gode wotte causelas as for me.
Yette a grette* forfette ones dyd̄ he,
And þat I for-gaffe hym truly.
And nowe he hath̄ quytte hym more vngoodely. 6264
Thes IJ. fawtes greue me so sore
That truly, suster, I may no more."
"MEdame," þen sayde fayre Wrake,
"A cause ye haue a quarelle to make 6268
A-geyne yowre loue, syth̄ þat he*
Hath̄ so hym gouerned þat yche man may se
Ye haue hym chose to yowre loue,
Wyche ye þynke ys grette reproue, 6272
Syth̄ thy wylle was þat couertly
Hyt shulde be do, *and* nowe a-pertly
Hyt ys knowe þorowe hys foly.
Yette yn̄ þys case ye may do remedy, 6276
And ye wolle do after my conselle,
And shalle fare welle *and* be rygh̄te welle.
Yowre lordes ar alle of on̄ a-corde,
Wyh̄ wyllynge ye shulle take a lorde 6280
To be yowre husbonde *and* your gouernowre,
Off alh̄ your reme to safe the honowre.
Ther-fore lette wrytte yowre letteres faste,
Chargynge yowre lordes in grette haste 6284
A Certeyne day wyth yowe to be.
When they ben̄ come, þe moste preve
Off hem alh̄ to yowe ye take,
And tellyth̄ playnely a lorde *and* a make 6288
Ye haue I-chose yowre husbonde to be.
And lette hem þen the persone se.
A worthyer ne a semelyer knygh̄te

Urake then reminds her that the lords of the country wished her to take a husband.

She has already forgiven him once.

She may now summon them, and declare that she has chosen the man she likes best.

6262. *MS.* gretter. 6269. he] *MS.* ye.

*Clifden MS.*

A-las suster y am not . . .
he hath̄ done me so . . . . 6260
And god wote counsay . . .
For onys A grete off . . . .
þat y for-gaffe hym . . . . .

And now he hath̄ quy . . . 6264
thes two defawtes gee . . .
that truly suster y m . . .
[M]Adam than . . . . .
A cause ye h . . . 6268

Was neuer non) showed *in* here sygħte. 6292
Sythe ye haue take hy*m* to yowre loue,
Thus shaħ quenched be þe grette reproue
That ye wene he haþe yowe do.
What mowe yowre lordes sey *þer*-to? 6296
For to yo*ur* luste they moste a-gre.
They will surely be pleased, Ther-w*yth* a-none lette he*m* hy*m* se.
W*yth* hy*m* they shulle be weħ a-payde. [leaf 80]
Off yowre-selfe beþe not dysmayed. 6300
Thus may beste be hydde yo*ur* shame,
and none will blame her. For none of þe*m* may yowe blame;
They woħ a-gre he*m* to yowre desyre.
Sythe þ*at* ye luste fully yo*ur* plesyre 6304
Hem þus to telle, þe*n* moste they be
Off yowre cunselle, *and* þe*n* mowe ye
Rule he*m* alle ryghte as ye luste.
Medame, me þynkeħe thys ys yo*ur* beste. 6308
For yeffe ye take a-noþ*er* lorde,
þowe h*yt* be by alle here a-corde,
For þ*ys* ye shalle fuħ ofte bere blame,
H*yt* shalle fulle fowle a-peyre yowre name." 6312
Melior cannot think of loving a man who has betrayed her. Thys lady answeryd: "Yo*ur* fayre sermowne
Me þynkeħ ys grettely a-yen) aħ resone,
That I shulde eu*er* hys loue be,
That hath þ*us* falsely be-trayed me.* 6316
For whome þ*at* eu*er* I take to lorde,
He and I shalle neu*er* a-corde.
Suster, fulle lytelle knowe ye of loue,

6293, 6304. *MS. possibly* sythen. 6316. me] *MS.* be.

---

*Clifden MS.*

wyth hym they shuħ be weħ Apay . .[1]
off yowre-selff be not dysmayed 6300
thys may best be hudde youre shame
for none off them than may yow bla . . .
they wyħ A-gre hem to youre desyr . .
Syth that ye lyst ffully youre pleas . . .
hem thus to teħ than most thay be 6305
off youre counsayle *and* so may yee
Rule them aħ ryght as ye lyst
Madam me thyuketh thys ys þe best
for yff ye take a-nother lord 6309
thowgh hyt be Aħ here a-cord
for thys ye shuħ oft bere blame
hyt shaħ fuħ foule Apeyre youre . . .
[T]hys lady aunsweryd youre s[2]6313
Me thynkyth þ*at* ys gretly A ga . .
that y shuld euer hys loue be
that hath þys falcely betrayed me 6316
For yff that eu*er* toke hym to lord
he *and* y shuld neuer A-cord
suster fully þat knowe ye off loue

[1] *At back of page beginning with* l. 6142.

[2] 6313. *Walker prints* f.

Ye byseed yowe neuer hyt to prove
Ther-In noþer Ioye ne dyssese.
For trewly, suster, wyth-owten les,
An vngoodely worde doþe more Envye
Off onys loue þen of an Enemy
Be a M[l] folde and moche more.
Suster, I warne yowe þer-fore,
Alle thys mater ye lette nowe be,
And ther-of speketh no more to me."
GRrette sorowe makyth þys fayre mayde,
And þer wyth hyr suster ys euyH a-þayde,
That hyr entente may not be
Parformed as she wolde in no degre.
She syketh, sshe wepyth fuH tenderly.
These wordes she sayde fuH pytuosly :
"In loue thys ys a wonder þynge,
A lyteH wrathe hathe neuer endynge.
A goode lorde þat sytteste a-boue !
Harde þynge ys on for to loue,
Syth for a worde or lytelle debate [leaf 80, back]
Eche shaH oþer for euer hate."
ANde after þys the[y.] speke no more ;
Butte Partonope wepyth wondyr sore.
He ys rysone, *and* stante vppon hys fete.
Wrake sette hur downe for to wepe.
Alle the ladyes that ther In bene,
Arne wrothe *and* heuy wyth the quene.

Urake is much grieved.

Meanwhile Partonope has risen,

greatly admired by the ladies.

6321. noþer] o *like* e. 6339. *MS. possibly* sythen.
6343. rysone] *scarcely* rysene.

---

*Clifden MS.*

ye besyed yow (not ?, yet ?) neuer to
prove 6320
ther-yn neyther yoy ne . . .
for truly suster with
[*The rest of the col. does not belong here.*]
aH thys mater ye let now be[1] 6327
And ther-of spekyth no more to me
gret sorow makyth thys fayre may . . .
And with here suster ys eueH a-payde
that hur entent may not be 6331
parformyd as she wyH yn no degre 6332
She syghed She weped fful tendyrlye
These wordys she sayd fuH pytuusly
yn loue ys A wondyr thyng
A lyteH wreth hath neuer non en . . .
A god lord that syttyst A-boue 6337
hard thyng hyt ys one for to loue
syth for A word or lyteH de-bate
eche shaH oþer for euer hate 6340
And after they spake no more
but partanope wepte wondyr sore
he ys reson And stoud vppon hys fe . .
Vrak sett hyr downe to wepe 6344
AH the ladyes that ther-yn bene
Ar wroth And heuy wyth the quene[2]

[1] *At back of page beginning with* l. 6169.

[2] *Bottom line.*

Alle-þowe they fryste toke of hym lyte,
Hem þo3te of hym was a ryght goode syght.

Urake fetches the clothes he wore at his arrival,

Tho Wrake rose wyth-owte lette.
Alle hys cloþes to hym she fette,
Soche cloþes as he thyder broght,
Were they owght, were they noght,
The fryste tyme he thyder come.
The huntynge cloþes to hym he nome,
And dyd hem onne wyth sory chere.

and helps him to dress.

Wrake all in þe beste manere
In-to hys cloþes holpe hym a-raye.
They were not ouer-dele gaye;
Hys fresshe a-raye was all a-go.
Hys hosyn, hys shoys on dyd he tho,
The same he vsed longe a-forne.
Wrake toke hym hys wolde horne,
And a-bowte hys necke he hyt hynge.
All þe ladyes tho fell on wepynge;
They durste not speke ne hym be-mene,
Leste they dysdayned grettely þe quene.

Partonope departs sadly.

Off hem he toke hys leue full pytuosly.
Off hys departynge þey were full heuy.
Ther they lefte hym euerychone.
None wolde wyth hym further gone,

Urake accompanies him through the hall,

Saue onely þys lady Wrake, þe fayre.
She was curteyse *and* debonayre,
She lefte hym not, wyth-owten les,
Tylle she had broght hym þorowte þe pres.
When he in-to the halle come,

where the knights threaten to take vengeance on him,

Off knyghtes *and* Squyers mony onne
Lokedde vppon hym fulle deynowsly, [leaf 81]
And manacyde hym full dyspytuosly.
Ne hadde be þys mayde fayre Wrake,
Grette vengawnse on hym they had take.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Tylle She had hym Brought hym thorow the prees. [leaf 45]
Whan he in-to halle come,
Of knyghtes and Squyers he say many one,
That loked vpon hym full dey[n]ously,
And manessed hym full rygh dyspeteously.
Had not this be fayre Vrak,
Grete vengeans on hym they wolde haue take.

Many wordes they sayde þat shamefull be,
They shulle not be rehersed for me.
When they had sayde all whatte they luste,
Eche man yede where hym ys beste.
WRake ledde thys Partonope
Thorowte the pres, but truly she
Off hys lyffe had grette dowte,
Tylle he was passed alle the rowte.
Forthe wyth hym yede thys lady ffre,
Tylle he was come ryghte to þe see.
There alle redy þe shyppe fownde he,
Where-In he wes wonte to passe þe see.
The Shypmen to hym gan shrewdely speke,
Prayde Gode þe deuylle hys necke shulde breke,
Or some fowle vengawnse on hym take,
Tylle atte the last þys goode Wrake
Bade hem leue here grette manassynge,
And commawnded hem all they shulde brynge
Hym safe to Nawntys wyth-owte more stryffe,
In payne of lesynge boþe lymme *and* lyffe.
Forthe-wyth was broghte hym hys hakeneye,
Neyther better ne worse, but in þe same a-Raye
As he hym fryste broȝte frome the foreste;
He semyd no-þynge a lusty beste.
Partonope, wyth-owten more,
Wepynge *and* sykynge wonder sore,

and leads him to the ship.

The sailors also threaten him,

but Urake commands them to bring Partonope safely to Nantes.

His weary hackney is brought on board, and

Partonope takes

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Many wordys they sayd that shamfull be,
They Shull not he rehersed for me. 6382
Whan they had sayd alle her lyst,
Eche man yode as hym lyked best. 6384
Vrak ladde this Partanope sekerly
Thorow-oute the prees, full trewly, 6386
Of his lyfe had ryght grete dowte,
Tylle he was past thorow alle the rowte.
Forth wyth hym yode this lady free,
Tylle he was come ryght to the see. 6390
Ther alle redy the Shyppe fonde he,
Where-In he was wont to passe the Se.
The Shypmen to hym gan shrewdely Speke, 6393
And prayde God the devyll his nek shulde breke,
Or som foule vengeans vpon hym take,
Tylle at last thys goode Vracke 6396
Bad hem leve her grete manassing,
And comaund hym all shulde bring
Hym Safe to Nauntes wyth-out more stryfe,
In payne of leesyng both lymme and lyfe. 6400
Forth-wyth was brought hym hys hakeney,
Neyther better ne wrosse, but in the same aray
As he hym fyrst brought from the forest;
He semed no-thing a lusty best. 6404
Partanope wyth-outen more
Wepeth and syghed wonder sore,

his leave of the gentle Urake.

Leue takyṫe of þys mayden ffre,
And In-to shyppe stryghte gotḥe he. 6408
After hym come In hys horse a-none.
þe shypmen besyed hem euerychone,
Here ankyr drewe vp, *and* downe *wyth* þe sayle,
And forṫe a-fore the wynde they sayle. 6412
When the maryneres vnder þe sayle were,
Partonope they made grette chere
By-cause of Wrake þat mayde ffre,

Arriving at Nantes.

To make hym chere alle besy the[y] be. [leaf 81, back] 6416
Be then they had sayled xv. Iowrnes,*
A-none *wyth*-owte any owres,*
A-fore Nawntys they were, þat feyre cyte,
Ther as Wrake bade hem be. 6420

they launch the boat,

They owte *wyth* here botte ryghte a-none,
Partonope *wyth* hem thyder-yn dope gone.
They toke yn *wyth* hem hys hakeney.

and row to Blois.

To Bloyes they rowed þe nexte way. 6424
A-none as they come to the strownde,
Partonope *in* haste they sette on londe,
And þer hym lefte *wyth*-owte moo.
They bade hym fare welle, *and* home they goo. 6428

Partonope looks after the ship.

PArtonope after þys shyppe can loke,
Off hys myshappe grette hede he toke.
*Wyth*-In hym-selfe he þoȝte hym vtterly :

He swoons

"Allas," þoȝte he, "howe vn-gracyously 6432
To my loue haue I gouerned me !

6417. *MS.* owres. 6418. *MS.* showres.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Leve taketh of this mayden free,
And In-to Shippe streght goth he. 6408
After hym come In hys hors a-non.
The Shipmen besyen hem fast echon,
Her anker vp draw, and down wyth the sayle,
And forth a-fore the wynde they sayle,
Whan the Maryners vndyr the Sayle were, [leaf 45, back] 6413
Partanope they made ryght grete chere
Be-cause of Vrak, that mayden free.
To make hym chere alle Besy they be. 6416
Be than they had Sayled xv Iorney
A-for Nauntes they were, that Cytee.
They oute wyth her bote ryght a-none.
Partanope wyth hem in ther dothe gone.
They toke in wyth hem hys hakeney.
To Bloys they Row the next way. 6424
Anone as they come to the stronde,
Partanope in hast they sett on lond,
And hym there left wyth-outen moo.
The bad hym fare well, and home they go. 6428
PArtanope after this Shipp gan loke,
Of his myshappe grete heede he toke.
Wyth-in hym-self he thought hym wytterly :
"Alas," though[t] he, "how ungraciously
To my love have I gouernyd me ! 6433

A thowsande parte I had leu*er* be
Dedde þ*en* lyffe as I nowe do.
My Ioye ys go for eu*er*-mo." 6436
So yre *and* sorowe to[ke] hy*m* by þe hatrelle,
þ*at* downe to grownde on) sownynge he felle.
H*ys* spyrytte of lyffe fro hym ny paste.
So longe he lay, *and* atte the laste 6440
He rosse as a man) alle dysmayed.
H*ys* spyritualle me*m*brys were grettely affrayed.
After hys shyppe* he gan) to se,
Wyche some-tyme was wonte to be 6444
Attendante to hym, and nowe ys go.
Hys herte so sore gan) quappe tho,
Reme*m*brynge of the Ioye he had be-fore,
Wyche ys nowe go for eu*er*-more. 6448
Ther-w*yth* sodenly come a grypynge
A-bowte h*ys* herte, þ*at* efte on) sownynge
He felle, *and* þ*er*-w*yth* the paynes stronge
So p*er*elowse were, *and* lasted so longe, 6452
That of thys myschyffe ny ded he was. and laments.
And whe*n* he a-woke, he sayde: "Allas, [leaf 82]
Allas!" he sayde, *and* þ*er*-w*yth* fulle sore
He syked, *and* sayde: "þ*at* I was bore, 6456
The tyme cursed motte h*yt* be!
Allas, Erle Mares, why ne had ye He wishes he were dead.
Slayne me a-none w*yth*-owte*n* more,

6443. *MS.* spyppe.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A thousand past I had lever be
Dede than) lyfe now as I do.
My Ioy ys gone for euer-moo." 6436
So Ire and sorow toke hym be the hatereſt,
That downe to the grownd on) whom) he felle.
Hys spyrit of hym fuſt nygh was past.
So long he lay that atte last 6440
He a-rose as a man alle dysmayde.
Hys spirituell membres were gretly a-frayed.
After the Shipp̄ he ganne to see,
Which was som-tyme wont to be 6444
Attendant to hym, and now ys go.
His hert so sore ganne whappe tho,
Remenbring of the Ioy he had be-fore,
Which ys now go for euer-more. 6448
Therwyth sodenly a gryping
A-boute his hert, that Efte on) swonnyng 6450
He felle, and ther-of the payne streng,
That of this myschyf nye dyd he was.
And allas he sayd, whan he a-woke was.
"Allas," he sayde, and there-wyth fuſt sore [leaf 46]
He syghed, and sayd: "that I was bore 6456
Tylle the tyme cursed mot hit be!
Allas, Erle Marres, why ne had ye

Whenꝺ ye rescowed kynge Surnegowre? 6460
Or ells I had benꝺ In the foreste
Off Arderne I-slayne, and w*yth* some beste
Deuowred, or euer * ffayre Melyowre,
My loue, my Ioye, myne hert*es* tresowre, 6464
Shulde eu*er* thys fowle þorowe me
Be trayed! for weⱡ I wotte nowe þ*at* she
For eu*er* ys loste þorowe my folye,
Where-fore a traytowre nowe am I; 6468
And am be-trayed eke ther-to.
Allas þe tyme h*yt* shulde be so!
Adame loste paradyse þorowe h*ys* folye,
Butte yette a gretter losse haue I. 6472
For whe*n* þe angelle droffe hy*m* owte,
Thys ys the sotⱡe w*yth*-owte dowte,
He toke w*yth* hy*m* h*ys* loue, h*ys* wyffe;
All his joy is gone. In Ioye they ledde forthⱡe ther lyffe. 6476
Butte euenꝺ the co*ntra*ry haue I do.
My Ioye ys loste for eu*er*-moo.
Wylfully I haue loste myne honowre;
Þ*er*fore resone ys þ*at* I in langowre 6480
Lyffe euer, *and* neuer Dye.
A man who is false to his love, should die many times. Fals traytowre wycked þ*at* am I.
A manꝺ þ*at* fals ys to h*ys* loue,
By goode Iugeme*n*te þe lorde a-boue 6484
Shulde not suffer hy*m* to dye atte on*us*,

6463. euer] *MS.* ells.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Whan ye rescowed king Sornogour*e*,
Slayne me in that same houre,* 6460
Or elles I had be in the forest
Of Arderne I-Slayne, and wyth som best
Devoured, or euer fayr*e* Melyour*e*
My love, my Ioy, my hert*es* tresour*e*,
Shulde eu*er* thus foule thorgh me 6465
Be trayed / full wele I wote now that She
For eu*er* ys lost thorw my foly,
Wherefor I knowlech a traytour*e* am I; 6468
And am be-trayed eke ther-to;
And my love for eu*er* ys vndo.

Adam lost paradyse thorogh his foly,
But yet a gretter losse haue I. 6472
For whanꝺ the angell drofe hem oute,
This ys the Soth wyth-outenꝺ doute,
He toke wyth hym hys love, hys wyfe;
In Ioy they ledde forth her lyfe. 6476
But even the contrary haue I do.
My Ioy ys lost for euer-moo.
Wylfully I haue lost mynꝺ honor*e*;
Therfore Reson ys that in langor*e* 6480
I lyve eu*er* and never day.
False traytor wykked that [am] I.
A man that false ys to hys love,
Be gode Iugement the lord above 6484
Shulde not suffre hym to dey at ones.

6460. *MS.* honor*e*.

Butte lette hym fele to dye onys,
And efte to lyffe *and* ofte to dye ageyne.
Þus shulde suche traytowres byne
Serued *and* noghte do hym to dethe softe.
Suche a traytowre shulde dye ofte,
Þat myghte ofte haue remembraunce
Off hys fals and vn-trewe gouernaunce." [leaf 82, back]
And *per-wyth*: "Allas," seyde Partonope,
"Þys Ivgemente be ryghte moste falle [on] me."
GRette sorowe to hym Partonope dothe take,
For he hathe loste for euer hys make.
Hys songe was not but wellawaye.
In sorowynge he spendythe Þys longe day
Vppon the banke of Þat ryvere,
Tylle Þat the laste Þat darke euyn per
Wolde hym lette no lenger ther a-byde.
Then toke hys hakeney, *and* forthe gan he ryde
Streyghte vn-to the castelle-gate
Off Bloyes, *and* redy he fownde ther-atte
A yeman, wyche was chyffe portere.
On hys kne he kneled; *wyth* goode chere
Welcomythe he hys lorde Partonope.
No worde a-geyne Þen answered he.
He lyghte fro hys horse, *and* wente in-to [the] halle,
And Þer he fownde hys meyne alle.
Mony a knyghte *and* [mony] a Squyere,

Partonope stays there till night.

Then he rides to Blois.

Without speaking to the porter, he alights and enters the hall.

6487. ofte] o *like* e.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But lat hym lye longe in grones,
And efte to lyve and dye ayen.
Thus shulde such traytor bene
Served and not to haue his deth softe.
Such a traytor shuld dey ofte,
That he myght haue ofte remenbrans."
And ther-wyth "Allas," sayd Partanope,
"This Iugement be ryght most fall on me.
Grete sorow Partanope to hym doth take, [leaf 46, back]
For he hath for evyr lost his make.
Hys songe was not but wele-away.
In sorowing he spendyth the longe day
Vpon the banke of that Rever,
Tylle the day derked there,
And myght ther no lenger a-byde.
Than he vpon hys hakeney forth gan ryde
Streyght vn-to the Castell-yate
Of Bloys, and redy he fonde ther-ate
A yoman, that was Chyfe porter.
On hys kne he kneled, and wyth goode chiere
Welcome his lord Partanope.
No word a-yen than answerd he.
He lyght from hys hors, and in-to the halle,
And there he found hys meyne alle.
Many a knygh[t] and many a Squyere,

He does not answer the greetings of his knights, but shuts himself up in a chamber.

When they hym sey, fulle Ioyfulle were. 6512
On kne they sette hem euerychone,
And wyth goode herte welcomyde hym home.
Butte he no worde answered a-yen),
Where-fore alle hys meyne ben) 6516
Heuy *and* sory, *and* Partonope
In-to a chamber þe streyghte wey goþe he,
Alle a-lone wyth-owten) any lette,
And after hym the dore he shette. 6520

His mother hastens thither,

When hys moder herde thys tydynge,
þat hur sone come yn) sore wepynge,
Off thes tydynges she was a-gaste,
And to hys chamber heyede hyr faste. 6524
She wende haue entered wyth-owte lette,
And þen fownde she þe dore faste shette.
"Fayre sone," sayde she, "lette me come In."—

but in harsh words Partonope refuses to see her.

"In feythe," sayde he, "þat shalle not byn). 6528
Ye haue me betrayed, and þer-to
Ye haue made me betraye my loue also.
Youre crafte for euer hath me vndo, [leaf 83]

6531. *Here begins the third hand.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Whan) they hym syght fulle Ioyfulle were. 6512
On kne they sett hem euerychone,
And wyth goode hert welcome hym be home.
But he no worde answeryd ayen,
Where-fore alle meyne bene 6516
Fulle evy and sory, and Partanope
In-to the chambre streyght goth he,
Alle a-lone wyth-outen) lett, 6519
And after hym) the down) he shett.
Whan) hys modyr herd this tyding,
That her sone came In Sore weping,
Of this thynge She was a-gast, 6523
And to the chambre highed her fast.
She went to haue entred wythoute lett,
And the dore was fast I-shett. 6526
"Fayre sone," Sayd she, "that shalle not I come In?"—
"In fayth," Sayde he, "that shalle not bene. 6528
Ye haue made me be-trayed my love also.
Youre craft for euer hath me vndo,

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Fulle heuy *and* sory is Partonope 6517 [1 leaf 45]
Alle alone with-out lete, 6519
And after hym the dore he shete. 6520
When) his moder herde þis thynge,
That here sone come In sore wepynge,
Of þis thynge she was a-gaste,
And to his chambir hyede faste. 6524
She wende to haue entyrde with-out lete,
And þe dore was faste shete.
"Fayre sone," seyde she, "let me come In."—
"In feyth," seyde he, "þat shalle not ben).
Ye haue made me be-traye my loue also. 6529
Youre crafte for euer hathe me vndoo

And shewed wele þat no devyꝺ is she.
May I oones departe wele from the.
Loke neu*er* to haue Ioy of me!
Seke the a sone where þ*at* þe luste,
For on yo*ur* modyrshipp̄ shaꝺ I neu*er* trust."
When his modre þus herd hym sey,
And þ*at* hir modershipp̄ he can reney,
And so vnkyndely to hir gan speke,
For sorow she thought hir hert wolde breke.
"Fayre sone," seid she, "I cry you mercy.
In swych entent yete neu*er* was I
In no wise you to be-tray."
And w*ith* that worde she gan array
Hir-self, þat pite a man myght haue.
She tare hir heere, and gan to Rave.
"Lete me come In, good sone," seide she.
"I pr*ay* you, lady, þus lete me be
Alone; for yo*ur* faire parlement
Hathe made that I am for eu*er* shent.
My love, my hertely Ioy haue ye

He will never trust her.

The mother thinks her heart is breaking.

She has deprived him of his love and his joy.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And shewed weꝺ that no devyꝺ ys she, 6532
Which for eu*er* ys gone from) me.
May I ones departed weꝺ from the.
Loke neuer to haue Ioye of me! [leaf 47]
Seke the a sone where that þou lust,
For on your modershipp̄ shaꝺ I neu*er* trust." 6536
WHan) the moder herd hym thus say,
And that her modershipp̄ he gan) reney,
And so vnkendely to her gan) speke,
For sorow She thoght her hert wold breke. 6540
"Fayr*e* sone," sayde She, "I cry yow mercy.
In [s]which entent yett neu*er* was I
In no wyse yow to be-traye." 6543
And wyth that word She gan) aray
Her-self, that pyte a man) myght haue.
She tare her here, and gan) to Rave.
"Lett me come In, gode sone," sayde she.—
"I pray yow, lady, late me thus be
A love; for youre fayre parlament 6549
Hath made that I am for eu*er* I-shentt.
My love, my hertely Ioye haue ye

*Rawl. MS.*

And shewyde weꝺ þ*at* no deviꝺ is she.

May I onys dep*ar*te weꝺ fro the. 6533
Loke neu*er* to haue Ioye of me.
Seke þe a sone where þou lyste
For on yo*ur* mod*er*chipe shaꝺ I neu*er* truste," 6536
¶ When) þe mod*er* herde hym þus sey,

And þ*at* hir mod*er*chipe he gan renye,
And so vnkyndly to hym gan speke,
For sorwe she þought her hert dyde breke. 6540
"Fayre sone," she seyde, "I crye you mercy."

And w*ith* þat worde she gan array
Hir-selfe, þat pete a man) myght haue.
She tare her here, *and* gan to raue. 6546
"Let me come In, good son," seyde she.—
"I pr*ay* you, lady, let me þus be 6548
Allone, for youre p*ar*lemente
Hathe made for eu*er* þ*at* I am shente.
My loue, my hertly Ioye haue ye

Withouten ende fornome me."— 6552

The mother has meant all for the best.

"Trewly, my fayre sone, neuer my wetyng,"
Seide þis lady, fuH sore wepyng.
"I wende haue done aH for þe best,
And to haue brought your hert in Reste. 6556
Here amonge your Chyvallry
Ye haue made a sory company."
Syth þis lady sawe no comforte,
Seide: "Of you they haue no comforte, 6560
And sithe in faute they may not be,
AH þe disese I take on me.
And this I take on me allone.

Why can he not take the niece of the King?

Sone, why make ye suche moone 6564
AH for love of this Meliore?
Ye mowe yite purchace as good tresoure,
And þat as plesaunt to you shaH be,
I dare wele sey, as euer was she. 6568
Me thinketh it were a Right fayre chaunge
To leve Meliore þat is bore straunge, [leaf 83, back]
And take a woman of your contre,
That is brought forþe in hyghe degre 6572
And nece to þe kyng of Fraunce.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth-outen end for-nome me."—
"Trewly my fayre sone, nevyr my wytting," 6553
Seyd this lady, fuH sory weping.*
"I wend haue done aH for the best,
And to a brought your hert in rest.
Here a-monge youre Chevalry 6557
Ye haue made a sory company."
Syght this lady saw no comfort
Seyd: "Of yow haue they no dysporte,
And syth in fawte they not be, 6561
Alle the dyssese I take on me.
And I take on me allone.
Sone, why make thus moche mone 6564
Alle for love of this Melioure?
Ye mow yit purchas as goode tresoure,
And that as plesaunt to yow shaH be,
I dar weH say, as euer was She. 6568
Me thenketh hit were a ryght fayre Chang [1 leaf 47, back]
To leve Melioure, that ys bore straung,
And take a woman of youre Contre,
That ys brought forth in hygh degre
[1] And nece to [the] king of Fraunce. 6573

ll. 6554–5 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Wythe-out ende be-nome me."— 6552
"Truly, my fayre sone, my wepynge,"
Seyde þis lady, fuH sore wepynge,
"I wende a don aH for the beste,
And to a don *your* hert In reste. 6556
Here amonge youre chevalrye
Ye haue made a sory company.
Sethe þis lady sawe no comforte, 6559
[1] Sethe of you haue þey no dyssporte,
And sethe In faute þey not be,
AH þe dysseyse I take on me,
And þis I take on me alone. [1] leaf 45, back]
Sone, whi make þou þus meche mone
AH for loue of þis Melyore? 6565
Ye may yet *por*chase as good tresoure,
And as plesant to you shaH be,
I dare weH sey, as euer was she. 6568
Me thynketh it were a fayre chaunce
To leve Melyore I-bore In Fraunce,
And take a woman of *your* contre,
That is brought furthe of high degre
And nyce to þe kynge of Fraunce. 6573

Me thinketh þis were a fayre lyaunce.
And he wiꝑ gyve at oone Reise
As grete lordshiꝑꝑ as the honour of Bleys. 6576
In þis lande they haue grete affyaunce,
They love you as wele as þe kyng of Fraunce.
This londe had be loste, had ye not be.
Therfore, fayre sone, as ye love me, 6580
Lete be your crying 'alas, alas,'
And aꝑ þis hevynesse lete it passe."
PArtonope* to hir yave noone answere. Partonope does not answer her a word,
More sorowe myght no man bere. 6584
He couthe no chere, he coũþe no countenaunce,
Meliore myght not of his Remembraunce.
Yite of his modire he haddé grete pite, though pitying his mother.
And in his herte ofte thought he: 6588
"My meany feyne wolde I chere.
Therof," thought he, "I am to lere,
Sith in my herte no Ioy I fynde,
For Melyore may not from my mynde." 6592
Thus aꝑ they withouten doute,

6583. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Me thenketꝑ this were a fayre lyaunce,
And he wol gyf at one Ryese
As grete lordeshiꝑ as the honore of Bloys. 6576
In this lond hatꝑ grete affyauns.
They love yow as wel as the king of Fraunce.
Thys londe hade be lost, had ye not be.
Therfore, fayre sone, as ye love me,
Late youre Criyng be allas, allas, 6581
And alle this hevynes late hyt passe."
PArtanope to her yafe none answere,
Ne More sorow myght no man bere. 6584
He cowde no chere ne no contynaunse,
Melioure myght not of hys remembraunse.
Yet of hys modyr he had grete pyte,
And in hys hert ofte thorugꝑ he: 6588
"My meynes fayne wold I chere.
"Ther-of," thought he, "I am to lere,
Sythꝑ [in] my hert no Ioy I fynde,
For Melioure May not fro my mynde."
Thus alle they, wythouten douute,

*Rawl. MS.*

Me thynkyth þis were a fyere alyaunce.
And he wiꝑ gyfe at on reyse
As grete a lordchipe as þe honour of Bloyes 6576
In þis londe hathe grete affyaunce,
The loue you as weꝑ as þe kynge of Fraunce.
This londe hade he loste, hade ye not be.
Ther-for, fayre son, as ye loue me, 6580
Let be youre cryinge 'allas, allas,'
And aꝑ þis heuynes let it pas."
Partonope to hir gaf non answere.
More sorwe myght no man bere. 6584
He couthe no chere ne countenance,
Melyore myght not of his remembraunce.
Yet of his moder he hade grete pete,
And in his hert ofte þought he: 6588
"My men) fayne wolde I chere.
Ther-of," þought he, "I am to lere,
Sethe in my hert no Ioye I fynde,
For Melyore may not of my mynde."
Thus aꝑ day, with-out doute, 6593

His moder and meany stode *with*-oute,
Of his disese eu*er* complaynyng,
Tiłł on þe morowe the sonne gan spryng, 6596
That of hym they had no comforte,
Ne noone of them couþe o*þer* sporte.
Anoone þrugh Fraunce it Ronne þe tithynge
The King of France sends for the bishops, and begs them to comfort Partonope. That Partonope * lieþ in [poynt of] deyng 6600
For hevynesse of sory mysschaunce.
And anoone *þerwith* þe kyng of Fraunce
Aft*er* Erchbisshop̄ps and bisshop̄ps sent in haste,
And bade that they shuld hye hem faste 6604
To Bleys to comforte her good ffrende.
They toke her hors and þider they wende.
When they were þere they wolde be,
To þe Chambre þey come where Partonope* 6608
Hym-self had prisoned wondirfully. [leaf 84]
The bysshop̄ps gan speke to hym fułł goodly,
And with hym tretid in þe best mane*re*,

6600, 6608. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Hys moder and meyne stode wyth-oute
Of his desese eu*er* complayming
Tyłł on) the morow the sonne gan) spring, 6596
That of hym they had no Comfort,
Ne none of them, Cownde other sprot.
Anone thorugh Fraunce ys ronne the tyding
That Partanope lyeth in poynt of dyying 6600
For hevynes of sory myschauns.
And a-none ther-wyth the king of Frauns
After Erchebyshops and byshops sent in hast,
And bad that they shulde hye hem fast 6604
To Bloys to comfort her grete frende.
They toke her hors and theder they wende.
Whan) they were there they wolde be,
To the Chambre they come where Partanope 6608
Hym-self had presoned wondyr-fully.
The bysshope to hym ganne speke fułł goodely,
And wyth hym treted in the best manere,

*Rawl. MS.*

His mod*er and* his men) stode *with*-oute, 6594
Of his dysseyse eu*er* complayny[n]ge,
Tiłł on) morwe þe son gan sprynge,

That of hym þey hade no comforte,
Ne none of theyme couthe o*þer* sporte.
Anone in Frau*n*ce rone the tydynge
That P*ar*tonope lyth in ponte of dyinge 6600
For heuynes of sory my[s]chau*n*ce.
Anone *þere-with* þe kynge of Frau*n*ce
For erche-bysshop*us and* bysshop*us* sent in haste, [leaf 46] 6603
And bade *þat* þey shulde hye hem faste
To Bloyes to comfort *þer* grete frende.
They take *þer* hors *and* de*þer* þey wende. 6606
When þey were come to P*ar*tonope 6608
Hym-selfe hade p*rc*sonde wond*er*fully.
The byshop*us* to hym speke fułł goodly
And *with* hym tretyde in þe beste mane*re*

Hym counseylyng to be of good chere,
And tolde hym ensaumples of holy write,
And how þat men had loste her witte
Throw takyng of such hevynesse.
Thus eiche bisshop̄p̄ made his *pro*cesse
To þe dore of his chambre be sermone.
But for all̄ þat they ne mowne
Make hym to speke to hem a worde.
When they þus sey, be oone acorde
Fro hym they turne full̄ sore wepyng,
And home they priked *with*-oute lettyng.
They lefte Partonope * sorowyng aloone.
The kyng of Fraunce þen what to doone
Wote neu*er*, and þus full̄ hevely
Departed all̄ þis company.
Grete sorowe made all̄ his meany
And eu*er*y day full̄ oft they be
Atte dore of her lordes prisone,
Lystenyng alwey if any sowne
Or worde of hym they myght here.

He will not talk to them,

and they are obliged to leave.

His retinue go weeping home.

6623. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Hym Counsayling to be a goode Cheyr*e*, [leaf 48] 6612
And told hym Ensa*m*ples of holy wyrtt,
And how that men) had lost her wytt
Thorow taking of such hevynes.
Thus Eche Bysshop̄e made hys processe 6616
To the dore of hys chambre be sermon).
But for alle that they ne mowne
Make hym to speke to hym a word.
Whan) they this sey, be one acorde
Fro hym they turne full̄ sor * weping,
And home they pryked wyth-out letting. 6622
They left Partanope Sorowyng alone.
The king of Fraunce than) what to done 6624
Wote nevir, and thus full̄ hevyly
Departed alle thys company.
Grete sorow make alle hys meyney.
And eu*er*[y] day full̄ ofte they be 6628
At the dore of her lordes prysoun),
Lestenyng alway yf ony soune
Or word of hym ther myght here.

6621. *MS.* for.

*Rawl. MS.*

Hym counsellynge in þe beste man*er*,
And tolde hym somplis of holy wryte,
And howe þ*at* men) hade loste þ*er* wyte
Thorwe takynge of soyche heuynes.
Thus iche bysshope made his *pro*ssese
To þe dore of his chambir be se*r*mon).
But all̄ þ*at* þey ne mon) 6618
Make hym to speke a worde.
When þey se be on acorde 6620
Fro hym þey turne sore wepynge,
And home þey prekede *with*-out lettynge.
They lefte Pa*r*tonope sorwynge allone.
The kynge of France þen) what to done
Wot neu*er*, *and* þus full̄ heuyle 6625
Dep*ar*tyde fro þis companye.
Grete sorwe make his meyne,
And eu*er*y day full̄ ofte þey be 6628
At þe dore of þ*er* lord*es* pr*es*on),
Lysteny[n]ge all̄-wey of ony sounne
Ore worde of hym þey myght here.

But all for nought; of hym no chere
They coupe haue, þis is no nay.
This lyfe they ladde vj. wekes day,
And they þan toke hem euerychone
What counseylle was beste to doone,
And seyne: "In grete wanhope
Oure lorde is loste, Partonope." *
Therfore eiche man trusse hem hoome,
"This is þe beste þat we may doone."
Thus they go *with*oute leve takyng,
Eiche man to his house sore wepyng.

Partonope leads a miserable life.

Now will I tell you of Partonope *:
Lytill he etith and lasse drynkeþ he.
Thries in þe weke he dope ete;
His fode is not deynte mete:
Brede made of barly or elles of oote,
This is his mete, and watir sode [leaf 84, back]
His his drynke two dayes or þre,
That in þe weke now taketh he.
That is his sustenaunce and levyng;
In o*per* rule may no man hym bryng.

6638, 6643. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But alle for noght, of hym no chere
They Cowde, this ys no nay. 6633
This lyfe they ledde vj wokes day,
And they than) toke hem to-gedyr echone
What Counsayll was best to done,
And seyn: "In grete wanhope 6637
Oure lord ys lost now, Partanope."
Ther-to eche man trusse hym home.
"This ys the best that whe may done."
Thus they go wyth oute leve taking,
Eche man to hys hous sore weping. 6642
NOw wot I tell yow of Partanope:
Lytyll he etht, and lasse drinketh he. [¹leaf 48, back] 6644
Thries in the woke he doth eate;
Hys foote ys now deynte mete:
Brede make of berley or Elles of ote,
Thys ys his mete, and water sode 6648
Ys his drynke two days or thre,
That In the woke now taketh he.
¹Thys ys hys Sustenaunce and leving;
In other rule may no man hym bring.

6646. ys] y *corrected from* h (?).
6648 Thys] *the* y *seems to be added after an* i.

*Rawl. MS.*

But all for nought, for hym no chere
They couthe haue, þis is no nay. 6633
This lyfe þey lede viij wek*es* day.
They toke hen to-ged*er* ichone

What counsell was beste to done 6636
And [seyn] in grete wanhope
Oure lorde is loste nowe, P*ar*tonope.
Ther-fore iche man) trusse hym home
This is þe beste þ*at* we may done. 6640
Thus þey gon w*ith*-out leue takynge.
Eche man) to his howse sore wepynge.

His hede, his fete wole he not wasshe,
His Coloure is lyke þe pale asshe,
His nayles growen and att forfare,
He martreth his body *with* sorowe and care, 6656
He is for-growen *with* his heere.
This peyn suffreþ he att þe yere.
When þat yere comeþ to ende
He was so megere and so vnthende 6660
And so pale and ou*er*-growe,
That þere is noone on lyve, I trowe,
Shuld hym haue take for Partonope * ;
So hugely wasted a-wey is he. 6664
This was his worde : " Meliore, my Ioy,
Allas, shall I neu*er* se þe with Ee ?"
Thus wolde he sey sore wepyng.
In þis wise he lieth mourenyng, 6668
That att his myght is so clene gone
He may not rise from his bed alone
With-outen helpe, ne go III. pase.
His songe had ben to ofte allas. 6672
Vpon a day þis wofull Partonope *
Sate on his bedde, and þen seide he :

At the end of the year he is no more recognizable.

He cannot rise from the bed alone.

Brooding over his misfortune.

6663, 6673. patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

His heede, his feete wol he not waysse,
His colour*e* ys lyke the pale Aysshe,
His nayles growen) and alle for-fare,
He martereth hys body wyth sorow and care, 6656
He ys for-growen wyth his her*e*.
This payne suffereth alle the yer*e*.
Whan that yer*e* was come to ende,
He was so meger*e* and so vn-thende.
And so pale and over-growe, 6661
That ther ys none on) lyfe, I trow,
Shulde hym haue take for Partanope ;
Sho hugely wasteyd away ys he. 6664
This was hys worde: "Melyour*e*, my Ioy,
Allas, shall I neu*er* see the wyth Ie ?"
Thus wolde he sey Sor*e* weping.
In this wyse he lyeth mor[n]ing, 6668
That alle hys myght ys so clene gone
He may not ryse from) hys bed alone
Wytho[u]ten helpe, ne go thre pase.
His songe had bene to ofte allas. 6672
VPon a day this wofull Partanope
Sate on) hys bedde, and than sayd he :

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Vppon a day þis wofull Partonope
Sat on his bede, *and* þen seyde he :

he implores God to have mercy on him.

"O fadir of hevyn omnipotent,
That erthe, watir, and firmament
Madest of nought at oo worde,
And after into þis wreched worlde
Sendist þi sone mankynde to take,
And suffredist hym dey for oure sake,
Sende me comforte for þi mekenesse,
And let me not perysshe in þis distresse.
Comforte me by thy holy goste.
What is me beste, lorde, þou wele woste.
Thou blessed modir and mayden Marie
That conceyvedist within thi body
Thy ffadir, thy sone, thi creature, [leaf 85]
And as softely as a lylle floure
Oute of the erthe peynles doþe sprynge,
Right so easily, lady, in thy childyng
Thou were delyuered of thy Savyoure,
And broughtest forþe þat blessed floure
Ayenst þe course of comyn kynde—
In holy wryte þus clerkes fynde—
And, lady, as wissely as I beleve

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"O fader of heven) omnypotent,
That erthe, water, and firmament 6676
Madest of noght [at] oo worde,
And after in-to thys wercched worlde
Synthyst they sonne maketh to take,
And suffredyst hym dey for oure sake,
Send me comfort for they mekenes, 6681
And lete me not perysch in thys destres.
Comfort me be the holy gost.
What ys me best, lorde, thow wel wost.
Thow blyssed modyr and mayden) Marye, 6685
That Conseyvedyst wyth-in they body
Thy fadyr, they sone, they creature,
And as softely as a lylly floure 6688
Oute of the erthe paynles doth spring,
[1] Ryght so easely lady in Childing
Thou were delyuered of they saviour*e*,
And broghtest forth that blyssed floure [1 leaf 49] 6692
A-yenst the counse of Comyn) kynde—
In holy wryt thus Clerke fynde—
And, lady, as wyssely as I be-leve

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] O fad*er* of heuyn, *omni*potente [1 leaf 46, back]
That erthe, wat*er*, *and* fyrmente 6676
Modeste of nought at one worde,
And aft*er* In-to þis wrechyde worde
Sentyste þy son mankynde to take,
And sofferes hym dede for oure sake,
Sende me comforte for þy mekenes,
And let me not *per*ishe in dysstres.
Comforte me by þy holy *grace*. 6683
What is me beste, lorde, þou well woste.
Thou blyssede mod*er*, mayde Marye

That conseyuedeste in þy body
Thy fad*er*, þy son, þy creature
And as softly as lylly floure 6688

Ayenste þe course of comyn kynde—
In holy wryte þis clerk*es* fynde— 6694
And, lady, as wysly as I beleue

In childyng peynfull þou feldest no greve,
With all my hert I beseche þe
In my diseace haue m*e*rcy on me!
Of my life, lady, I am full wery,
For all to longe lyved haue I.
To longe liveth he þat doþe felony;
Therfore my Ioy were forto dey.
I wolde fayne dey, and I wist how.
But þe wey toward as nowe.
I can not fynde, so God me save;
For I ne haue *with* me yeman ne knave
That in my possesc*i*on wole leve a knyve,
Wher-*with* I myght vndo my lyfe.
Allas deþe, what ayleth the?
Why delyu*e*rest þou not þe worlde of me?
The false folke þou haste Ioy to save,
All the good þou wilt haue.
Robbers, t*r*aytours þou levist on lyve,
And such as caste hem neu*e*r to pryve,
Swych þou suffrest to haue longe life
That sette her neghbores eu*e*r in strife,

He is weary of his life,

and wishes to die.

God always allows the wicked to live,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In Chyldyng paynfull thow feltest no greve,
Wyth alle hert I be-seche the
In my dessese haue m*e*rcy on me!
Of my lyfe, lady, I am full wery,
For alle to longe lyved haue I.
To long lyveth he that doth felony;
Ther-fore my Ioye were for to dey.
I wolde fayne dye and I wyst how.
But the way to-warde as now
I can not fynde, So God me save;
For I ne haue wyth yoman ne knawe
That in my possession wold leve a knyfe,

Where-wyth I myght vn-do my lyfe.
Alas deth, what eyleth the?
Why delyu*e*rest thou not the worlde of me?
The flase folke thow hast Ioy to save,
Alle the god thow wylt haue.
Robbers, traytor thow levyst on lyve,

And such as cast hem nevyr to thryve,

Swych thou sufferyst to haue long lyfe
That sette here neybo*u*rs evyr in stryfe,

*Rawl. MS.*

In childynge paynfull þou felt no greue,

*With* all my hert I be-seche the
In my dysseyse haue m*e*rcy on me!
Of my lyffe, lady, I am wery,
For all to longe leuyde haue I.
To longe leuyth he þat dothe felony;
There-for my Ioye were to dye.
I wolde fayne dye *and* I wyste howe.
But þe wey towarde as nowe
I can not fynde, so God me saue.
For I ne haue *with* me yeman ne knaue
That in my possession wilt leue a knyfe,
Ther-*with* I myght vndo my lyfe.
Alas dethe, what eylyth the?
Why delyu*e*reste þou not þe worde of me?
The false folke þou doste saue
All þe good þou wilt haue
Robberes, traytores þou leuyste on lyue,
And soyche as caste him neu*e*r to thryue,
Soyche þou sufereste to haue longe lyfe
That set þ*e*r nyghebores eu*e*r in stryfe,

6696 6700 6704 6708 6712 6716

6709 6712

And lede her lyfe euer in Cursednesse,
They be suffred to haue þe swetnesse
but lets the good die. Of þis worlde; þe toþer þat good be,
Fro þi swerde they shuⱡⱡ not fle. 6720
The good þou shuldest suffre on lyve,
The false þou shuldest sle as blyve.
He is severe with fair and virtuous ladies, and favours those who are vicious. Ladies þat fayre ben and vertuose,
To hem þou fiers arte and dispituose, 6724
And ouer hem redy to take vengeance.
The foule, þe viciouse þou doste enhaunce; [leaf 85, back]
In wordly Ioy þou makest hem hye.
Alas, faire Wrake, siþe þat I þe seye, 6728
And þat ye besied you me to cloþe,
My life haþe sith me be fuⱡⱡ loþe.
The cloþes me liste neuer to chaunge,
This life to me hath be fuⱡⱡ straunge, 6732
For aⱡⱡ to-Rent and Roten they be."
In his woe, Partonope resolves to die. And with that worde Partonope *
Feⱡⱡ in swonyng for hevynesse.
He lay þerin longe or it wolde cese. 6736
Withoute comforte alone was he.

6734. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And lede her lyfe euer in Cursednes,
They be sufferd to haue the Swetnes 6718
Of this world / the tother that gode be,
Fro thy Swerd that shulde not fle. 6720
The goode thow shuldest suffre on lyve.

The false thow shuldest Sle as blyve.
Ladyes that fayre bene and vertuos,
To hem thow feerse art and spituose, 6724
And ouer hym redy to take vengeaunce.

The foule, vycious thou dost enhauns;
In wordely Ioy thou makest hym hye.
Alas fayre Vrak, Syth that I the sye, 6728
[1]And that ye besyed yow me to clothe,
My lyfe hath syght me be So lothe.
Tho clothes me lyste never to chonge,
This lyfe to me hath bene fuⱡⱡ straunge,
For alle to-rent and roten they be." 6733
And wyth that worde Partanope
Fylle on) sownnyng for hevy-nesse.
He lay ther-In long or hyt wyll cese.
Wythouten) confort allone was he.

[1] leaf 49, back.

*Rawl. MS.*

And lede hir lyfe euer in coursedenes
They be sofferde to haue þe swetnes
Of þis worde; þe oþer þat goode be,
Fro þy swerde þey shuⱡⱡ not fle 6720
The good shuldyste þou suffer on lyue, [leaf 47]
The false þou shulde sle belyue.
Ladyes þat fayre ben *and* vertuouse,
To hem euer þou art dysspytuouse,
And euer on hem redy to take vengaunce. 6725
The foule, vecious þou doste enhaunce;
In worldly Ioye þou makeste hem hye.
Allas, fore Wrake sethe I þe seye, 6728
And þat you besyede you me to clothe,
My loue hathe be me fuⱡⱡ lothe.
Tho clothis me lyste neuer to change
This lyfe to me hathe be fuⱡⱡ stronge,
For aⱡⱡ to-rente *and* rotyn to be." 6733
And *with* þat worde Partonope
Fiⱡⱡ on swony[n]ge for heuynes.
He lay þer-in longe ore it wolde sese.
*With*-out comfort allone was he. 6737

And þis wofuƕ man Partonope *
Atte laste fro swonyng did a-wake.
He was fuƕ seke, I dare vndirtake.
What for sorowe and for wepyng
Stiƕ he sate, fuƕ longe thinkyng
How best hym-self he myght sle.
But God wold not it shuld so be.
His ffrendes had hym so in watte,
Fro wepyns kept hym so stratte
That his purpose myght not be
Atte Bleys *par*fouremed; and þen þought he:
"To Arderne I wolde go, þe wilde foreste,
There may happe some wilde beste
May me devoure, and þat anoone."
Thus purposeth he þider * to gone,
And þen he seide: "He þat is false
To his love, right by þe halse
He shuld be hanged, and a foule deþ haue."
Thus in wodenesse he begynneth to Raue;
And in þis purpose fully stonte he

He will go to the Ardennes. Perhaps some wild animal will devour him.

6738. *MS.* patronope. 6752. þider] *MS.* þus.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And this wofuƕ man Partanope 6738
Atte last fro Sounyng dyd awake.
He was fuƕ Seeke, I dare vndyr-take.
What for Sorow and for wepyng 6741
Stylle he sett, fuƕ long thenking
How best hym-self he myght Slee.
But Godde wolde hit shulde so be. 6744
His frendys had hym so in wayte,
Fro wepens kept hym So strayte
That hys purpose myght not be
Atte Bloys *par*formed, and than thought he: 6748
"To Arderne I wolde go, the wyld forest,
There may happe Som) wylde best
May me devoure, and that anon)."
Thus purposeth he thedyr to gone, 6752
And that he sayde: "He that ys false
To hys love, ryght be the halse
He shulde be honged, and a foule deth haue."
Thus in wodenese he be-gynneth to rave; 6756
And in this purpose fully stont he

*Rawl. MS.*

And þis wofuƕ man) P*ar*tonope
At þe laste of swony[n]ge dyde a-wake.

What for sorwe *and* for wepynge 6741
Stiƕ he sat, longe thynkynge
Howe beste he myght hym-selfe sle.
But God wolde it shulde not be. 6744
His frende*s* hade hym so in wayte,
Fro wepyns kepte hym so streyte
That his p*or*pose myght not be
At Bloyes p*ar*formede; þen þought he:

"To Arderne I wiƕ goo, þat foreste,

Ther may hape som wilde beste 6750
May me devoure, *and* þat anone."
Thus p*or*poseth he dethir to gone.
Then he seyde: He þat is false 6753
To his loue, right be þe halse
He shulde be hongyde *and* foule deth haue.
Thus In wodnes he gynyth to raue.

And in þis p*or*pose fully stont he 6757

To Ardern to go hym-self to sle.
The French author here reproves the clerks that write ill of women's love.
Myn auctour in ffrensshe gynneþ now reprove
Thes olde clerkes þat treten of love,
That put in scripture to haue in remembraunce
Of olde tyme fuH hye myssgouernance,
Of women of whome they ofte write
FuH febly and foule of hem endite,
Ayein whome euer I wole sey nay:
That Clerke is not on lyve þis day [leaf 86]
That wole despute in þis matere,
I shaH hym prove a lewde frere.
Thes Ioly singers comynly ben lecherouse,
They mowe not lyve with-oute paramourse.
And when his queen is to hym vntrewe,
And from hym chaungeth vnto a newe,
As swich strumpettes aH day do,
Than þes prestes be so wo,
Theire lemans dedes they put in wryting,
To bryng after in mannes remembryng
To suppose aH ben as they were,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To Arderen to goo hym-self to sle.
Myn) autoure in fre[n]ssh gynyth now reprove
These olde chekes that treten of love,
That putt in scryture to haue remembrans
Of old tyme, fuH hye mysgouernauns,
Of women of whom) they ofte wrytte

FuH febly, and foule of hem endyte,
A-yen) whom) euer I wolle say nay:
That Clerk ys not on) lyve thys day
That wolde this spyte in this matere,
I shaH hym prove a lewde fre[r]e. [leaf 50]
This Ioly syngers comynly be lecherous,
They mow not lyve wyth-oute paramors.
And whan hys quene hys to hym vntrew,
And fro hym changeth to a new,
As Swyche strompettes al day do,
Than) these preestes be So wo,
Her lemmans dedys they put in wryting
To bryng after in mannes remenbryng
To suppose alle [ben] as they were,

*Rawl. MS.*

To Arderne to go hym-selfe to sle.
Myne autor in frenche gynnyth to reproue
This olde clerkes þat trete of loue,
And put in scrypture to haue, remembraunce
Of olde tyme hye mysgouernaunce
[1] Of whome women) þey of wryte
[1 leaf 47, back]
FuH febilly, *and* foule þey of hem dyte
Ayen whome euer I wiH sey nay:
That clerke is not on lyue þis day
That wiH dysspute of þis mater,
I shaH hym proue a lewyde frere.
This Ioly syngeres comynly be lecherus,
They may not leue with-out paramores.

When his quene is to hym vntrewe,

And fro hym changyth to a newe,
As soyche strompetes alday do
Then þese prestes be so wo,
Hir lemans dedes þey put in wrytynge,
To brynge after in his remembrynge
To suppose aH ben as þey were,

6763. *MS.* wemen *or* women.

And so to put men in feere
To mystrust women aⱡⱡ.
Suche nyse clerkes foule hem be-faⱡⱡ, 6780
And for her lemans myssberyng
Aⱡⱡ o*per* women they haue mystrustyng.
But þese clerkes þat wele ruled be,
Of hem shaⱡⱡ [ye] neu*er* know ne se 6784
In speche, in dede, ne be writyng,
Any þing þat myght be reprovyng
To women þat wele ruled be.
For truly I sey as for me 6788
In women is founde a gentilnesse,
Trewe love, and *per*to kyndnesse,
Bountee, beaute, and eke plesaunce.
Therfore I p*ray* God þat mysschaunce 6792
On hem come þat lust to sey
Of women eviⱡⱡ; for leu*er* to dey
I had þen to be founde in *þat* case,
P*ray*ing God to kepe me fro þat trespase. 6796
But aⱡⱡ þis matere I lete now be,
And speke I wil of Partonope.

A clerk who is well disposed, will never do so.

In women are found all good qualities.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And so put men in free 6778
To mystrust women alle.
Shuch nyse Clerkes foule hem be-falle,
And for her lemmans mysberyng 6781
Alle other women they haue mystrusting.
But these Clerkes that wele ruled be,
Of hem shaⱡⱡ nevyr know ne see 6784
In spech, in dede, ne be wrytting,
Any thing that might be reproving
To women that wele rewled be.
For trewly I Sey as for me 6788
In women ys founden aⱡⱡ gentylnes,
Trew love, and ther-to knydenes
Bountee, beautee, and eke plesauns.
Therfor I pray God that myschauns
On hym come that lust to sey 6793
Of women evyⱡⱡ; for lever to dey
I had / than to be founde in that case,
Prayng God to kepe me fro that trespas.

But alle this matere I late now be, 6797
And speke I woⱡⱡ of Partanope.

*Rawl. MS.*

And so to put men in fere
To mystruste wemen aⱡⱡ
Soyche nyce clerk*es* foule hem faⱡⱡ
And for *þer* lemans mysberynge 6781

But þese clerk*es* þat weⱡⱡ rulede be,
Of hem shaⱡⱡ ye neu*er* knowe ne se
In speche, in dede, ne be wrytynge
And thynge þat myght be rep*rouy*[n]ge
To women þat weⱡⱡ rewlyde be.
For truly I sey as for me 6788
In women is fonde aⱡⱡ Ientillnes,
True loue *and* also kendnes,
Bounte, beute *and* eke plesaunce.
Ther-fore I p*ray* God þat myschaunce
On hym come þat lyste to sey 6793
Of wemen evⱡⱡ; for leu*er* to dye
I * hade þen be fou*n*de in þat case,
P*ray*inge to Gode to kepe me fro trespas. 6796
For aⱡⱡ þis mat*er* I let nowe be
And speke I wiⱡⱡ of P*ar*tonope.

6791. *MS. rather* Baunte.
6795. *MS.* I hode (od *indistinct*) hade.

This carefuH lover with pite
Pensyfe, thoughtfuH aH day sitteþ he.
Towards evening there comes a boy to Partonope.
And when it drew wele toward Eve,
A childe *þer* come, þat in his sleve
A lofe brought of barlyche made,
And in his hande a picher he hadde
FuH of water of þe welle clere. [leaf 86, back]
This he brought to Parton[o]pe sopere.
Partonope* was wonte to hym speke ;
It did hym sorowe, his hert did breke.
Partonope asks the boy to help him.
"My frende," he seide, "I shaH þe sey,
I may not fayle hastely to dey
If I abide now longe here ;
Fayne wolde I be elles-where.
Thou maiste me helpe if þou wilte.
I *pray* þe help I be not spilt."
The boy is ready.
That yonge man wept for verray Ioy :
"Sir, *your* sorowe dope me grete noy.
Fro you I wil not departed be,
If comforte or eace may come by me,

6807. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

THis Carfuh lover wyth petee
Pensyfe, thought-fuh alle day
sytteth he. 6800
And whan hyt drew wele toward eve,
A chyld ther come, that in hys sleve
A lofe brought of barleche made,
And in hys hond a pycher he had 6804
Fuh of water of the weh clere.
This he brough[t] to Partanope sopere.
[1] Partanope was wont to him speke ;
Hyt dyd hym sorow, hys hert dyd
Breke. [1 leaf 50, back] 6808
"My frende," he sayde, "I shall the
say,
I may not fayle hastely to dey
Yf I a-byde now longe here ;
Fayne wolde I be elles-where 6812
Thow muste me helpe yf thow wylt.
I pray the he helpe that I be not
spylt."
Thys yong manne wept for very Ioy :
"Syr, your sorow dothe me grete neye.
Fro yow I wol not departed be, 6817
Yf comfort or ease may come be me,

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ This carfuH louer *with* pete
Pensefe, þoughtfuH syttyth he. 6800

When it drewe towarde eve
A childe *þer* come, *þat* in his sleue
A lofe brought of barly made,
And in his honde a pichere he hade
FuH of wat*er* of the weH clere. [leaf 48]
This he brought to P*ar*tonopes sopere.
P*ar*tonope was wont to hym speke ;
Hit dyde hym sorwe, his hert wolde
breke. 6808
"My f[r]ende," he seyde, "I shaH þe
sey,
I may not faiH hastely to dye
Yef I abyde longe here
Fayne wolde I be e*lles*-where. 6812
Thou mayste me helpe yef þou wilt.
I pr*aye* þe helpe I be not spilt."

This yonge man wepte for very Ioye.
"Sir, your *sor*we dothe me grete[n]oye.
Fro you I wiH not dep*ar*tyde be, 6817
Yef comfort ore eyse may come be me,

And I may do you any plesaunce.
Though it be to me grete grevaunce,
I shall it do, and it be your eace,
Though I wist þerfore to lese
My life; and that I ensure you.
And þerfore tell pleynly now
What is your will þat I do."
Partonope* seide: "I will that þou go
When Evyn cometh, and make noone aray,
And prively gete me an hakeney
That is swyft and right wele aumblyng.
And when men ben all faste slepyng,
Then wil I ride into þe felde.
I wolde þat no man me be-helde.
This were to me a full hy comforte
Alone to haue þere my desporte.
And while þe moone shyneth bright,
There may I play me all the nyght.
Thou shalt go with me and no mo.
Now loke þat þis be wisely do.

Partonope orders him to fetch a hackney secretly.

Only the boy is to accompany him.

6826. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And I may do yow an[y]* plesauns.
Though hyt be to grete grevauns
I shall hyt do, and [it] be your ease,
Thoght I wyst therefore to lese
My lyfe / and I ensure yow.
And therfor tell pleynely now
What ys youre wyll that I do."
Partanope sayde: "I wolde that thow go
Whan even cometh, and make none aray,
And pryvely gete me a hakeney
That ys Swyft and ryght well ambelyng.
And whan men bene all fast Slepyng,
Than wolde I ryde in-to the felde.
I wolde that no man me be-heelde.
This were to me a full hye comfort
A-lone to haue there my dysport.
And whyle the mone shyneth bright,
There may I play me alle the nyght.
Thow shalt goo wyth me and no moo.
Now loke that this be wysely doo.

6819. *MS.* yowan, *the last letters indistinct.*

*Rawl. MS.*

And I may do you ony eyse.
Though it be to me grete dysseyse
I shall it do, *and* it be your eyse,
Though I wyste *þer*-for to lese
My lyfe, *and* þat I ensure you.
And *þer*-fore I tell you trewly nowe
What is youre will þat I shall do."
*Par*tonope seyde: "I will þat þou goo

When evyn comyth, *and* make none array,
And prevely get me an hakeney
That is swyfte *and* well amblynge.

And when my men be faste slepynge,
Then will I ryde to þe felde.
I will þat no man me be-helde.
This were to me an hye comforte
Allone to haue my dyssporte.
And while þe mone shynyth bright
Ther may I pley me till þe nyght.
Thou shalt go *with* me *and* no mo.
Nowe loke þat þis be wysly do.

Ayenst day, with-outen drede,
Homward ayein we will vs spede." 6840

The boy brings the horse,

This childe of þis is Ioyfuꝯ and glad,
And forto þat his mayst*er* hym bad
He is rissen, and forþe is go.
He wolde for no good it happenyd so * [leaf 87] 6844
Ere he were redy the houre were passed,
Which his lorde hym sette, and þ*er*fore in haste
He made redy a fayre ambeloure.
In the Evyn, atte same houre, 6848
A fayre palfray w*ith* hym he ledde,
And brought it to his lordes bedde,
Good and wele aumblyng w*ith*-outen nay;
This palfray was pomeꝯ gray. 6852

and sets his master into the saddle.

In his armes his maister he vp toke
Fro bedde, as seith þe ffrensshe boke,
And in the sadyꝯ softely he hym sette.
And right anoone a sporre he fette, 6856
He sette it on his lordes hele,
And thought that aꝯ þing was wele.

*After* 6844 *MS. adds the line:* Ere he were redy it happenyd so.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A-yenst day, wyth-outen drede, 6839
Homward ayen we woꝯ vs spede."
This Chylde of thys ys Ioyfuꝯ and gladde, 6841
And for to that hys mayster hym bad
He ys rysen in hast, and forth ys go.
He wolde for ne goode hyt happyd hym so 6844
Ere he were redy the oure were past,
Whiche hys lord hym sett, and the[r]-fore in hast [leaf 51]
He made redy a fayre ambuloure.
In the even, at the same oure, 6848
A fayre palfrey wyth hym he ledde,
And broght hyt to hys bedde,
Goode and weꝯ ambelyng wyth-outen nay;
This palfrey was pomely gray. 6852
In hys armes hys mayster he vp toke
Fro bedde, as seyth the frensch booke,
And in the sadyꝯ Softely he hym sett.
And ryght anone a spore he fett, 6856
And thought that alle thinge was wele.

*Rawl. MS.*

Ayenste day w*ith*-out drede
Homwarde ayen we wiꝯ vs spede." 6840
¶ This childe of þis is Ioyfuꝯ *and* glade
And for to do þ*at* his maist*er* hym bade
He is resyn *and* furthe I-goe.
He wolde for no good it happede soo 6844
[1] Ere he were redy, þe oure were paste
Wheche his lorde set; þ*er*-fore in haste [1 leaf 48, back]
He made redy a fayre amblere.
In þe evyn, at þe same oure, 6848
A fayre palfrey w*ith* hym he lede,
And brought it to his lord*es* bede
Right weꝯ amblynge, w*ith*-out nay.
The palfrey was pomeꝯ gray. 6852
In his armes his maist*er* vp he toke
Fro his bede, as seyth þe frenche boke
And in the sadiꝯ he hem softly set.
And right anone asspore he fet, 6856
He set it on his lord*es* hele,
And þought aꝯ thynge was weꝯ.

In herte he was Ioyfuꝋ and gladde,
And forþe his lordes horse he ladde,
Wenyng that aꝋ þing shuld be right wele.
He maketh grete Ioy and levyth aꝋ dole.
But aꝋ day at Eye men mow se
They Ioyen of þing þat wil not be.
PArtonope is now forþe go — Partonope leaves Blois.
From Bleys, and *þer*-to come no moo
He thinketh neu*er* in aꝋ his life.
His childe cometh to hym as blyve:
"Sir," seide he, "whe*þer* wiꝋ ye ride?
Here is a place faste here beside,
Where as ye mow wele you desporte.
That to you shaꝋ be grete comforte
Vpon þe banke you to pley
Of Leyre the Ryu*er* till ayein the day.
Then shaꝋ no man vs aspye;
And thider I can you right wele gye. — The boy was called Gilamour.
This childes name is Gile-amoure,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In hert he was Ioyfuꝋ and gladde he was,
And forth hys lordes hors he lade,
Wenyng that alle thing shulde be ryght wele.
He maketh grete Ioy and leveth alle doole.
But aꝋ day at ey men mow see
They Ioyn of thinge that wold not be.
PArtanope ys now forth goo
Fro Bloys, and ther-to come no moo
He thenketh nevir in alle hys lyfe.
Hys Chylde to hym cometh as bylfe.
"Syr," sayde he, "wedyr woꝋ ye ryde?
Here ys a place fast yow be-syde,
Where as ye mow weꝋ yow dysport.
That to yow shaꝋ be grete comfort
Vpon) the Banke yow to pley
Of Leyre the rever tyꝋ ayen the day.
There shaꝋ no man) vs aspye;
A[nd] thedyr I can) yow ryght wel gye.
This Childes name ys Gyle-amour*e*,

*Rawl. MS.*

In hert he was Ioyfuꝋ *and* glade,
And furthe his lord*es* hors he lede,
Weny[n]ge þ*at* aꝋ thynge shulde be weꝋ
He maketh Ioye *and* leuyth dole,
But aꝋ day at eye men may se
They Ioye of thynge þ*at* wiꝋ not be.
¶ P*ar*tonope is nowe furthe goo
Fro Bloyes *and* þ*er*-to come no mo
He thynketh neu*er* in aꝋ his lyue.
His childe to hym comyth blyue.
"Sir," seyde he, "whe*þer* wiꝋ ye ryde?
He-re is a place faste you be-syde,
Where ye may weꝋ dyssporte.
That to you shaꝋ be grete comforte
Vppon) þe banke you to play
Of Loyre the reu*er* in the day
This childes is name is Gillamore

6873. *MS. perhaps* pley, e *or* a *being written on some other letter.*

Which for grete love kyng Sornegoure
Lente hym to Partonope,
To þis entent þat he shuld se 6880
The manȝer of þe Reaume of Fraunce.
He was the nephew of King Sornegour, and his real name was Fursin. For to Sornegoure* he was nye allyaunce,
No firþer but of his suster bore ; [leaf 87, back]
And his ffader heght kyng Fabore. 6884
Right curteyse he was and Right bonayre,
Semely of persone, of visage fayre.
His name was Fursynne in his contree ;
But his mayster and lorde Partonope* 6888
Into Gileamoure did it chaunge,
For Fursyn was his name right straunge,
And Gilamour was a grete dele light.
Partonope had in vain tried to convert him to Christianity. For Partonope did all his myght 6892
To maken hym leve his hethen lay.
His answere þerto was euer nay.

6882. *MS.* Sornogoure. 6888. *MS.* partronope.

ll. 6891–6899 *have wrongly been copied by the second hand on leaf* 34, *back, and then crossed out, see the printed text,* p. 86. *The passage runs thus—*

And Gylmowre was a grete dele more lyȝthte
For partonope dide alle hys mygthte
To make hym leue hys Ethen laye
Hys answere was ther to euer naye
Partonope hym trystythe aboue alle thynge
For euer he was glad to do his plesynge
And he sayde gode syr wolle yee
Haue goode dysporte now folewythe me
Go we to the water of leyre.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Which for grete love king Sornogoure
Lente hym late to Partanope,
To this entent that he shulde see 6880
The manere of the reaume * of Fraunse.
For to Sornogoure he was ny Alyaunse,
No forther but of hys Suster bore ;
And hys fadyr hyght kinge Fabore. 6884
Ryght Curteyse he was and ryght bonayre,
[1] Semely of persone, of vysage fayre.
His name was Fursynne in hys contre ;
But hyt mayster and lord Partanope
In-to Gylamoure dyd hyt change, 6889
For Fursynne was hys name ryght straunge, [1 leaf 51, back]
And Gylamoure was a grete dele lyght.
For Partanope dyd alle hys myght 6892
To maken hym leve hys hethen lay.
Hys answere ther-to wase euer nay.

6881. *MS.* Reaune.

*Rawl. MS.*

Whiche for grete loue kynge Sornogoure
Lente hym to Partonope,
To þis entent þat he shulde se 6880
The maner of the reme of Fraunce.
For to Sornogoure he was alyaunce,
No for-þer but of his syster bore ;
And his fader hight kynge Fabure.
Courteyse he was *and* debonere.

Partonope hym trusteth a-bove aH þing,
For euer he was glad to do his plesyng.
And þen he seide: "Good sir, wil ye
Haue good desporte, now folow me.
Go we to þe watir of Leyre.
There shuH ye fynde an holsome heire;
There mow ye play and haue desporte.
To you it shaH be an hye comforte.
Partonope fast gan hym be-holde
As he þat was of cares colde:
"My frende," he seide, "me liste not pley.
I purpose me fully forto dey.
For into Ardern wole I go,
Ther shaH be ffenysshid aH my wo."
Gileamour þen wept tendirly,
And seide: "þan, sir, wole I
Into Arderne, with you wole I go,
And take my dethe with you also."—
"Nay," then seide Partonope,
"Thou shaH go home into þi contre
And teH þin vncle, kyng Sornegoure,*
How I am loste for euer-more.
For I shaH dey, and þou shalt lyve.
My false treasone is put in preve
In so highe place, it moste nedes be,
And þou stondest not in þat degre.

Gilamour proposes to go to the bank of the Loire.

Partonope discloses his intention of seeking death in the Ardennes.

He will not allow Gilamour to accompany him.

6915. *MS.* Sernegoure.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope hym trusteth above alle thing,
For euer he was gladde to do his plesyng.
And than) he sayde: "Goode Syr, wol ye
Haue goode dysport, now * folow me.
Go we to the water of Lyere.
There shutt ye fynde an) holsom eyre;
There mow ye play and haue dysport.
To yow hyt shaH be an) hye comfort.
Partanope fast gan) hym be-holde
As he that was full of cares cold: 6904
"My frend," he sayd, "me lust not pley.
I purpose me fully for to dey.
For into Arderen now wol I goo,
Ther shaH be fynesheede alle my woo."
Gylamoure than) wept tendyrly,
And sayd: "Sir, than) woH I
In-to Ardern) wyth you woH goo,
And take my deth wyth yow also."—
"Nay," than) sayde Partanope,
"Thow shallt go home in-to they contre
And telle the vncle, king Sornogoure,
How I am lost for euer-more.
For I shaH dye, and thow shalt leve.
My false treson) ys put in preve
In so hygh plase, I must dede be,
And thow stondeyst not in that degre.

6898. *MS.* Mow.

Thou shalt go home and lyve in eace;
This may thou me highely pleace." [leaf 88]

To gain Partonope's confidence, Gilamour asks to be christened.

"Sir," seide Gilamour, "þis may not be;
For truly I wole go with the.
Whe*þer* life or dethe me * be-tyde,
I wiłł now renne be þi side.
Truly to serve þe I was swore,
I make no forse of sir Sornegoure *.
But for þou shuldest þe more haue me
In trust and eke in chierte
I am redy, with-outen nay,
Cristen to be þis same day."
PArtonope stode in grete diseace;
And his hert somwhat gan apeace,

Partonope, thinking to steal away later on, consents,

When Gilamour seid he wolde be
Cristenyd; in þis wise þinkeþ he:
"I shałł hym suffre with me wende
Tiłł his cristny*ng* be brought to ende.
And aft*er* I wole fułł prively,
While he slepeth, stele sodenly
Awey from hym, he shałł not wete
What contrey to drawe *with* me to mete."
Then to þe child seid Partonope:
"If þou wilt convert and cristenyd be,
I wole þe trust a-bove ałł þing
And be right glad of þi dwellyng,

6925. me] *MS.* the (th *being written like* ly).
6928. *MS.* Senegoure.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thow shalt go home and leve in ease;
Thus mayst thow me hyghly please."
"SYr," sayde Gylamoure, "this may not be;
For trewly I wołł go wyth the.
Wheder lyfe or deth me be-tyde, [leaf 52]
I wylle renne now by thy syde.
Trewly to serve the I was swore.
I make no forse of Sir Sornogoure.
But for Thow shuldest the more haue me
In trust and eke in cheryte
I am redy, wythouten leve,
Crysten to be this same day."
PArtanope stont in grete dyssese;
And hys hert somwat ganne apese,
Whan Gylamoure sayd he wold be
Crystened / in this wyse thenketh he:
"I shałł hym suffre wyth one wende
Tyłł hys Crystenyng be brought to ende.
And after I wołł fułł prevyly,
While he slepeth, stele a-way sodenly.
Than to the Chylde sayd Partanope:
"Yf thow wylt conuerte and Crystened be,
I wołł the trust a-boue ałł thing,
And be ryght galde of they dewlling,

For departe wole we neu*er*.
This coven*aun*te I make *with* þe for eu*er*. 6948
And hye þe home to Bleys now faste,
And bryng *with* þe thyn horse in haste;
For in þis place þe wole I a-byde.
And þis may we in þe nyght-tide 6952
Ride a good dele in oure wey,
TiH it drawe nere vpon þe day,
Then in some wode we wole vs reste
AH þe day, þis is þe best, 6956
TiH þat derke nyght come ayein:
And þen faste wole we fleen,
TiH we ben aH my contre paste.
Then shaH we of no-þing be agaste, 6960
But ride forþe opynly aH þe day." [leaf 88, back]
This Gileamo*ur* seide not oones nay,
But for his hors þen ranne he faste,
And prykyng ayein he come in haste. 6964
When he was come, grete payne had he
With his maist*er* Partonope:
He myght not sitte on hors to ryde.

and sends Gilamour back to Blois to fetch his horse.

Aided by Gilamour, Partonope rides forth.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For departe woH we never.
This Coven*aun*t I make wyth the for eu*er*. 6948
And hye the home to Bloys now fast,
And bring wyth the thyn horse in hast;
For in this place the woH I a-byde.
And thus mow we in the nyght-tyde 6952
Ryde and goode dele on oure way,
TyH hyt draw nere vpon day.
Thanne in som wode we woH vs rest
Alle the day, this ys the best, 6956
Tylle that dreke nyght come ayen.
And than fast woH we fleen,
TyH we be at my Contre past.
Than shaH we of no-thing be a-gast,
But ryde forth opynly aH the day."
This Gylamoure sayd not onys Nay,
But forth hys hors Than ranne he fast,
And priking ayen he come in hast.
Whan he was come, grete peyne had he [1 leaf 52, back] 6965
[1] Wyth hys mayster Partanope:
He myght not sytt on hors to Ride.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1]And pre-kynge ayen he come in haste.
When he was come, grete payne hade he [1 leaf 49] 6965
*With* his maist*er* Partonope:
He myght not syt on hors to ryde.

But as Gilamour yede be his side,
And held hym vp with all his myght,
Thus they Iourney all be nyght,
Till they were paste þe Reaume of Fraunce.
Then gane they a new purvyaunce
To ride forþe opynly all þe day,
For þer was no man þat wolde sey nay
To no-þing þat hem lust to do.
And forþe they ride boþe twoo
In grete sighyng and hevynesse.
Hearing mass rung in the church of Albigis, they proceed thither. And so it happenyd þat to a messe
At chirche they herde rynge.
Partonope þerwith maketh no lettyng,
But þider rideth, as I devyce,
Ther to here devyne servyce.
Myn auctour telleth þis chirch hight
The chirche of Albigis, þer it light.
This wofull man Partonope
Gilamour anoone to hym calleþ he,
And axed hym: "Wilt þou cristenyd be?"

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But as Gylamore yede be hys syde,
And heeld hym vp wyth all hys myght,
Thus they Iorney forth alle-wey by nyght,
Tyll they were past the reaume* of Fraunce.
Than gon they a new purviaunce
To ryde forth opynly all the day,
For ther was no man that wolde sey nay
To the thing that hem lust to do.
For forth they ryde both two
In grete syghing and hevinese.
And so hyt happened to a mese
At Chirch they hard Rynge.
Partanope ther-wyth maketh no lettyng,
But theder Redeth, as I devyse,
Ther to here devyne servyse.
Myn autor telleth this chirch hyght
The Cherch of Albigys, there hit lygh[t].
THis wofull man Partanope
Gylamoure anon to hym Calleth he,
And axed hym: "Wylt Thou Cristened be?"

6971. *MS.* reaune.

*Rawl. MS.*

But as Gyllamore yede be his syde,
And helde hym vpe *with* all his myght,
Thus þey Iorneyde furthe all nyght,
Till þey were paste þe reme of Fraunce.
Then gan þey a newe poruyaunce
To ryde furthe oppynly all the day,
There was no man wolde sey nay
To nothynge hym lyste to do.
And furthe þey ryde bothe two
In grete sighynge *and* heuynesse.
And so it hapyde þat to a messe
At the churche þey herde rynge
Partonope *þer-with* maketh no lettynge,
But de-*þer* rydeth be myne avyse
Myne autor tellyth þis churche hight
The churche of Abbygis, *þer* it light.
This wofull man Partonope
Gyllamore anone callyth he,
And axede hym: "Wilt þou crystende be?"

He hym answerd and seide yee.
Then to þe provoste seid Partonope * :
" Seest þou þis man þat stonde by me ?
Cristene hym anoone, I the requyre."
The provoste was curteyse and debonayre,
And goodly hym baptized, and þat anoone.
The Erle hym lyfte from þe fontestone.
And þere aforne, as seith myn auctour,
His name was called Gylamour,
Anselote named hym Partonope.
And in þis wise cristenyd was he,
As siker as dethe, with-outen nay.
At Albigis they Rest hem aH day.
When Evyn come, they went to Reste ;
Anselote þought it was þe beste.
When Partonope * hym wist aslepe,
AH softly hym-self vp lepe,
And to his hakeney streight he went.
His sadyH, his brydeH in honde he hent ;
His hakeney he made redy in haste,

6988 6992 6996 7000 7004

[leaf 89]

The prior baptizes Gilamour,

and at the font Partonope names him Anselot.

In the night Partonope steals away,

6989, 7003. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He hym) answeryth and seyd yee. 6988
Thanne to the prouost sayd Partanope :
" Seest thow this man) that stont be me ?
Crysten hym a-none, I the require."
The proust was Curteys and debonarire,
And goodely hym Baptized, and thatt anon). 6993
The Erle hym lyft fro the fonte stone.
And there a-forn). as seyth myn) auctor,
His name was called Gylamoure, 6996
Anselott named hym Partanope.
And in this wyse Crystened was he,
As syker as deth wyth-outen nay.
At Albigis they rest hem aH day. 7000
Whenne even come, they went to rest;
Anselott though[t] hyt was the best.
Whan) Partanope hym a-slepe wyst,
Alle softely hym-self vp ryst, 7004
[1]And to his hakeney streyght he went.
Hys sadyH, hys brydeH in hond he hent. [1 leaf 53]
His hakeney he made redy in hast,

*Rawl. MS.*

He hym answerde *and* seyde ye. 6988
Then to þe *pro*voste seyde P*ar*tonope :
"Seyste þou þis man) þat stondyth be me ?
Crystyn) hym anone, I þe requere."
The *pro*voste was debonere, 6992
And goodly hym baptysede *and* þat anone.
The erle hym selfe fro þe fonte stone
Ther aforne seyth myne aut*or*
His name was callede Gyllamo*ur*, 6996
Anselot naymyde hym P*ar*tonope.
In þis wyse crystende was he,
As sekere as dethe, w*ith*-out nay.
At Abbyg*is* þey reste hym aH day 7000
When evyn) come þey went to reste ;
Anselot þought it was the beste.
When P*ar*tonope hym aslepe wyste,
AH softly hym-selfe vp ryste, 7004
[1]And to his hakeney streight he wente.
His sadiH, his brydiH in honde he hente. [1 leaf 49, back]
His hakeney he m ad redy in haste

*With* moche wo, and atte laste
Vpon his hakeney porely he lepe,
leaving Anselot as'leep. And lefte Anselote, his man, a-slepe.
In haste forþe rideþ þis Partonope,
And in his hert þis þought he:
"I haue leu*er* hym þus be scape,
Then o*þer* lyon, bere, or ape
In the forest shuld him devoure.
To purchase my deþe I shall labo*ur*."
In-to þe forest he takeþe þe wey.
On awaking Anselot finds his master is gone. But Anselote anoone as it was day,
Gan buske faste oute of his bedde,
And toward his maist*er* he hym spedde.
But when he founde his maist*er* go:
"Allas," he seide, "what shall I do?
My maister now hath be-trayed me.
[What is þi cause, Partonope?]
What is þi cause of my deserte?
But now I wote wele þe peynes smert
Of deþe in shorte tyme I mote fele.
But forsoþe, now wote I wele
Ye brought me hidder for þis fyne

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth moche wo, and at the last 7008
Vpon his hakeney poorly he leepe,
And left Anselotte, his mane, a-slepe.
In hast rydeth forth this Partanope,
And in his hert thus thoght he: 7012
"I had lever hym thus be scape,
Than other lyon, bere, or ape,
In the forest shuld hym devoure.
To purchese my deth I woll labour."
In-to the forest he taketh his way. 7017
But Anselot anon as hit was day,
Ganne buske fast oute of his bedde,
And toward his mayster he hym sped.
But whan he fonde his mayster go: 7021
"Allas," he sayd, "What shall I do?
My Mayster now hath be-trayd me.
What ys thi cause Partanope? 7024
What ys thy cause of my deserte?
But now I wote wele the paynes smert
Of deth in short tyme I mote feele.
But for soth, now wote I wele 7028
Ye brought me hedyr for this fyne

7016. Labo[u]re] *hole in vellum for* ou.
7023. *Hole in vellum for* me.

*Rawl. MS.*

*With* moche wo, *and* at the laste 7008
Vppon) his hakeney preuely he lepe
And lefte Anselot feste on slepe.
In haste rydyth furthe Partonope
And in his hert þis þought he: 7012
"I haue leu*er* þis to skape,
Thene o*þer* lyon, bere, ore ape,
In þe foreste shulde hym devoure.
To purchase my deth I will labour*e*."
Into þe foreste he toke þe wey. 7017
But Anselot anone as it was day,
Gan buske faste out of his bede,
And towarde his maist*er* he hym spede.
When) he fonde his maist*er* goo: 7021
"Allas," he seyde, "what shall I do?
My maist*er* nowe hathe be-tra*y*ede me.
What is þy cause, Partonope? 7024
What is þe cause of my des*er*te?
But nowe I wot well þe paynes smerte
Of dethe in short tyme I moste fele.
But for sothe, nowe wot I well 7028
Ye brought me he*þ*er for this fyne

My god to forsake, Apollyne. — He laments the desertion of his god,
O þis is a coynte pilgremage,
For I haue forsake in þis vyage 7032
My god for þi love, Partonope,*
And yelde me a cristen man to be,
And greed me fully to þin acorde.
But now haue I no*þer* frende ne lorde ; 7036
For to my frendes wole I neue*r* drawe, — and will, in his despair, also seek death.
I haue forsaken now myn owne lawe.
But I ne reche ; for I wole go
There as I shall dey also., [leaf 89, back] 7040
But yete I wote, Partonope, *
The cause why þat þou lettest me
In þis wise oute of youre company,
For I shuld now with you dey, 7044
Ne þat I shuld not into þe forest
Yow folowe lest some wilde best
In yo*ur* seruice shuld me sle.
For wele I wote that truly ye 7048
For me now wepe full tendirly.
And in þe same wise mote I

7033, 7041. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My god to forsake, Apollyne.
O this ys a queynt pylgrymage,
For I haue for-sake in this vyage 7032
My god for thy loue, Partanope,
And yolde me of treson) a Crysten) man) to be. 7034
A[nd] greed me fully to thynne a-corde
But now haue I nether frend ne lord,
For to my frendys woll I nevir draw,
I haue for-sake now myn) owne lord and law.
But I ne recche : for I woll go
Ther as I shall dey also. 7040
But yet I wote, Partanope,
The cause why that [thou] leftest me
In this wyse oute of youre Company,
[1]For I shuld now wyth yow dye 7044
Ned that I shulld noo in-to the forest [1 leaf 53, back]
Yow folow lest Som) wyld best
In youre Servyce shuld me sle.
For wele I wote truly that ye 7048
For me now wepe full tendyrly,
And in the same wyse mote I

7044. *MS. adds* wych *before* wyth.

*Rawl. MS.*

My god to forsake, Appolyne.
O þis is a quent pilg*re*mage,
For I haue for-sake in þis vyage 7032
My god for þy loue, P*ar*tonope
And yelde me a crystyn man to be,
And gyrde me fully to þyne acorde.
Nowe haue I no*þer* frende ne lorde.
To my frende*s* will I neue*r* drawe, 7037
I haue for-sake myne owne lawe.
But I ne ryche, for I will goo
Ther as I shall dye also. 7040
But yet I wot, P*ar*tonope,
The cause why þou lettyste me
In þis wyse out of þy company.
[*Catch-word :* for I shulde nowe.]

Wepe and sorowe for you, my lorde,
And hastely dey be oone acorde." 7052

He follows all day the track of Partonope's horse,

And *with* this þinkyng on hors he lepe.
He thought he wolde take good kepe
Off þe stappes of his maist*er*[s] palfray,
To holde aft*er* hym þe streight wey 7056
In hope he shuld hym ou*er*take.
What shuld I here sermone make?
Forþe he priketh vpon his hakeney
As longe as eu*er* lasted þe day, 7060

But loses it at nightfall.

Tiłł vpon hym fełł þe derke nyght.
And þen anoone he loste þe sight
Of his mayst*ers* horse steppyng,
And þen anoone he fełł on wepyng, 7064
For he myght not overtake
His maist*er*; and fir*þer*more to make
Of his sorowe and of his wo,

The Author will narrate his adventures later on.

Att þat mat*er* now let I go. 7068
Fer here-aft*er* I shałł you lere
Of his aventures and ye lust heer*e*.
For now fully I purpose me
To tełł you forþe of Partonope.* 7072

Partonope rides forth, day and night,

Forthe now rideþ þis Partonope*
Into þe forest þat neu*er* he
Spareth to ryde, day ne nyght,
Tiłł he passe knowleche and sight 7076
Of alł his frendes, more and lasse.

7072, 7073. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wepe and sorow for yow my lord,
And hastely dye be one accord." 7052
And wyth þis tenking on) hors he lepe.
He thought he had take good kepe
Of the stapp*es* of his maysters palfrey,
To hold after hym the streyght way
In hope he shuld hym) ouer-take. 7057
What shuld I here long*e* ser*mon*) make?
Forth he pryketh vpon) his hakeney
As long ouer lasted the day, 7060
Tyłł vp-on) hym self derke nyght,
And than) a-non) he lost the syght
Of his maystres hors stepping,
And than) a-non) he fyll on) weping, 7064
For he myght noght ou*er*-take
Hys mayst*er*; *and* furthermore to make
Of his sorow and of his who,
Alle that mayster now late I go, 7068
For her-aft*er* I shałł yow leer*e*
Of hys aventures and ye lust here.
For now folly I purpose me
To tełł yow forth of Partanope. 7072
Forth now rydeth this Partanope
In-to the forest that never he
Sparyth to ryde, day ne nyght,
Tyłł he past knowlech and syght 7076
Of alle hys frendys, more and lasse.

Now is he allone in þe wildernesse — till he is alone in the wilderness.
Amonge wyuerse and serpentes. [leaf 90]
With-oute craft * of experymentes
He passed hem aƚƚ with-outen diseace. — The animals do him no harm.
Lo ! so gan fortune with-outen leace
Gyde a man right as hir luste,
For his comyng into þe forest
Was amonge the serpentes to dey ;
Yite was þere noone ones caste hir Eye
On hym in malyce harme to bede.
Thus þis lorde þrough hem yede ;
Yite þere to dey he hadde made covenaunt.
And forþe he rideth even to þe haunte
Where lyons and beres hadde her dwellyng.
There he thought was good a-bydyng
Tiƚƚ fortune wolde shape hym to dey.
He loked a-syde, and did espie
Where stode an holowe for-growen tree ;
And of his hors right þere alight he. — He seeks a shelter for the night in the hollow of a tree,
He lete his hors go where hym luste.
That nyght he þought þere to Reste.
As a thing þat were for-lete
The hors yode forthe ; for vnder his fete — letting his horse go free.
Henge his brydeƚƚ ygilte fuƚƚ bright.
The day gan passe, it drowe to nyght.
Thus nyght gan come, and day goon passe.

7080. craft] *MS.* crist.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Now ys he allone in the wyldernesse
Amonge wyuerse and serpentes.
Wyth-oute Craft of experymentes 7080
He passed hem aƚƚ wyth-oute dyssese.
Lo ! So gan) fortune wyth-outen) lese
Gyde a man) ryght as her lust, [leaf 54]
For he Comyng in-to the forest 7084
Was a-monge the Serpentes to dye ;
Yet was there none ons cast her ey
On) hym) in Malece harme to bede.
Thus this lorde throgh hem) yode ; 7088
Yt there to dye he had made covenaunt.
And forth he rydeth euen) to the haunt
Where lyouns and beres had her dewlling,
There he thought was goode a-byding
Tyƚƚ fortune wold schape hym) to dey.
He loked a-syde, *and* dyd aspye 7094
Where stode an holow for-growen) tre ;
And of hys hors ryght there alyght he. 7096
He left his hors to where hym) lust,
That nyght he though[t] there to rest.
As a thing that where for-lete 7099
The hors yond forth ; for vndyr feete
Hing hys brydeƚƚ I-gylt fuƚƚ bryght.
The day gan) passe, hit drow to nyght,
Thus nyght dyd come, and gan) passe.

Overe a launde þat highe with grasse
A hungry lion rushes at the horse, Was growe, he sighe a lyon) came lepyng.
He was lene and large and fierse in lokyng,
Of flesshe he semed pore and megre.
To take his pray he was fulł Egre.
He had espied Partonope's * palfray ;
He þought no firþer to seke his pray.
Toward the palfray he hyed faste
The hors espied hym and was agaste,
And faste for feere a-wey gan fle.
This lyon) fiersly after hym did hye,
And ouere-toke hym, and þat anoone,
and wounds it, That flesshe and skyn of his hokebone
With his pawe he did arace.
but is kicked to death. The hors þerwith, as God yave grace, [leaf 90, back]
With his hynder-fete at hym lete flyen,
And clevyd his for-hede be-twene þe Eyen.
He smote þe lyon) with all his myght.
The lyon þerwith loste his sight
Of þe horse, with-outen nay.

7109. *MS.* patronopes.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ouer a launde that hyght wyth garsse
Was grow, he syght a lyon) come lepyng.
He was lene and large and feerse in loking,
Of flesch he seemed poore *and* megre.
To take his pray he was fulł egre.
He had espied Partonpes palfray ;
He thoght no ferther to seke hys pray.
Toward the Palfrey he hyed fast,
The hors aspyed hym) and was a-gast,
And fast for fere a-wey gan) fle.
This lyon) feersly after hym did hye,
And ouer-toke hym) *and* that a-non),
That flesch and skyn) of hys hokebon)
Wyth his pawe dyd arace.
The hors there-wyth, as God yaf grace,
Wyth hys hynder-feete at hym) lete flyen),
And cleuyd hys forhed to-tw[e]ne þe yen). [1 leaf 54, back]
He smote the lyon) wyth all his myght.
[1] The lyon) ther-wyth lost his syght
Of the hors, wythouten naye.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] He smote þe lyon *with* all his myght.
The lyon *þer-with* loste his sight
Of the hors, *with*-out nay. [1 leaf 50]

And he with this grete affray 7124 The horse flees neighing to the sea-shore,
Ganne faste to ney and eke to renne,
As thoughe his tayle had bene to brenne.
Through thick and thyn he hyed hym faste,
Tiłł ałł þe fforest he was paste, 7128
And come vnto the see- * stronde.
He myght no firþer for lak of lande.
Vpon þe seeside was ałł nyght trottyng and trots about there
This ilke hors, and ałł-wey neehing. 7132 all the night through.
The moone on hevyn sate fułł hye.
Then was no Cloude vpon þe skye
Encombred of wynde nę of derkenesse,
That letted any poynte of his brightnesse. 7136
So gay he sate on his speere
That ałł þe welkyn of hym was clere ;
And ałł þe contree, with-outen nay,
Was as light as it had ben day. 7140
Soft and easy was eke þe see.
A man myght right wele here and se
Ferre on þe see and eke on londe.

7129. see] *MS.* seide.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And he wyth this grete affray 7124
Ganne fast to neye *and* eke to renne,
As thogh his tayle had bene to brenne,
Throgh thykke and thyn he hyed hym fast,
Tyłł ałł the forest he was past, 7128
And come vn-to the sey-stronde.
He myght no leng go further for lak of lond.
Vpon this see-syde ałł nyght was trottyng
This ilke hors, and alway neyng. 7132
The mone on heven sate fułł hye.
Ther was no Cloude vpon the Skye
Encombred of wynde ne of derkenes,
That letted ony poynt of hys bryghtnes. 7136
So gay he sate on his speere
That ałł the walkyn of hym was clyere ;
And ałł the Contre, wythouten nay,
Was as lyght as hit had be day. 7140
Softe and easy was eke the see.
A man myght ryght wele here *and* see.
Fere on the see and eke on londe.

*Rawl. MS.*

And he *with* þis grete affray 7124
Gan faste to nye *and* eke to rynne
As þough his taiłł hade be to brynne.
Thorwe thyke *and* thyn he hyede faste,
Tiłł ałł þe foreste he was paste, 7128
And come vnto þe se-stronde.
He myght no forþer for lake of londe.
On þe se-syde ałł is he trottynge
This ilke hors, *and* allwey nyeynge.
The mone in heuyn sat fułł hye. 7133
Ther was no clouthe vppon þe skye
Encomberde *with* wynde ne derkenes,
That lettyde ony poynt of his lightnes.
Sa gay he sat in his spere 7137
That þe wilkyn of hym was clere ;
And ałł the contre, *with*-out nay,
Was as light as it hade be day. 7140
Softe *and* eyse was þe see.
For on þe se *and* on þe londe

Partonopes * hakeney vpon þe stronde 7144
Evyr was neyng to and to.
A ship happens to be anchored thereby. And vpon þe see it happened so
A shippe þer was be ankyr ryding.
After wynde and tide was his abyding. 7148
So calme at þat tyme was þe see
No firþer sayle þen myght he.*
It belongs to a fair maiden. In this shipp a mayde *per* was,
A fayrere, a semelier no-where nas, 7152
The worlde to seke rounde a-boute.
Therto she was, with-outen doute,
Right curteise and *per*to fre ;
And of þis shippe chief lady was she. 7156
Of hir was m*er*vaylle be God a-bove ; [leaf 91]
She coupe neu*er* haue Ioy in love.
For of hir love was neuer man sure ;
Ne paramo*u*rs loved hir no creature. 7160
This horse I spake of, eu*er* was neyng ;
She hears a horse neighing. And þerto so gretely reboundyng
It made vpon the see so cliere.

7144. *MS.* patronopes. 7150. he] *MS.* theye.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And vpon) the strond Partanopes hakeney stond, 7144
Eu*er* was neyghyng to and to.
And vpon) the see hyt happyd so
A Shyp there was be anker rydyng.

After wynde and tyde was hys abydyng. 7148
So calme at that tyme was the see,
No ferther sayle than) myght he.
In this Ship a mayde ther was,
A fayrer, a semeliere no-where nas, 7152
The world to seeke rounde a-boue :
Ther-to sche was, wythouten) doute,
Ryght Curteys and ther-to fre ;
And of this Shipp chyef lady was She.
Of her was mervayle be God a-boue :
She cowde neu*er* haue Ioy in love. 7158
For of her love was neu*er* man) sure,
Ne paramors loved her no creature. 7160

[1] This horse I spake of, was eu*er* neyng,
And ther-to so gretly reboundyng
Hit made vpon) this see So cliere [leaf 55]

*Rawl. MS.*

P*ar*tonope hakeny on þe stronde 7144
Eu*er* was nyeynge to and to.
And vppon þe se it happyde soo
A shipe *per* was vppon) þe se by ankir rydynge. 7147
Af*ter* wynde *and* tyde was his abydynge.

So calme it was vppon þe see
No for*per* saiłł myght he.
In þis ship a mayde *per* was 7151
A fayrer*e*, a symlyere no-where nas,
The worlde to seke rounde aboute.
There-to she was wi*th*-out doute,
Ryght courteyse *and* *per*-to fre ;
Of þis shipe chyf lady was she. 7156
Of hir was mervełł be God aboue :
She couthe neu*er* haue Ioye of loue.
Of hir loue was neu*er* man) sure
Ne p*ar*amo*ur* louyde here neu*er* creature. 7160
This hors I spake of, was eu*er* nyeynge
And *per*-to gretly reboundynge [leaf 50, back]
Hit made on þe se so clere.

"Peace," seide þis lady, "me þinketh I here
An horse ney now; how sey ye?"
And with þat worde aⱡ hir meany
Stiⱡ they stode aⱡ wisely to here,
And first of aⱡ answerd a marynere.
MAroke was his name, I hote.
Of blew of Ypres was his cote.
White-heered he was and wele in * age,
In his crafte wise, and of dyuers langage.
He coupe Enoughe, it nedid not hym to lere.
And þen he seide: "Me thinketh þat I here
An horse ney, and þat ferre henne.
Me thinketh it shuld be in Arderne,
The grete deserte þat on þis see-
Coste is; for it myght wele be
Some man for grete hevynesse
Is drawe to þat wildernesse,
Or elles some shipp on þe see
With Tempest perisshed; so myght it be
Some þer-of now had his lyfe,

A sailor, named Maruk, suggests that the horse and its owner have been lost in the Ardennes,

7171. wele in] *MS.* in wele.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Pease," sayd this lady, "me thenketh I here
An horse ney now; how sey ye?"
And wyth that word aⱡ her meyne
Styⱡ they stode aⱡ wysely to here,
And fyrst of aⱡ answerd a marynere
MArok was his name, I hote,
Of blew of Ipres was hys cote.
White-hered he was and in wele in age,
In his Craft wyse, and of dyuerse langage
He coude Inogh, hyt nedyd hym not to lere.
And than he sayd: "Me thenketh that I here
An hors ney, and that ferre henne.
Me Thynketh hyt shuld be in Ardern.
The grete deserte that on the see-
Cost ys; ffor hit nyght weⱡ be
Som man for grete hevynesse,

Or elles som Shypp on the see
Wyth tempest peryschid, So myght hit be
Som ther-of had now hys lyfe,

*Rawl. MS.*

"Pese," seyde þis lady, "me thynke I here
An hors ney nowe; howe sey ye?"
With þat worde aⱡ her mayne
Stiⱡ stode wysly to here,
Fyrste of aⱡ answerde a marenere.
Marroke was his name I hote.
Of blewe of Iprys was his cote.
Whyte herede he was *and* weⱡ in age,
In his crafte wyse, *and* of dyuerse langage
He couthe I-nough it nedyth not hym to lere.
Then he seyde: "Me thynketh þat I here
Ane hors nye, *and* þat ferre henne
Me thynke it shulde be in Arderne,
The grete dysserte þat on þe see-
Coste is; for it myght weⱡ be
Som man for grete heuynesse
Ys drawe to þat wildernesse,
Ore elles shipus on the see
With tempeste perisshede, myght be

Som þer-of hade nowe his lyfe,

Be grace þe wawes myght hym dryve 7184
And eke his horse vpon þe stronde,
And bryng boþe safe to lande.
and proposes to go ashore. If my felawes þat here in be
What þing it is lust * forto se, 7188
Into þe bote streight wole we gone.
The trouþe we wiH know right anoone."
The lady first thinks it is too dangerous, "LOrde mercy" seide þis lady bright,
"Perilous it were þis in þe nyght 7192

7188. *MS. adds* is *after* lust.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Be grace the wawes myght hym dryve,
And eke hys hors, vpon the stronde,
And bryng both safe to lond. 7186
Yf my felaws that here in be,
What thynk hit ys lust for to see, 7188
In-to the bothe streyth woH we gone.
The trouth we wyH know ryght anone,
For hit to know ys not impossible."
"LOrde mercy" sayde this lady bryght,
"Perlous hit were thedyr in the nyght

*Rawl. MS.*

Be grace þe wavys myght hym dryve,
And eke his hors, on þe stronde, 7185
And brynge bothe safe to londe.
Yef my felowys þat here in be,
What thynge it is lyste for to see, 7188
Into þe bote streight wiH we gon).
The trouth we wiH knowe anone."
¶ "Lorde mercy," seyde þis lady bright.
"Perlus it were in the nyght 7192

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To go I-wysse, ye shuHd never escape
Fro berys, lyons and fro malicious ape,
So wode, so feerse on) yow shuld be,
On) lyve from) hym) neuer passe shuld ye."— 7196
but hearing that Maruk has the power of enchanting the wild animals, "Madame," sayde this goode marinere,
"And yow lyst to se dragon) or bere,
The lyon), tygre, or the wyld ape,
I dare welle say ye shaH weH escape [leaf 55, back] 7200
From) hem) wyth-oute bodely harme.
For truly, madame, I can) a charme,
That none of hem) shaH no powere haue
Ones to move or stere, So God me save. 7204

7193–7243. *lacuna in Brit. Mus. MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

To go deþer, ye shulde neuer skape ;
For beris, lyons, *and* malycious ape
So wode, so fers on you shuH be, 7195
On) lyue fro hem neuer passe shaH ye."—
"Madam," seyde þis good marener,
"And ye lyste to se dragon ore bere,
The lyon, teger, ore þe wilde ape,
I dare weH sey ye shaH weH eskape
Fro hem with-out bodely harme. 7201
For truly, madam, I can) a charme
That none of hem shaH no poure haue
You to greue, so God me saue. 7204

For thogh we dwelled * there a yere,
Ther shuld neyther lyon, ape ne bere
So hardy ones [be] vs to assayH."
Than sayd this lady: "Wythouten fayle 7208 she is pleased to follow.
Wyth yow I woH go now therfor,
And namely whan they shaH be so tame,
Hem to behold hit were a good game."
Marok sayd: "I shaH you shew 7212
Merva[y]les many, and not few,
Of lyons, apes, and eke berys,
Dragons, olifauntez, and gwy[y]ers,
Beres,* wolfes, and eke Serpentes, 7216
And shaH I wyth myn experymentz Maruk will make the wild beasts quake before her.
Make hem be-fore * yow for fere quake.
And whan me lust I [shall] hem make
Ryse and walke where-euer hem lust, 7220
Thorw the forest were hem lyketh best."
Than sayd the lady, "Wythouten lye,
This ys a passyng fayre maystre.
Haue," she sayd, "the bote a-non 7224 They row to the strand,
Oute of the Shippe, for I wyH gone
Streyght in-to this wylld forest
To se aH mervelous bestes."
Oute of the Shipe goth the bothe a-non 7228
The lady *and* her meynee in gone,
As many as She myght weH trust
Of hem that cowde row best.

7205. *MS.* dewlled. 7216. *MS.* Bores.
7218. fore] *MS.* from.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] For þough we dwellyde here a yere
Ther shaH noþer lyon, ape ne bere
So hardy be vs to assaiH." [1 leaf 51]
Then seyde þis lady: "With-out fayH,
With you I wiH go þerfore, 7209
Namly when þey be so tame.
Hem to be-holde it were good game."
Marroke seyde: "I shaH you shewe
Mervelus many, *and* not a fewe, 7213
Of lyons, apis, *and* eke beris,
Dragouns, olyfauntes, eke gwuers,
Beris, wolfes, *and* eke serpentes, 7216
And I shaH with myne experimentes
Make hem be-fore you to quake.
And when me lyste I shaH make
Ryse and walke where hem lyste 7220
In þe foreste, where hem lyke beste."
Then seyde þe lady: "With-out lye,
This is a passynge fayre maystrye.
Haue," she seyde, "þe bote anone 7224
Of þe shipe, for I wiH gon
Streight in-to þe foreste
To se aH mervelus beste."
Out gothe the bote anone. 7228
The lady *and* hir meyne In gon,
As many as she myght weH truste
Of hem þat couthe rowe beste.

Now fast Rowe they ouer the strond,
They sesyd neuer tyℍ they come to lond.
Whan) they on) the lond a-ryved were,
but do not see anybody there. They Cowde not fynde certayn) ne heere
Neyther horse ne man) ne other Creature,
Of here desyre were they not sure.
The lady sayd: "What may this be?
No-thyng that lyfe bereth̄ can) we not se." [leaf 56]
The lady's mule is fetched, and they enter the forest. Ther-wyth̄ she comaundeth̄ ryght a-non)
Certeyn) of her meyne for to gone
Ayen) to Ship̄ her mule to fette,
And this was do wyth̄-outen lette.

*Rawl. MS.*

Nowe faste rowe ower þe stronde,
They secede neuer tiℍ þey come to londe.
When þey on londe aryuede were,
They couthe not fynde serten ne where
Noþer hors ne man ne oþer creture
This lady seyde: "What may þis be?
Noþynge þat lyfe beryth can I not see."
There-with she comondyth anone
Serten) of her men to gon)
Ayen to ship hir mvle to fette,
And þis was don without lette.

*British Museum MS.*

Maruk did his enchauntementes.*
Anoone the dragons and þe serpentes
And aℍ oþere bestes, with-outen nay,
With his Charme did so affray, [leaf 91, back]
They myght not stirre, they couþe no good.
Maruk anoone did entere þe wode.
Maruk charms the animals, so that they have no power to stir. The mayde hym sewed, and þat anoone,
And aℍ hir meany now euerichone.
Maruk shewed hir grete lyons,

7244. *MS.* enchamtements.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Maruk dyd hys inchaung-ime[n]tes.
A-none the dragons and serpentes
And aℍ other bestes, wyth̄-outen) nay,
Which his charme dyd so affray,
They myght not stere, they Cowde no good.
Maruk a-non) dyd entre the wode.
The mayde hym Shewed and that a-non),
And alle her meyne now euerychone.
Maruk shewed here grete lyouns,

*Rawl. MS.*

Marroke dyde enchantementes
A-monge þe dragouns *and* þe serpentes,
[1]And aℍ oþer bestes without nay,
With his charme dyde so affray
They myght not stere, þey couth no goode. [1 leaf 51, back]
Maroke anon) dyde entre þe wode.
The mayde hym sewyde *and* þat anone,
And aℍ hir meyne euerychone.
Marroke shewyde hir many lyouns,

Beres, apes, and also gryffouns,
Dragons, Wyuers, and eke serpentes,
That be crafte of his experimentes
Oute of hir place durst not stirre.
This yonge lady did neigh hem nere
Of hem to be-holde þe manere.
Hir herte of hem gan no-þing fere.
These bestes they be-helde by and by,
And atte laste they did espy
Where a lyon) lay newe dede.
With blode enbrowded was his hede,
And fresshe I-slayne þer he lay.
And not ferre fro hym the se þe palfray,
Sadeled redy, wherof þe arsone
Aƕ blody was and eke his cropone.
Then seide Maruk : "I am certeyn
þis blode is of hym þat hath slayne
This lyon truly *with*-outen any more ;
And eke þe man is hurt fuƕ sore.
And after hym I wole folowe þe trace.
And, medame, ye shuƕ in þis place
Abyde, and we shuƕ sew forþ þis blode."

The wild beasts are subdued.

At last they d scover the dead lion and the wounded horse.

To find the man whom they suppose wounded, Maruk follows up the trace of blood, while the lady remains behind.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Berys, apes, and also gryfouns,
Dragons, wyuers, and eke *ser*pens,
That be craft of hys experymentz
Oute of her place durst not steere, 7256
This yong lady dyd neyght hem) nere
Of hem to behold the manere.
Her hert of hem gan) no-thing feere.
These bestes they beheeld by and by,
And at the last they dyd asspye 7261
Where a lyon) lay new dede.
Wyth blode enbroweded his hede,
And fresh I-slayn) there he lay. 7264
And not ferre fro hem) the seygh the palfray,
Sadeled redy, where-of the arson)
Aƕ blody was and eke hys Crowpon),
Than) seyd Maruk : "I am certayn)
This blode ys of hym) that hath slayn)
This lyoun) truly wythouten) more ;
And eke the man) ys hurt fuƕ sore.
And after hym I woƕ folow the trace.
And, madame, ye shuƕ in this place
A-byde, and we shuƕ sew forth this blode." 7274

*Rawl. MS.*

Beres, apis, *and* also gryffons,
Dragons, wyu*ers and* also *ser*pent*es*,
That be crafte of his exp*er*iment*es*
Out of hir plase durste not stere. 7256
This yonge lady dyde nygh hem nere
Of hem to be-holde þe man*ere*
Here hert of hem couthe nothynge fere.
This best*es* þey be-helde by *and*-by, 7260
And at þe laste þey dyde asspye
Where a lyon) lay nye dede,
W*ith* blode enbrowderde was his hede,
Fresshe slayne þ*er* he lay, 7264
Not ferre fro hym þey sigh þe palfrey,

Sadillede redy, where-of þe arson,
Aƕ blody was *and* eke þe cropon. 7267
Then seyde Marroke : "I am *ser*ten)
This blode is of hym *þat* hathe slayne
This lyon) truly *with*-out more
And eke þe man is hurt fuƕ sore.
Aft*er* hym I woƕ folowe þe trase. 7272

And, madam, ye shaƕ in þis place
Abyde, *and* we shaƕ sewe þis blode."

Partonope sees the lady, and sighs heavily.

Partonope þen in þe holow tre stode
Hem be-holdyng þere faste by.
This lady he be-held witterly;
And when he hadde hir longe be-holde,
His herte gan within hym colde,
And þerwith he siked fuƕ piteously.

The lady approaches him,

This lady þat stode hym faste by,
In hir herte þought she than
The sighe trully was of a man.
And softely she hym come nere.
And what for hastynesse and for feere
His hede downe on his breste he caste. [leaf 92]

though frightened at his appearance.

Of hym somwhat she was agaste.
With hir his visage was ouergrowe,
And he was fuƕ pale of hewe.
This Coloure were þey * þat love trewe,
Yite was he of bones large and longe,
Feble, megre, and no-þing stronge.
Atte laste of hym she had a sight,
And þen she thought: "Be God aƕmyght,
This man thinketh hym-self for-do,

7290. þey] *MS.* þere.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope in the holow tre stode
Hem be-holdyng there fast by. 7276
This lady he be-heeld wytterly.
[1] And whan) he had her long be-holde, [1 leaf 56, back]
Hys hert wyth-in hym) gan) to cold,
And ther-w[i]th he syked peteusly.
This lady that stode hym) fast by, 7281
In [hir] hert thoght She thanne
The syght truly was of a man).
And softely She hym come nere. 7284
And what for hastynes and for fere
His heede doune on) hys brest he cast.
Of hym somwhat She was a-gast.
Wyth here his vysage was ouer-grow,
And he was fuƕ pale of hew. 7289
This coloure were they that love trew,
Yet was he of bones large and longe,
Feble, megre, and no-thing strong. 7292
At the last of hym) She had a syght,
And than) She thought: "Be God almyght,
This man) thenketh hym)-self for-doo,

*Rawl. MS.*

Partonope in þe holowe tre stode
Hem be-holdynge þer faste by. 7276
This lady he be-helde wyterly,
When) he hade hir longe be-holde,
His hert with-in hym gan) to colde.
There-with he sighede petuously.
This lady þat stode hym faste by, 7281
In hir hert þought she þen
The sighe truly was of a man),
And softely she come hym nere. 7284
What for hastynes for fere
His hede downe on his breste he caste
Of hym somwhat she was agaste. [leaf 52]
With hir his vesage was ouer-growe,
And he was fuƕ pale of hewe 7289
This . . loure where þat þey loue trewe.
Yet was he of bonys longe 7291
Febiƕ, megre *and* nothynge stronge.
At þe laste of hym she hade a sight
Then) she þought: "Be God almyght,
This man) thynkyth hym for-do,

Some Caytif loste for care and wo. 7296
My ffrende," she seide, "God þe se."
To hir no worde speke wolde he.
A lyteH hyer þen spake she:
"AH-myghty God now save the." 7300
And *per*with he helde his hede an hye.
"And you also," he seide, "fayre lady."—
"Sir," she seide, "for þe lordes love,
That aH þing maketh and sitteth a-bove, 7304
TeH me what is thy besynesse,
And what is cause of þi destresse,
And why þou arte so megre and pale,
And of þi woo vnbocle þi male, 7308
And teH me aH the verey trouþe.
Me thinketh of þe is grete rouþe."
"LAdy," seide þis Partonope,*
"I cry you *mercy*, let me be, 7312
And lette be aH *your* conIuryng
For here *euer* shaH be myn abyding.
Gothe hens, and lete me stiH be,
TiH some beste haue devoured me." 7316

She speaks to him,

and asks him the reason why he looks so miserable.

Partonope desires her to leave him; for he wishes that some wild beast may devour him.

7311. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Som) caytyfe lost for care and woo. 7296
My frend," She sayde, "God the see."
To her no word speke wold he.
A lytyH heygher than) spake She:
"AH-myghty God now save thee." 7300
And there-wyth he held he hed on) hye.
"And yow aHso," he sayd, "fayre lady."— [¹ leaf 57]
"Syr," she sayd, "for the lordes love,
That aH thyng maketh and sytteth a-bove, 7304
Tylle me what his thynne hevynes,
And what ys cause of they destresse,
And why thou art So megre and pale,
And of they wo vnbocle thy male, 7308
And teH me aH the verry troug[t]h.
Me thenketh of thee ys grete routhe."
"LAdy," sayd thys Partanope,
"I crye yow mercy, late me be,
And late be aH your coniuryng, 7313
For here euer ShaH be myn) abydyng.
Goth hens and late me styH be,
Tyl som) Best haue devoured be me."

7308. *MS. apparently* vnboole.

*Rawl. MS.*

Som caytyfe loste for care *and* wo. 7296
My frende," she seyde, "God þe see."
To hir no worde speke wolde he.
A lytill heighere þen spake she:
"Almyghty God nowe saue þe." 7300
Ther-*with* he helde his hede on hye.
"And you also," he seyde, "fayre lady."—
"*Sir*," she seyde, "for þe lord*es* loue
That aH thynge made *and* syttyth above, 7304
TeH me þyne heuynes,
And what is cause of þy dysstres
And why þou are so meg*re and* pale,
And of þy wo vnbocle þy male, 7308
And teH me aH the trouthe.
Me thynke of þe is grete routhe."
¶ "Lady," seyde þis P*ar*tonope,
"I crye you *mercy*, let me be, 7312
And let be youre coniorynge,
For here shaH be myn abydynge.
Gothe hens, *and* let me stiH be,
TiH som beste haue devourede me.

The lady in great p ty alights,

Grete pite hadde þis lady bright.
Downe of hir Mule she alight,
On fote *per*with to hym she came,
And of his chere grete hede * she name.
And when she hadde of hym take kepe,
For verey pite she gan to wepe,

and implores him to disclose his woe.

And þen she seide: "For Goddis love, haue *mercy*
On þi-self, and now telꝭ me why
Thou arte here, and what disese [leaf 92, back]
Is to þe falle; for yite some eace
Such cause myght be I may þe do."—

Partonope wants no consolation.

"Wolde God," seide he, "ye wolde now go
Forþe yo*ur* wey, and let me be.
In shorte tyme God wole send me
More diseace þen I haue yite.
For I haue wele deserved * it.
Of foule and Evyꝭ deþe to dey

He has deserved death.

I haue deserved, and *per*fore I
Desyre in no wise to haue comforte,
Ne to myn eace neu*er* make resorte.
Dethe I seke myght I hym fynde.

7320. *MS.* hete. 7332. *MS.* derserved.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Grete petee had this lady bryght. 7317
Doune of her mule anon) She lyght,
On) foote ther-wyth to hym) She come,
And of hys cheer*e* grete kepe She nome.
And whan) She had of hym) take kepe,
For verray pyte She gan) to wepe, 7322
And than) She sayd: "For Goddes love,
haue mercy
On) they-self, and now telꝭ me why
Thow art here, and what dyssese 7325
Ys to the falꝭ; for yet som) ease
Such cause myght be I may the do."—
"Wold God," sayd he, "ye wold now
go
Forth youre way, and lat me be. 7329
In Short tyme God wold send me
More dyssese than) I haue yet.
For I haue welle deserved yt. 7332
Of foule and euelꝭ deth to dye
I haue deserved, and ther-for I
Desyre in no wyse to haue comfort,
Ne to myne ease neu*er* make resort.
Deth I seeke, myght I hym) fynde.

*Rawl. MS.*

Grete pete hade þis lady bright 7317
Downe of here mvle anone she lighꝭ,
On foote *per-with* to hym she come,
And of his chere grete kepe nome. 7320
When she hade of hym take kepe,
For verry pete she gan to wepe.
Then she seyde: "For Godd*es* loue,
mercy
On) þy-sylfe *and* telꝭ me why 7324
Thou art here, *and* what dysseyse
[1] Ys to þe falꝭ; for yet som eyse
Soyche case myght be I may þe do."—
"Wolde God," seyde he, "ye wolde
goo [1 leaf 52, back]
Furthe yo*ur* wey, *and* let me be. 7329
In shorte tyme God sende wiꝭ me
More dysseyse þen I haue yet.
For I haue welꝭ deser*u*yde it, 7332
A foule *and* eviꝭ dethe to dye;
I haue deser*u*yde it, *and* þer-fore I
Desyre in no wyse to haue comforte,
Ne to myne eyse neu*er* make resorte.
Deth I seke, myght hym fynde. 7337

He wole not se me; I trowe he is blynde.
And þerfore, lady, now lete me be.
Go forþe your wey, and sew your meany."—
" Nay," seide þe lady, " þat wole I not do.
I wole neuer departe þe fro,
Tiłł þi name þou haste tolde me.
Then wole I go and let þe be,
And right Even as thou lyst.
And soone I am syker some wilde beste
Shałł come and devoure the.
Fro hem I wote þou mayst not fle."
" LAdy," he seide, "right fayre ye be.
But wote I neuer where þat ye
Be wife or mayden, with-outen doute,
But be þe meany þat is you a-boute,
Me thinketh of grete and highe degre
Be resone borne shuld ye be.
And ye a wonder occupac[i]on haue
So longe to stonde here be a knave,
A broþełł, an oute-caste fro ałł þing,
To holde with such felony.

But the lady will not leave him till he has revealed his name.

Partonope wonders that such a high-born lady will talk to an outcast.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He wold not se me; I trow he ys blynde.

And ther-for, lady, now late me be.
Goth forth your wey, and shew your melyer."—
"Nay," sa[y]d the lady, "that woł I not do.
I wolle never depa*r*te the fro,
Tył they name thow hast told me.
Than woł I go and late the be,
And ryght even as thow lyst.
And sone I am seker Som wylde best
Shał come and devoure the.
Fro hem I wote thow mayste not fle."
"LAdy," he sayd, "ryght fayre ye be.
But wot I never where that ye
Be wyfe or maynden, wyth-outen doute,
But be the meyne that ys yow a-boute,
Me thenketh of grete and hygh degre
Be reson borne shuld ye be. [leaf 57, back]
And ye a wondyr occupacion have
So long to stond here be a knave,
A brotheł, an oute-cast fro ał thyng,
To hold wyth suche felonye.

*Rawl. MS.*

He wił not se me; I trowe he be blynde.
There-fore, lady, nowe let me be
Gothe youre wey *and* sewe youre meyne."
" Nay," seyde þe lady, "*þat* wił I not do.
I wył neu*er* depa*r*te the fro,
Tił þy name þou haste tolde me.
Then wił I goo *and* let the be,
And right evyn as þe lyste.
And sone I am seker som wilde beste
Shał come *and* devoure the.
Fro hem I wot þou maiste not fle."
¶ "Lady," he seyde, "right fayre ye be.

But wot I neu*er* where þat ye
Be wyfe ore mayde, wi*th* doute,

But be þe meyne you aboute,
Me thynke of grete *and* highe degre
Be reson borne shuł ye be.
And ye a wonder occupasion haue
So longe to stonde be a knave
A brodiłł, an out-caste fro ał thynge,
To holde wi*th* soyche a felonye.

I were right worthy forto dey
On a rope on a galowe tre. 7360
What shuld a lady of your degre
With suchone holde any talkyng?
It were more fayre to holde your walkyng.
His name is traitor. But sith ye list to knowe my name, [leaf 93] 7364
Aꝺ-though to me it be a shame,
I shaꝺ now tell you as it is:
A false *traytour* is my name ywisse.
That I be called So is grete skille. 7368
Ye mow go walke when ye wiꝺ,
And I neu*er* þe wiser of yo*ur* name."
The lady says that her sister is an empress, Then answerd þe lady: "Be Seynt Iame,
My name I wole þou know wele, 7372
And of my kynrede if þou wilt fele:
My ffader was an Emp*erour*,
Which in his tyme bare þe floure
Of knyghthode; also he was right wise. 7376
My Sust*er* also is an Emp*erese*,
And I a queen, and haue in honde
Aꝺ a kyngdome; and þough I stonde

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

I were ryght worthy for to dye
On a rope vndyr a galow tre. 7360
What shuld a lady of your degre
Wyth such on hold ony talkyng?
Hyt were more fayre to hold your walkyng.
But syth ye lust to know my name,
Aꝺ-thow to me hyt be a shame, 7365
I shaꝺ yow telle now as hyt ys:
A false traytor ys my name I-wysse.
That I be called So ys grete Skylle.
Ye mow go walke whan ye wylle, 7369
And I never the wyser of your name."
Than answerd the lady: "Be Seynt Iame,
My name I woꝺ thow know wele, 7372
And of my kynred yf thow wylt feele.
My fadyr was on Emperour*e*,
Which in hys tyme bar*e* the flour*e*
Of kny[g]thode / also he was ryght wyse. 7376
My suster also ys an empresse,
And I quene, and haue in hond
Aꝺ a kyngedome / and thow I stond

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye were right worthy for to dye
On a rope vnd*er* a galowe tre. 7360
What shulde a lady of youre degre
W*ith* soych on holde talkynge?
Hit were more feyre to holde yo*ur* talkynge
But sethe ye lyste to knowe my name
Aꝺ-þough to me it be shame, 7365
I shaꝺ nowe teꝺ you as it is: [leaf 53]
A false *tray*tur is my name I-wis.
That I be callede so is grete skiꝺ. 7368
Ye may go walke when ye wiꝺ,
And I neu*er* þe wyser of youre name."
Then answerde þe lady: "Be sent Iame,
My name þou mayste knowe weꝺ, 7372
And of my kenrede yef þou wilt fele:
My fad*er* was an emp*eroure*,
Whiche in his tyme bare þe floure
Of knyghthode; also he was wyse. 7376
My syst*er* also is ane emp*eres*,
And I a quene, *and* haue in honde
Alle a kyngdom; þough I stonde

Here þis porely and speke *with* þe, 7380 and that her own name is Urake.
Yite wepe fuⱨ sore þou hast made me.
But tresone I hate and it forsake.
My Right name forsothe is Wrake."
When he herde so hir name, 7384
Ho knew hir wele, and þen for shame Partonope recognizes her,
His colo*u*r chaunged and aⱨ his hew.
His grete sorowe gan to renewe;
And þ*er*with-aⱨ he wex so mate 7388
That to þe grounde he feⱨ flatte
On swone anoone, *with*-outen more. and falls in a swoon.
Wrake þen be-helde hym sore.
Within shorte tyme wele knew she 7392 Urake now knows him,
That it was Partonope.*
In armes she hent hym anoone right,
And comforted hym with hir myght.
"A lorde," she seide, "Om*n*ipotent, 7396
This man hym-self hath foule shent.
Loke vp, loke vp, Partonope!*
Where is yo*u*r ffresshe colo*u*r?" q*u*od she, and bids him be cheerful.
"Be-come, þat some-tyme was rose Rede, 7400

7393, 7398, *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Here thus poorly and speke wyth thee,
Yet wepe fuⱨ sore thow hast made me.
But treson I hate and yt for-sake,
My ryght name for sothe ys Vrake."
Whenne he herd so her name, 7384
He knew her wele, and than for shame
His colour*e* changed and aⱨ hys hew.
His grete Sorow gan to renew;
And ther-wyth-aⱨ he wex so mate 7388
That the ground he ffyⱨ flatt
On swonne a-non, wythouten more.
Vrak than be-heeld hym sore.
Wyth-In Short tyme wele k[n]ew She
That hyt was Partanope. [leaf 58] 7393
In armes She hent hym anon ryght,
And com*f*orted hym wyth her myght.
"A lord," She sayde, "omnypotent',

This man hym-self hath foule Shent.
Loke vp, looke vp, Partanope! 7398
Where ys your*e* fresch coloure?" q*u*od She,
"Be-come that was som-tyme rose rede,

*Rawl. MS.*

Here þus pourely *and* speke *with* the
Yet wepe fuⱨ sore þou haste made me
But treson I hate *and* it for-sake. 7382
My right name for sothe hight Wrake.
When he herde so here name, 7384
He knewe here weⱨ, *and* þen for shame
His coloure changyde *and* his hewe.
His grete sorwe gan to renewe.
Ther-*with*-aⱨ he wex so mate 7388
That to þe gronde he fiⱨ flate
On swone anone, *with*-out more.
Wrake þen be-helde hym sore.
*With*-in short tyme weⱨ knewe she
That it was Partonope. 7393
In armes she heut hym right,
And comfort hym *with* hir myght.
"A lorde," she seyde, "om*n*ip[o]-tente,
This man hym-Selfe hathe foule shent.
Loke vp, loke vp, Partonope! 7398
Where is youre freshe coloure?" seyde she,
"Be-come, þat was rose rede, 7400

And now is pale as asshen dede?
Why be your clopes þus to-tore?
I haue se you in tyme here be-fore [leaf 93, back]
Fulle fresshe arrayed, *with*-outen drede." 7404
Of alle hir wordes toke he none hede.
Fearing he is going to die, Then of his dethe she gan to fere.
And þen she cried lowde in his Ere
A tale þat shuld be to hym pleasyng. 7408
Anoone she forged a fayre lesyng,
she feigns to be sent to find Partonope by her sister, And þen she seid: "Fayre Partonope,*
My lady, my Suster, hape sent me
You to seke fulle many a myle. 7412
But blessed be þilk while
That at þis tyme I haue you founde.
A-boute Fraunce I haue sought you rounde.
She hath wele assayed your trouthe, 7416
who has pity on his sorrow And of your sorowe now hath she routhe.
There felle forsothe a foule mysschaunce.
But now she knoweth your repentaunce
And þe sorowe þat ye haue take 7420

7410. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And now ys pale as asshen dede? 7401
Why be youre clothes thus to-tore?
I haue sey yow here be-fore
Full fressh a-rayed, wythouten drede."
Of all her wordes toke he non heede.
Than of hys deth She gan to fere. 7406
And than She cryed lowd in hys ere
A tale that shuld be to hym plesyng.
A-none She forged a fayre lesyng, 7409
And than she Sayd: "Fayre Partanope,
My lady, my Suster, hath sent me
Yow to seke many a myle. 7412
But Blyssyd be þylke whyle
That at thys tyme I haue yow founde.
A-boute Fraunce I haue sought yow rounde. 7415
She hath well assayed your trouthe,
And of your sorow now hath She routhe.
There fylle for soth a foule myschaunce

But now she knoweth your repentaunce
And the sorow that ye haue take. 7420

*Rawl. MS.*

And nowe is pale as asshes dede
Why bethe youre clothys þus I-tore?
I haue sen you in tyme here to-fore
Full freshe arayde, *with*-out drede."
[1] Of alle hir wordes toke he none hede.
Then of his dethe was she in fere. 7406
Then she cryede lowde in his ere
A tale þat shulde be to hym plesynge.
A-none she forgyde a fayre lesynge. 7409
Then she seyde: "Feyre Partonope,
[1 leaf 53, back]
My lady, my syster, hathe sent me
You to seke many a myle. 7412
But blys-ede be þat ilke while
That at þis tyme I haue you founde.
Aboute France I sought you rounde

She hathe welle asspyede youre trouthe,
And of your sorwe hathe grete routhe.
There-fore for sothe a foule myschaunce, 7418
But nowe she knoweth your repentaunce
And þe sorwe þat ye haue take. 7420

She hath chosen you to be hir make,
Hir love, hir lorde, hir souerayngne.
I haue tolde you þe trouþe pleyne.
Lette be your wepyng, it is but nyssete.
To laughe right grete cause haue ye.
Rise vp faste, and come with me.
A place I haue, where þat ye
Shall be kept full pryvely.
My susters Castel * is faste by.
A-wey þes heeres shall be shave.
Good mete and drynke ye shall haue,
And good baþes of herbes swete.
Then with my suster shull ye mete.
Goþe no firþer youre helthe to seche,
For my-self shall be your leche.
And I wole in no wise þat ye
Be sene of no creature but me,
Of man, ne woman, grome, ne page,
Till þe blode in your visage,
And fresshe coloure be come ayein,

and has chosen him to be her lord.

She invites him to stay at a castle close by, till he has recovered his strength.

He shall be tended with all care.

7429. *MS.* castels.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

She hath Chosyn yow to her make,
Hyr loue, hyr lorde, hyr soverayne.
I haue told yow the trouth pleyne,
Lete be youre wepyng, hyt ys but nysete.
To laugh right grete cause haue ye.
Ryse vp fast, and come wyth me,
A place I haue, where that yee
Shuld be kepet full pryvely.
My sustrs castell ys fast by,
A-way thys these herys shall be shave.
Goode mete and drynk ye shall haue,
[1] And good bathes of erbes Sweete.
[1 leaf 58, back]
Than wyth my suster Shul ye mete.
Goth no ferther youre helth to sech,
For my-self Shall be youre leche.
And I woll in no wyse that yee
Be seyn of none creature but me,
Of man, ne woman, grome, ne page,
Tyll the blode in-to your vysage,
And fressh coloure be come a-yen,

7427. *MS. adds* I place *after* place.

*Rawl. MS.*

She hathe chose you to be youre make,
Hir loue, here lorde, hir souerayne.
I haue you tolde þe trouthe playne.
Let be your wepynge, it is but nysete

To laugh right grete cause hathe ye.
Ryse vp faste, *and* come *with* me.
A place I haue, where þat ye
Shulde be kepte full prevely.
My syster castell is faste by.
A-wey þis heres shall be shaue
Good mete *and* drynke ye shall haue,
And good bathis of erbis swete,

Then *with* my syster shull ye mete.
Go no forþer youre hele to seche,
For my-selfe shall be your leche.
I will in no wyse þat ye
Be sen of no creture but me,
Of man, ne woman, grome ne page,
Till þe blode in-to your vesage
Of freshe coloure be come ayen),

7430. *MS.* wey *or* way ; shaue *written like* shame.

Then wole I aⱡⱡ folke you sene."
And with that worde Partonope* [leaf 94]
A dedely Eye on hir caste he,
And sodenly from hir his Eye did falle,
And pitousely he seide with-aⱡⱡ,
With symple voyce and herte colde,
To Wrak he seide: "þat ye haue tolde,
Ware I leve with fuⱡⱡ entent,
That my lady hath hir male-talent
Me for-gyven and so vtterly,
Sith þat I haue so *tray*toursly
With-oute cause did hir grete shame,
And made hir loste hir good name?
Lorde, where she wote, fayre Wrak,
That I haue þus moche sorowe make
For þe treasone and þe foule falsenesse
That I hir did, and þus hir kyndnesse
Have I Evⱡⱡ quytte? lorde, where she
In any wise coupe haue *mercy* on me?"
"Sir," she seide, "To you to lye,
It were to me grete velany.

Partonope cannot believe that his Lady has forgiven him, but Urake assures him that she has spoken the truth.

7442. patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Than) I woⱡⱡ folk yow seen)."
And wyth that word Partanope
A dedely ye on) her cast he,
And sodenly from) her hys ye dyd faⱡⱡ,
And peteously he sayde wyth-alle,
Wyth symple voyse and hert cold;
To Vrak he sayd: "That ye haue told,
Dare I leve wyth fuⱡⱡ entent
That my lady hath hyr maletalent
Me for-gyfen) and so vtterly,
Syth that I haue So traytoursly
Wyth-oute cause dyd her grete Shame,
And made her lost her goode name?
Lord, where She wete/now fayre Vrak,

That I thus moche sorow haue take
For the treson) and the foule falsenes
That I her dyd, and thus her kyndenes
Haue I eueⱡⱡ quytte? lord where She
In ony wyse cowde haue *mercy* on) me?"

"SYr," She sayd, "to you to lye,
Hit were to me grete vylanye,

*Rawl. MS.*

Then) wiⱡⱡ I aⱡⱡ folke you sene."
*With* þat worde *Partonope*
A dedly eye on hir caste he,
And sodenly fro hir his eye dyde faⱡⱡ,
And petuosly he seyde *with*-all,
*With* sympiⱡⱡ voyse *and* hert colde,
[1]To Wrake he seyde: "þat I haue tolde,
Dare I leue *with* fuⱡⱡ entente,
That my lady hath here malatente
Me for-gyfe *and* so *wyterly*,
Sethe þat I haue so *tray*turly
*With*-out cause dyde hir grete shame,
And made hir lese hir good name.
Lorde, where she wyte nowe, fayre Wrake, [1 leaf 54]
That I haue þus meche sorwe make
For the treson) *and* þe foule falsnes
That I hir dyde, *and* þus hir kendnes
Haue I eviⱡⱡ quyte? lorde, where she
In ony wyse couthe haue *mersy* on me?"
"*Sir*," she seyde, "to you to lye
Hit were to me grete felonye.

Ye ought to knowe hir as wele as I.
She coupe not suffre now truly
You to longe to be in hevynesse;
She is so fulle of gentilnesse."
To hir seide þan Partonope: *
"I beleve now sopely that ye
Haue me seide, is verray troupe.
Hir herte is fulle of pite and roupe.
For in þis worlde, I you ensure,
Was neuer brought forþe creature
More habundaunt in womanhede.
For in hir founde I, with-outen drede,
Curtesy, fredam, and gentilnesse,
Bounte, mercy, and eke mékenesse.
For þer is now no man on lyve
The goodnesse coupe discryve
That here-afore she did to me,
When my service she had in chierte.
Therfore þat ye haue seide, Wrake,
Fully I beleve, and þerfore take [leaf 94, back
Me alle holy into your gouernaunce.

He knows his Lady is merciful, and so trusts her words.

7462. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye ought to know her as welle as I.
She cowde not suffre now truly
Yow to long to be in hevynesse; 7464
She ys so fulle of gentylnesse."
To her sayd than Partanope:
"I be-leeve now sothely all that yee
Haue me sayde, ys verray trouthe. 7468
Her hert ys fulle of pytee and Routhe.
For in this world I yow ensure,
Was neuer broght forth creature [leaf 59]

More haboundant in woman-hede, 7472
For in her found I, wyth-oute drede,
Curtayse, frodam, and gentyllnesse,
Bount[e] mercy, and eke mekenesse,
For there ys now no man on lyfe 7476
The grete godenesse cowde descryve
That here a-fore She dyd to me,
Whan my seruyse She had in cheertee.
Ther-fore that ye haue send, Vrak, 7480
Fully I beleve, and ther-for take
Me all holy in-to your gouernaunce.

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye ought to knowe hir as welle as I.
She couthe not suffer nowe truly
You to longe to be in heuynesse; 7464
She is so fulle of Ientillnes."
To here seyde þen Partonope.
"I be-leue nowe alle þat ye
Haue seyde me, is verry trouthe. 7468
Hir hert is fulle of pete *and* routhe.
For in þis worlde, I you ensure,
Was neuer brought forthe soych a creture,
More habundante in woman-hede. 7472
For in here fonde I with-out drede
Courtesy, fredom *and* Ientillnesse,
Bunte, fredom, *and* eke mekenesse.
For þer is nowe no man on lyue 7476
The grete goodnesse couth dysscryue
That here afore she dyde to me,
When my seruyse she hade in charyte.
Therfore þat ye haue seyde, Wrake,
Fully I be-leue *and* þer-fore take 7481
Me all holy in youre gouernaunce,

He recalls the help Urake rendered him once before.

For yite I haue fuƕ good remembraunce
How gentiƕ and how curteyse ye were
To me, when I my lady dere,
Your suster, hadde so foule be-trayed,
And for fere was so desmayed
Of hir meany, when they me sought,
Then þrow hem aƕ ye me brought,
And helped me wele oute of þat contre.

This is the second time she has saved him from death.

This is þe seconde tyme þat ye
Haue me saved from horreble deþe.
Therfore while me lasteth breþe,
Your servaunt for euer wole I be,
Sith my life ye haue þis in chierte.

He is willing to go with her; only he does not know how, being too weak.

And forþe with you now wole I go.
But I not how þat I shaƕ do:
I am ouercome with ffeblenesse;
For be þe Rotes of þe grasse,
Sith I come hidder, haue ben my levyng.
On knees and elbowes is now my goyng;
I have no power to go þre pase.
My songe may be allas, allas."

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For yt I haue fuƕ goode remembraunce
Haue gentyƕ and how curtayse ye were
To me, whan I my lady deere,
Your Suster, had So foule be-trayd
And for feere was so dysmayed
Of here meyne, whan they me Sought,

Than throw hem aƕ ye me brought,
And helpe me wele out of that contre.
This ys the Secund tyme that ye
Haue Saved fro horryble deth,
Ther-fore whyle me lasteth breth,
Youre seruuat for euer wyƕ I be,
Syth my lyfe ye haue thus in chyerte.
And forth wyth yow now woƕ I go.

I am ouer-come wyth febyllnesse;
For be the rootes of the grasse,
Syth I come hedyr, haue be my levyng,
On knees and elbowys as now my goyng;
I haue no powere to goo thre pase.
My song may be Allas, Allas."

*Rawl. MS.*

For yet I haue good remembraunce
Howe Ientiƕ *and* courteyse ye were
To me, when I my lady dere,
[1] Youre syster hade so foule be-ty*ayde*,
And fore sorwe was so dysmayde
Of hir meyne, when þey me sought,
Then þorwe hem aƕ ye me brought
And helpede me out of þe contre.
This is þe seconde tyme þat ye
Haue me sauyde fro orebiƕ dethe.
Therfore while me lastyth brethe
Your seruaunt for euer wiƕ I be,
Sethe my lyfe ye haue in charyte.
And furthe *with* you wiƕ I goo.
But I not howe I shaƕ do: [1 leaf 54, back]
I am ouercome *with* febilnesse;
For be the rotes of the grasse,
Sethe I come heder, hathe be my leuy[n]ge.
On knees *and* elbowis is my gonynge;
I haue no poure to go thre passe.
My sonye may be allas, allas."

Wrak of hym hadde grete pite.
Tendirly for his wo wept she,
And seide: "þis was a grete cruelte
Of my suster to ordeyn þat ye
Shuld be brought in þis forest
To lyve by herbes as doþe a beste.
In þis," she seide, "she had no reasone."—
"Why," seide he, "I did her treasone,
Wherefore I haue deserved wele
Euer to lyve in care and dole,
Tiłł þat hir lust to for-yeve me,
For as she wiłł so mote it be.
Hidder I brought an aumblere gray.
Fułł late he was faste by me *;
Fułł lene and megre now is he.
I trow he is fledde to þe see.
If any-body wolde hym hidder fette, [leaf 95]
Vpon hym I myght wele sitte.
Then myght I streight ride forþe with you.

Urake weeps, and blames the cruelty of her sister.

Partonope protests. He alone is to be blamed.

If his ambler was found, he might go with her at once.

7517. faste by me] *MS.* fastened ay.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

VRak of hym) had grete petee.
Tendyrly for hys woo wept she,
And sayd: "This was grete crueltee
Of my Suster to ordeyn) that ye
Shuld be brought in thys forest
To leeve be erbes as doth a beste.
In this She I ayd She had no reson).
[1] "Why," sayde he," I dyd her tresoun)
Where-fore I haue deseruyd wele
Euer to lyve in care and doule,
Tyłł that her lust ys to for-yeve me,
For as she wołł So mote hyt be.
Hedyr I brought an ambeler gray.
Fułł late he was here fast by;
Fułł leene and megre now ys he.
I trow he ys fledde to the see.
Yf ony-body hym) hydyr wold fett
Vpon) hym) I myght wele sett.
Than) myght I streyght ryde forth with yow. [1 leaf 59, back]

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Wrake of hym hade grete pete.
Tenderly for his wo wypte she,
And seyde: "þis was grete crewełłte
Of my syster to ordeyne þat ye
Shulde be brought in-to þis foreste
To leue be erbis as dothe a beste.
In þis," she seyde, "she hade no reson)."
"Why," seyde he, "I dyde hir treson),
Where-fore I haue deseruyde weł̄ł
Euer to leue in care *and* dole
Tiłł þat hir lyste to for-yeve me,
For as she wiłł so mot it be.
Heder I brought an amblere gray.
Fułł late he was faste be me,
Fułł lene *and* megre nowe is he.
I trowe he is flede in-to þe see.
Yef ony-body, hym heder wiłł fet,
Vppon) hym I myght weł̄ł syte.
Then) myght I ryde furthe with you.

*Clifden MS.*

. . . . y haue deserued weł̄ł
. . . yue in care *and* doole
. . . lust be to forgeue me
. . . he wolle so mote it be
ought An Amler gray
. . . he was here fast by

. . . . e and megre now is he
. . . e be fledde to the see
. . . dy hym heder wyłł ffette
. . . . m y myght weł̄ł sytte
. . . ht y than straugh ryde with you

But with aⱡ my hert I pray you,
To euery wight it [vn]knowe be 7524
That my name is Partonope.
And lette me prively somewhere soiourne,
Where no man shaⱡ se me mourne,
Ne that my lady me euer se, 7528
To haue þe more despite of me."—
"Certeis," seide þis good Wrak,
"Aⱡ þis I darre wele vndirtake."
The palfrey is fetched, As they were spekyng of þis array, 7532
They sawe where come his palfray.
Anoone to hir þis hors was fette,
And Partonope * on hym was sette.
and they ride to the bout. Streight to þe bote boþe they ride. 7536
Calme was þe see, fayre was þe tide.
The bote with good wiⱡ þey rowe eichone;
Thus atte shipp they were anoone.

7535. patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But wyth aⱡ myn) hert I pray yow now,
To every wyght hyt vnknow be 7524
That my name ys now Partanope;
And late me pryvely som)-where sorgeron)
Where no man) shaⱡ se me morne,
Ne that my lady me neuer see. 7528
To haue the men) despyte of me."
"Sertes," sayd this goode Vrak, 7530
"Aⱡ thys I dare weⱡ vndyrtake."
As they were spekying of thys aray,
They sey where come hys Palfray.
Anon) to her thys hors was fett,
And Partanope on) hym) was sett, 7535
Streyght to the bote bothe they ryde.
Calme was the see, fayre was the tyde.
The booth wyth good wyⱡ they row echone;
Thus at the Shypp̄ they were a-none.

*Rawl. MS.*

But with aⱡ my hert I pray you nowe,
To euery wight it vnknowe be 7524
That my name is Partonope,
[1]And let me prevely som-where solorne
Where no man) shaⱡ se me morne,
Ne þat my lady me neuer see, [1 leaf 55]
To haue demore dysspyte on me."—
"Sertes," seyde þis good Wrake, 7530
"Aⱡ þis I dare weⱡ vndertake."
As þey were spekynge of þis array,
They sey where come his palfrey.
Anone to her þis hors was fete,
And Partonope on hym was set.
Streight to þe bote bothe ryde. 7536
Calme was þe se, feyre was þe tyde
The bote with good wiⱡ þey rowe ichon);
Thus at shipe þey were anone.

*Clifden MS.*

. . . ⱡ myn hert y pray you
. . . yght it vnknowe be 7524
. . . name is partanope
. . . me pryvely sumwhere soiouren
. . . . man shaⱡ se me morne
. . . my lady me euer see 7528

. . . the more despite of me
. . . yde this Goode Vrake
. . . y darre well vndertake
. . . were spekyng of this Aray[1]) 7532
. . . . . wyⱡ þay row echon[2] 7538
. . . . . were anone

[1] *Bottom line.*

[2] *Top line of col.*

In goþe Wrak, and Partonope,*
And in cometh *after* aH þe meany.
Wrak Maruk to hir did caHe:
"Which lande is next vs of * aH?"
Seith she, "now teH vs blyve.
There I wolde we myght aryve."—
"Medame," seith Maruk, "now truly,
Here is an Ile but faste vs by.
The lande of Salence men do it calle;
That londe is next vs now of aH."
To Maruk seide þis good Wrake:
"In aH þis haste I *pray* the make
Thy shippe redy in aH degre,
That vnder sayle in haste we be."
Maruk biddeth his men a pase:
"Go hye you faste to þe wyndase,
And puH þe anker vp on haste!"
The sayle *þer-with* a-downe he caste.

Urake bids Maruk sail to the Isle of Salence.

The anchor is raised.

7540. *MS.* patronope. 7443. vs of] *MS.* of vs.
7556. *MS.* on, *scarcely* in.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In goth Vrak and Partanope,
And in cometh after aH the meyne.
Vrak Marak to her dyd calle:
"Whych lond ys next vs of aH?"
Seyth She, "Now* teH vs blyve.
There I wold wyth myth a-ryve."
"Madame," sayth Maruk, "truly,
Here ys an Ile but fast vs by.
The lond of Salence men do hit caH;
The lond ys next vs now of aH."
To Maruk sayd this goode Vrak: [leaf 60]
"In aH the hast I pray the mak
They Shypp̄ redy in aH degree,
That vndyr sayle in hast we be."
Maruk byddyth hys men apase:
"Goo hye yow fast to the wyndase,
And puH the Ankre vp in hast!"
The sayle ther-wyth a-doune he cast.

*Rawl. MS.*

In gothe Wrake *and* Partonope,
And in comyth after aH þe meyne,
Wrake Marroke to her dyde caH:
"Whiche londe is next of vs aH?"
Seyde she: "Nowe teH vs blyue.
There I wolde we myght aryue."—
"Madam," seyde Marroke, "truly
Here is an Ile faste vs by.
The londe of Salence men doth it caH;
That londe is nexte vs of aH."
To Marroke seyde þis good Wrake:
"In aH the haste I *pray* the make
Thy shipe redy in aH degre,
That vnder saiH in haste we be."
Marroke byddyth his men apase:
"Goo hye you faste to þe wynde-hase,
And puH þe anker vp in haste."
The saiH *þer-with* downe he caste.

7544. *MS.* Mow.

*Clifden MS.*

. . . . anop.
. . . aH t . . .
. . . . myght . . e
. . . m sayde Marok trul . .
. . . ys an yle but ffast . . .
. . . and of Salence me . . .
. . . lond ys . . vs . . .
. . aruk . . . . gode Vrak

. . t . . h . . . the . . . make
. . ship . . . in all degree
. . . vnder sayle in hast we be
. . . k byddeth hur men a place
. . . hyeth fast to the wyndace
. . pulle the Ankor vp in hast
. . . sayle ther-wyth a . owne he . . .

A better shippe myght no man fynde
Atte sayle, at wedir, and at wynde [leaf 95, back]
At with they had, I you plight; 7560
And forþe they sayle aⱡ þat nyght,
Safe and sounde * with-outen nay.
They arrive there at daybreak. To Salence they come be þat day
Gan shew, and þe sonne gan spryng. 7564
Salence is a beautiful island, To Wrak þis was glad tithing.
Salence is but a lyteⱡ Ile.
Of length it is not ouer a myle
More þan it is now of brede, 7568
A contre of plenteousnesse, as I rede,
Fuⱡ of aⱡ maner swete delites.
There-in groweth dyuers spices.
a land of plenty, Of corne and flesshe þer is grete plente, 7572
Venesone, fresshe fysshe þer lakketh no deynte,
Wode, medowe, large in length,
Rounde a-boute in his strength.
Shorte tale to make with-outen more, 7576

7562. sounde] *MS.* founde.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A bettyr Shipp̄ myght to man) fynde
At sayle, at wedyr, and at wynde
At wyⱡ they had, I yow plyght; 7560
And forthⱡ they sayle aⱡ that nyght,
Safe and sound wythouten) nay.
To Solence they come be that day 7563
Gan) shew, and the sonne gan) spryng.

SOlence ys but a lyteⱡ Ile,
Of lenght hyt ys not over a myle
Mor than) hyt ys now of brede, 7568
A contree of plentous-nesse, as I rede,
Fuⱡ of aⱡ manere swete delytes.
There groweth ther-in dyuerse spices,
Of corn) and flesh there ys grete plente.
Venyson), fresch fysch, ther lakketh
no deynte 7573
Wode, medew, large in lengthe,
Rounde a-boute in hys streyght,
Short tale to make wythouten) more,

*Rawl. MS.*

A beter ship myght no man fynde
At nydiⱡ, at weder *and* at wynde
At wiⱡ þey hade I you plight 7560
And furthe þey seylede aⱡ þat nyght,
Safe *and* sounde *with*-out nay.
To Salence þey come be þe day
Gan shewe *and* þe son sprynge. 7564
[1] To Wrake þis was good tydinges.
¶ Salence is a lytiⱡ Ile. [1 leaf 55, back]
Of lenght it is not ouer a myle
More þen it is nowe of brede, 7568
A contre of plentuosnesse as I rede,
Fuⱡ of aⱡ maner swete delytis
Ther-in groweth deuerse spyces. 7571
Of corne *and* fleshe þer is grete plente,
Venyson, fyshe þer lakede no deynte.

Wode, medewe þer large in lenght,
Rownde aboute in his streight. 7575
Shorte tale to make *with*-out more,

*Clifden MS.*

A bet . . . .
At s . . .
At v . . . 7560
And . . . .

Saf . .
To . . .
Ga . . . 7564
To . . .

The Emprisse, feyre Melioure, which Melior had presented to her sister.
Yave it hir Suster, good Wrake,
To þat entent þerin to take
Hir playing while and hir desporte, 7580
Amonge when she wolde þider resorte.
In this Ile she hadde a fayre castell, Partonope is brought to a strong castle,
Stronge walled a-boute and diched wele.
So erly in þat mornyng 7584
When she was landed, she made bryng
Thidder so pryvely Partonope *
Therof wist no life but only she,
And wolde in no wise suffre him mourne. 7588
There she seide he shuld sogeourne.
She made hym haue all maner delite, where he is delicately attended to.
Within a while he gan haue apetite
To mete and drynke and eke to reste. 7592
What he wolde haue he hadde þe beste.
Sorowe hadde hym enfebled so sore,
Many of his heeres were waxen hore, His grey hairs are changed by Urake's care.
Lee she made hym of a certeyn asshe, 7596

7586. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The empresse, fayre Melioure, 7577
Yafe hyt her suster, goode Vrak,
To that entent ther-yn to tak
Hyr plesyng whyle and her dysport,
Amonge whan she wold thedyr resort.
In this Ile She had a fayre castell,
Strong walled a-boute and dyched well.
So erely in that mornyng 7584
Whan she was londed, She made bryng
Thedyr So pryvyly Partanope.
There-of wyst no lyfe but only She,
And wold in no wyse suffre hym morone. 7588
There, She sayd, he shuld sogerorne.
[1] She made hym haue all maner delyte.
Wyth-In a whyle he gan haue a-petyte
To mete and drynke and eke to rest.
What he wold haue he had the best.
Sorow had hym enf[e]bled So sore, 7594
Many of hys herys were waxen hore.
Lygh She made hym of a certayn asche, [1 leaf 60, back] 7596

*Rawl. MS.*

The emperese, fayre Melyore, 7577
Yafe hir syster, fayre Wrake,
To þat entente þer-in to take
Hir pleynge *and* hir dyssporte, 7580
A-monge when she dyde resorte.
In þis Ile she hade a fayre castell,
Stronge wallyde *and* dechide well.
So erly in þat morny[n]ge, 7584
When she was londyde, made brynge
Deþer prevely Partonope.
Ther-of wyste no man but she,
And wolde in No wyse suffir hym morne. 7588
Ther she seyde he shulde soIorne.
She made hym haue all maner delyte.
With-in a while he hade an apetyte
To mete *and* drynke and eke to reste.
What he wolde he hade the beste.
Sorwe hade hym enfebillede so sore,
Many of his heris were wox hore
Lye she made of serten asshe, 7596

7592. *MS.* roste. 7595. *MS.* wox *or* wex.

And ofte his hede þerwith did wasshe.
The coloure amended þen hugely. [leaf 96
And þerto she fayned pryvely
She forges love-letters from her sister. Letters, as they though had be 7600
Sent fro hir suster to Partonope,*
Of love endited so wele and goodly,
That he gan wex aⱡⱡ fresshe and lusty.
The coloure in his visage gan faste amende. 7604
To be þus Releved he neuer so wende.
Nobody knew he was there except Urake and a fair maiden, Of hym no man, I darre vndirtake,
Hadde knowleche, safe only Wrake,
And a mayden þat was fayre and fre, 7608
Borne of hye and noble degre.
A kyng was hir ffadir, hir modyr a queen,
Cousyn to Wrake so bright and shene.
Wrake hir loved fuⱡⱡ passyngly, 7612
whose name was Persevis. She was right fayre and þerto goodly.
This maydens name was Persewisse.
Fayre shap she was, and eke wise,
Fre in gyvyng, curteyse in* dalyaunce. 7616

7601. *MS.* patronope. 7614. *MS. apparently* persowisse.
7616. in] *MS.* and.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And ofte hys hede ther-wyth dyd waysshe ;
The coloure amendyd than) howgely.
And ther-to She fayned pryvely
Letters as they thogh had be 7600
Sent ffor her suster to Partanope,
Of love en-dyted So wele and goodely,
That he gan) wex aⱡⱡ fresch and lusti.
The coloure in hys vysage gan) fast a-mend. 7604
To be thus releevid he neuer So wend.
Of hym) no man), I dare vnderstand,
Had knowlech, safe onely Vrake,
And a maynden) that was fayre and free, 7608
Borne of hye and noble degre.
A king was here fadyr, hyr modyr a quene,
Cosyn) to Vrak so brygh[t] and sheen).
Vrak her loved fuⱡⱡ passyngely, 7612
She was ryght fayre and ther-to goodely.
¶ His mayndens name was Persewysse.
Fayre shap She was, and eke wyse, 7615
Free in gyffyng, curteyse in dalyans.

*Harl. MS.*

And ofte his hede þer-with dyde wesshe ; 7597
The coloure amendyde þen highly.
And þer-to she peynede hir prevely
Letteris, as þey taught hade be 7600
Sent fro hir syster to Partonope,
Offe loue endytyde so weⱡⱡ *and* goodly,
That he gan) wex freshe and lusty.
The coloure of his vesage gan a-mende.

To be þus releuyde he neuer wende.
[1] Of hym no man), I dare vndertake,
Hade knowlage, safe only Wrake, 7607
And a mayde feyre *and* fre, [1 leaf 56]

Borne of high *and* nobiⱡⱡ degre.
A kynge was here fader, hir moder a quene,
Cosyne to Wrake bright *and* shene
Wrake hir louyde fuⱡⱡ passyngly, 7612
She was right feyre *and* þer-to goodly.
¶ This maydes name was Percewyse.
Fayre shape she was, *and* eke wyse,
Fre in geuy[u]ge, courteyse in dalyaunce. 7616

She coupe wele harpe, singe, and daunce,
But of love toke she noone hede. — She took no heed of love,
For who so wolde, with-outen drede,
To hir speke of such matere, 7620
Of hir shuld he haue no good chere.
Hir hert þat tyme was in such a plite,
To speke of love she had noon apetite.
In such daliaunce wolde she not spende 7624
Hir speche; but after she may amende.
As seith myn auctour, fuƕ hardely she
Did it not oonly for chastite,
Though she loved neþer to kysse ne rage. 7628
Aƕ þis was but tendirnesse of age. — being yet too young.
Wherfore myn auctour seith truly
She shuld here-after more sharply
Of loves dartes fele þe prickyng, 7632
Which shuld hir wittes fuƕ soone bryng
For euer to forsake hir chastite.
For comynly it is not sene they be — Beauty and chastity do not agree well.
Herborowed to-gedre now in oon plase, 7636
Beaute and chastite; for ouer grete space [leaf 96, back]

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

She cowde weƕ harpe, synge, and daunse, 7617
But of love toke She non) heede.
For who so wold, wythouten) drede,
To here spek of such matere, 7620
Of here shuld he haue no good cheyre.

Her hert that tyme was such a plyte.
In such dalyaunce wold She not spende

Her spe[c]ƕ / But here-after she may amend. 7625
As seyth myn) autor, fuƕ hardely She
Dyd hyt not onely for chastite,
Thogh She louyd neyther to kysse ne rage 7628
Aƕ this was but tendre-ne[s] of age.
[1] Wher-for myn) autor seyth truly
She shuld here-after more Sharpely
Of loues dartes ferle the pryking, 7632
Which shuld her wyttes fuƕ sone bring
For euer to for-sake here Chastite.
For comonly hyt ys not seyn) they be
Herborured to-gedyr now in oo plase,
Beawte and chastyte; for ouer grete spase [1 leaf 61]

*Rawl. MS.*

She couthe weƕ harpe, synge, *and* daunce,
But of loue toke she none hede.
For who so wolde, with-out drede,
To hir speke of soyche mater, 7620
Of hir shulde he haue no good chere.
Hir hert þat tyme was in soych plyte,
To speke of loue hade she no delyte.
In soyche dalyance wolde she not spende 7624
Here speche; but here-after she may amende.
As seyth myne autor goodly she
Dyde it not only for chastyte,
Though she louyde noþer kysse ne Rage,

Aƕ þis was but tendernese of age. 7629
Where-for myne autor seyth truly
She shulde here-after more sharply
Of louys dartes fele the prykynge, 7632
Whiche shulde hir wyttes sone brynge
For euer to forsake chastyte.
For comynly it is not sen þat þey be
Herberwyde to-geder in on place, 7636
Beute *and* chastyte; for euer grete space

They wolde take, as telleth myn auctour me.
For truly he seith how þat they be
Twoo contraries to-gedre [to] dweⱨ, 7640
One will sell the other — For þe toone wole aⱨ-wey þe toþer seⱨ.
For þat woman þat hath grete beaute,
And spendeth hir life in chastite,
Fairenesse on hir is evill be-sette. 7644
For chastite in no wise should be knette
To beaute: for they mow neuer acorde,
To-gedre in plesaunce to serve þe worlde.
For she þat lyveth in chastite, 7648
When folke pley, þen lowreth she.
She hath no Ioy of mery dalyaunce.
Let hir go forþe with mysschaunce,
And beaute of hir neuer, take hede! 7652
Ye mow not acorde, with-outen drede.
Beauty loves courtesy and pleasure. — For beaute loveth aⱨ gentilnesse,
Honour noble, and largesse,
Faire speche, and þerto fuⱨ of plesaunce, 7656

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They wold take, as tellyth myn) auctor me. 7638
For truly he sayth how that they be
Two contraries to-gydyr to dwelle, 7640
For the tone wol a-way the other shaⱨ.
For that woman) that hath grete beaute,
And spendyth her lyfe in chastite,
Fayrenes or hyr ys evyⱨ be-sett. 7644
For chastyte in no wyse shuld be knytt
To beaute; for thy mow neuer acorde,
To-gedyr in plesauns to serbe the world.
For She that lyueth in chastyte, 7648
Whan) folk pley, than) lowreth She,
She hath no Ioy of myry dalyauns.
Late her go forth wyth myschauns,
And beaute of her neuer take heede!
Ye mow not a-corde, wyth-outen) drede.
For beaute louyd aⱨ gentylnesse, 7654
Honoure noble, and largenesse,
Fayre spe[c]h, and ther-to fuⱨ . of plesauns, 7656

*Rawl. MS.*

They wolde take, as tellyth my autor me.
Truly he seyth howe þat þey be
To contrary ouse to-geder to dweⱨ, 7640
For þe ton wiⱨ þat oþer seⱨ.
For þat woman) þat hathe beute,
And spendyth here lyfe in chastyte,
Fayrenes on hir is iⱨ be-set. 7644
For chastyte in no wyse shulde be knete
To beute; for þey wiⱨ neuer acorde,
[1]To-geder in plesance to serue the worde.
For she þat leuyth in chastyte, 7648
When folke pley, þen lowryth she.
She hathe no Ioye of mery dalyaunce.
Let hir goo furthe with myschaunce,
And beute of hir take none hede! 7652
Ye may not a-corde, with-out drede.
For beute louyth aⱨ Ientiⱨnesse,
Honoure nobille, *and* largenesse,
Fayre speche, *and* þer-to fuⱨ of plesaunce, [1 leaf 56, back] 7656

*Clifden MS.*

[1] Lete hur go fforth wyth myschaunce
And beaute of hur neuer take hede 7652
ye may not Accord with-outen drede
For beaute loueth Aⱨ Ientilnesse
Honowre noble *and* largenesse
Fayre speche *and* therto fuⱨ . plesaunce 7656

[1] *Top line, and at the back of* l. 7512.

Lovyng boþe pley, to sing and daunce.
Chastite putteth beaute oute of array.
She wiH neu*er* suffre hir be fresshe and gay,
But shadowes hir eu*er* w*ith* mournyng chiere ; 7660
Of hir she hath a fuH lewde fere.
For beaute desyreth to haue þe colo*ur*
Of þe faire fresshe rose floure,
And loveth also to lyve in Iolyte, 7664
Desyryng to haue hye pr*osper*ite.
But þat foule þ*at* may not haue
To hir love no*per* knyght ne knave,
Gentilman ne yeman of no degree, 7668
Lette hir þan lyve in chastite.
Yite vnknowe I love wele chastite
Better a grete dele þen she do*þ* me :
For if I speke to hir of any love, 7672
Be God þat sitteth in heven a-bove,

Let ugly ladies live in chastity.

The Poet is grieved that his Lady will not listen to his words of love.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Louyng both pley, to symg, and dauns.

Chastyte putteth beaute oute of aray ;
She wyH nev*er* suffre her be fresh and gay,
But shadows here eu*er* wyth mornyng cheyr*e* ; 7660
Of her hath She a fuH lewde feere,
For beaute desyreth to haue the coloure
Of the fayre freysh Rose floure,
And louth also to lyve in Iolyte, 7664
Desyryng to haue hye prosperyte,
But that foule that may not haue
To her love neyther knyght ne knave,
Gentyllman) ne yoman) of no degre,
[1] Late her than) lyve in chastyte. 7669
[1 leaf 61, back]
Betther a grett dele than) She doth me :
For yf I speke to her of ony love, 7672
Be God that sytteth in hevyn) a-bove,

*Rawl. MS.*

Louynge to pley, both synge *and* daunce.
Chastyte puttyth beute of array :
She wiH neu*er* suffir here be freshe *and* gay,
But shadowe eu*er* w*ith* eu*er* morny[n]ge chere ; 7660
Of here she hathe a fuH lewyde fere.
For beute desyryth to haue coloure
Of þe feyre freshe rose floure,
And louyth also to leue In Iolyte, 7664
Desyrynge to haue higH prosperite.
But þ*at* foule þ*at* may not haue
To here loue no*per* knyght ne knaue,
IentiH-man) ne yeman of none degre,
Let here þen leue in chastete. 7669
Yet vnknowe I loue chastete
Bet*er* a grete dele þen she dothe me :
For yef I speke to here of ony loue, 7672
Be God þ*at* syttyth in heuyn aboue,

*Clifden MS.*

louyng both play to syng *and* daunce
Chastite putteth beaute oute of A-ray
She wyH neuer suffer hur be ffreshe . . .
but shadow hur euer w*ith* mornyng ch . . 7660
Of hur hath she A fuH lowde ffrere
For beaute desyreth to haue the coloure
Off the ffreshe ffayre rose ffloure
And loueth Also to leve in Iolite 7664
Desyryng to haue pr*osper*ite
but that ffoule þ*at* may not haue
To hur loue nother knyght ne knaue
Gentilman ne yomañ of no d . . 7668
lete hur than leue in Chastite
Yette vnknowe y loue weH Chastite
better A grete dele than she doth me
For yf y speke to hur of any loue 7672
by godde that sytte in heven A-boue'

To me she answereth so shortely,
That of hir wordes a-basshed am I.
For when I wolde some-tyme in counseylle [leaf 97] 7676
Shew my hert to hir somedele,
She answerd me in wordes so hye,
I hadde as lefe my counseylle crye
In London atte crosse in Chepe. 7680
She giffeth me cause ofter* to wepe
Then forto laughe, þis is no nay.
And sometyme when þat I assay
To gife hir a yifte, broche or Ryng, 7684
That wole she not take for no-þing.
Thus rude is chastite and not curteise,
She hathe me greved in many wise.
But now wole I lette aH ladies be, 7688
And teH forþe of Partonope.*

Partonope receives the kind attentions of

PArtonope * hath now clene forsake
The wodwouse life, and hape hym take

7681. ofter] *MS.* after. 7689, 7690. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To me She answeryd so Shortely,
That of hyr wordes a-basshed am I,
For wan) I wold som)-tyme in counsayle 7676
Shew myn) hert to her som) dele,
She answered me in wordes so hye,
I had as lyef my counsayH crye
In London) at the crosse in Chepe, 7680
She gyffeth me cause after to wepe
Than) for to lagh, thys ys no nay,
And som)-tyme whan) that I assay
To gyf her a yeft, broch or rynge, 7684
That woH She not take for no-thyng,
Thus rude ys chastyte and not curtayse,
She hath me grevyd in many wyse.
But now I woH late aH ladyes be, 7688
And teH forth of Partanope
PArtanope hath now for-sake
The wod-wous lyfe, and hath hym) take

*Rawl. MS.*

To me she answereth so shortly,
And of here wordes abasshede am I.
For when I wolde som-tyme [in] counseH 7676
Shewe myne hert to here somdeH,
She answe[r]de me in wordes hye,
I hade as lefe my counseH crye
In London) at the crosse in Chepe. 7680
She gyffyth me cause offter to wepe
Then) for to laugh, þis is no nay.
And som)[-tyme] when I do assay
To gyfe here a broche ore a rynge,
That wiH she not take fore nothynge.
Thus is chastyte not courteyse,
She hathe me greuyde In many wyse.
Nowe wiH I let aH þis be, [leaf 59]
And teH furthe of Partonope. 7689
Partonope hathe clene for-sake
The wodwose lyfe *and* clene take

*Clifden MS.*

To me she Aunswereth so shortly 7674
she geueth me ca . se After to wepe 7681
than forto laugh this is no nay
And sumtyme whan þat y assay .
To geue hur a y . . broche or ryng 7684
That wyH sh . . . take for no-thyng
This rude is Chastite *and* not curtay . .
She hath me gr . ved in many wyse
but now woH I lete AH ladyes be 7688
And telle forth of partanope
. artanope hath now clene forsake
The wodwoys lyf *and* hath hym t . .

To þe gouernaunce aⱡ fully
Of ffayre Wrak and of Persewy.
And they be redy, I you plight,
Hym to comforte with aⱡ hir myght.
Bothe hym wesshe and lay hym softe.
She hym feyned letters fuⱡ ofte
Of comforte endited so goodly,
And bere an hande þat truly
They were hym sent from Melyouore
To heale his wounde þat greved hym sore.
Certeis doublettes þey lete make hym fyne,
Gownes of Skarlette and eke of Satyne.
Hym lakked no-þing þat myght hym eace,
Fuⱡ glad they were hym to pleace.
And þrow her grete cherisshyng
He wexe fuⱡ fresshe, lusty, and lykyng,
And of his letters toke grete comforte,

7692 Urake and Persevis.
7696
Urake often sends him letters, making him believe they are written by Melior.
7700
7704
He is soon restored to health, and recovers his good looks.
7708

7693. *MS.* persowy ?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To the gouernauns aⱡ fully 7692
Of fayre Vrak and of Pursewy.
And they be redy, I yow plyght,
Hym to comfort wyth aⱡ her myght.
Both hym washe and ley hym soft.
She hym feyned lettres fuⱡ oft 7697
Of comfort endyted So goodely,
And bere an hond that truly
They were hym sent fro Melioure 7700
To heele hys wound that greved hym sore.
Sertes doblettes they lett make hym fyne,
Gownes of Sckarlet and eke of satyn.
Hym lakked no-thyng that myght hym plese, 7704
Fuⱡ glad they were hym to Ese.
And thorw her gret cheryssyng
He wex fresch, lusty, and lykyng,
And of his lettres toke grete comfort, 7708

*Rawl. MS.*

To þe gouernaunce aⱡ fully 7692
Of feyre Wrake *and* of Persewy.
And þey be redy, I you plight,
Hym to comfort *with* aⱡ hir myght.
They hym weshe *and* ley hym softe. 7696
She hym feynyde leteris fuⱡ ofte
Of comfort endytyde fuⱡ goodly,
And bare on honde þat truly
They were hym sende fro Melyour 7700
To hele his wonde þat was so sore.
Sertes þey let make hym fyne,
Gownys of skarlet *and* of satyn.
Hym lakede nothynge þat myght hym eyse, 7704
Fuⱡ glade þey were hym to plese.
And þorwe here grete cheryssynge
He wax freshe, lusty *and* lekynge, 7703
And of letteris toke grete comfortynge,

*Clifden MS.*

To the Gouernaunce Alle fully 7692
Of ffayre vrak *and* of persewey
And thay be redy now plyght
hym to confort wyth Aⱡ her myght
both hym wasshe *and* ley hym softe
She hym ffeyned letterys fuⱡ ofte 7697
Of confort endited so Godely
And bare An hond that truly
They were hym sent fro melyoure 7700
To hele his wound that greued hym sore[1]

[1] *At back of page beginning with* l. 6142

Which were fayned to hym for desporte.
Were not þes ladies foule to blame
Thus to lye and make hym game
Of Meliors letters, and seide she hym sent, 7712
Which on [n]ei*þer* side was ment?
But blameworþi were they noone,
Sith for þe best it was done. [leaf 97, back]
But atte last þrow her desporte, 7716
Hir fayre chiere, her fayned comforte,
He gan gedre to hym faste flesshe and blode,
And wexe lusty þat, by my hode,
Urake is not far from falling in love with him, When Wrak be-helde a-boute right wisely 7720
His fressh coloure, his persone so semely,
She ganne so nye faⱡ *with* hym in dotage,
Save þat wisdome restreyned corage,
And thought on hir Suster Mel[i]oure, 7724
How truly he loved hir and hadde done yore.
It was, she thought, but nycetye,
And aⱡ þat fantasy she lete be.
Persewyse stode in þe same degre, 7728

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Which were feyned to hym) for dysporte. [leaf 62]
Where not this ladyes foule to blame
Thus to lye and make hym) game
Of Melyours letters, and sand She hym) sent, 7712
Which on) nether syde was ment?
But blame-worthy were they none,
Syth for the best yt was done.
But at the last thorw her dysport, 7716
Her fayre chyere, her feyned comfort,
He gan) gedyr to hym) fast flesch and blode,
And wex lusty that, by my hoode,
Whan Vrak be-heeld a-boute ryght wysely, 7720
His fresch coloure, hys persone so semely
She ganne so nye faⱡ wyth hym) in dotage,
Saue that wysdome restreyned corage,
And thought on) her Suster Melyoure,
How truly he loued her and done yore.
Yt was, She thought, but nysytee,
And aⱡ that fantasy She late be.
Persewyse stode in the same degre, 7728

*Rawl. MS.*

Whiche were feynyd for dyssportynge.

Where not þis ladyes foule to blame
Thus to lye *and* make hym game
Of Melyores lette*r*is, *and* seyde she hy*m* sent, 7712
Whiche on ney*þer* syde was not ment?
But blame-worthy were þey none
Sethe for the beste it was done.
But at þe laste þorwe hir dyssporte, 7716
Here feyre chere, her feynyde comforte,
He gan to gad*er* fleshe *and* blode,

And wex lusly þat, be my hode,
When) Wrake be- helde hym wysly, 7720

His freshe coloure, his p*er*sone symly

She gan) so nye faⱡ in dotage,
[1 leaf 59, back]
Safe þat wysdome resstreynyde corage,
And þought on hir syst*er* Melyor*e*, 7724
Howe he louyde here *and* hade don yore.
[1] Hit was, she þought, but nysete,
And aⱡ þat fantesy she let be.
P*er*sewyse stode in þe same degre, 7728

For she wan dalyaunce *with* Partonope.* — and poor Persevis might have forgotten her chastity
His porte, his man*er*e be-come so wele
þat þough hir herte were made of stele,
No wonder it was þough it did melte. 7732
The fyre of love so made it swelte
In lovyng of þis Partonope,*
That almoste for-yete was chastite, — but that she knew he was
Save þat she wist wele and knewe 7736 true to his lady.
To þis lady Melyoure he was so trewe
þat þough she loved, it myght not avayle,
And thought it was but loste travayle.
The hete of love hir herte did feynte; 7740
With wise abydyng þe fyre she queynte.
Thus seith myn auct*our* aft*er* whome I write. — (Thus saith mine author.
Blame not me: I moste endite — Blame not
As nye aft*er* hym as eu*er* I may, 7744 me.)
Be it soþe or less I can not say.
But now I lette þis Partonope *
And Persewise, þis mayden fre,

7729, 7734, 7746. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For She whan) dalyaunce w[i]th Partanope.
His porte, hys manere be-come so wele
That thow hert had be made of stele,
No wondyr hyt was thoght hyt dyd mylt. 7732
The fyre of love So made ys swelt
In lovyng of this Partanope,
That a‖-most for-yete was chastyte,
Saue that wele She wyst and knew 7736
To this lady Melioure he was so trew
That thogh she lovyd, hyt myght not avayle,
And thoght hit was but lust travayle.
Thow hete of love her hert dyd feynte;
Wyth wyse a-bydyng the fyre She queynte, 7741
Thus seyth the auctor after whom) I wryt.
Bllame not me: I most endyte
As nye after hym) as I can) or may. 7744
Be hyt sothe or lese I can) not say.
But now I lett this Partanope
And Persewyse, this maynden) free,

*Rawl. MS.*

For she wan) dalyunce with Partonope.
His porte, his maner be-com hym so wel‖, 7730
That þowe þe hert hade ben made of ste‖,
No wonder it was þough it dyde mylte
The fyre of loue so made it smelte 7733
In louy[n]ge of þis Partonope.
That a‖-moste fore-yete was chastyte,
Safe þat wel‖ she wyste *and* knewe 7736
To þis lady Melyore he was so trewe
That þough she louyde, it myght not avai‖,
And þought it was but loste travai‖.
The hete of loue here hert dyde faynte;
With wyse abydynge þe fyre she quente.
Thus seyth myne autor after whom I wryte.
Blame me not; I moste endyte
As nye after hym as euer I may. 7744
Be it sothe ore elles I can) not sey.
But nowe I let þis Partonope
And Persewyse, þat mayden fre.

To-gedre in dalyaunce* to haue in fere, 7748
In the meantime arrives a messenger sent by Melior, who wishes to speak with her sister.
For now is come a messyngere
From the Empresse Melioure
To Wrak, hir Suster; for wonder sore
She desyreth with hir to speke. 7752
Wrak in no wise wiH not breke
This grete ladies commaundement. [leaf 98]
Urake accordingly orders her ship to be made ready.
After hir shipmen now faste she sente,
And chargeth hem her shipp be redy faste, 7756
To see she wole go in aH þe haste.
Wrak þat is boþe redy and wise,
Perseus is to stay behind with Partonope.
Is not aferde þough Persewise
At hir casteH leve with Partonope; * 7760
For nedys coste leve moste she
Oon with hym þat knoweth þe counseylle.
Of Persewise she wote is no pereH;
For she is wise, redy and stedfaste. 7764
The lasse of hir she is a-gaste,
How longe fro home she euer a-byde.
Hir shippe is redy, fayre is þe tyde.
Urake takes her departure,
Leve she taketh of Partonope,* 7768

7748. *MS.* dalyaunace. 7760, 7768. patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1] To gedyr in dalyauns to haue in ff[e]re.
For [now] ys come a messang[e]re 7749
Fro the empresse Melioure
T[o] Vrak, her suster / for wondyr sore
She desyreth wyth her to spek. 7752
Vrak in no wyse wyH not brek
Thys grete ladyes comaundement.
After her Shypmen) now fast She sent,
And chargeth hem) her Shyp̄ be redy fast, [1 leaf 62, back] 7756
To see She woH go in aH hast.
Vrak that ys both redy and wyse,
Ys not a-ferd thogh Persewyse
At her casteH leve wyth Partanope:
For nedys cost leve most She 7761
On) wyth hym) that knoweth the counsayH.
Of Persewyse She wot ys no pereH;
For She ys wyse, redy and stedfast.
The lasse of her She ys a-gast, 7765
How longe from) home She euer a-byde.
Her Shyp̄ ys redy, fayre ys the tyde.
Leve She taketh of Partanope, 7768

*Rawl. MS.*

To-geder in dalyaunce to haue in fere.
For nowe is come a mesengere 7749
Fro þe emperese Melyore
To Wrake hir syster; for wonder sore
She desyryth with here to speke. 7752
Wrake in no wyse wiH not breke
This grete ladyes comondemente.
After hir shipmen) anone she sente.
And chargyth hem be redy faste, 7756
To see she wiH goo in aH haste.
Wrake þat is bothe redy *and* wyse,
Ys not aferde þough Persewyse
At hir casteH leue with Partonope; 7760
For nedes coste leue moste she
On) with hym þat knoweth þe counseH.
Of Persewyse she wot is no pereH;
For she is wyse, Redy *and* stedfaste.
The lase of hir she is agaste, 7765
Howe longe fro hym þat she abyde.
Hir shipe is redy, fayre is þe tyde.
Leue she takyth of Partonope, 7768

To hir shipp now streight goþe she.
Forþe seyleth Wrak, þis mayden fre.
In grete thought is Partonope.*
Wrak wepeth gretely at hir departyng. 7772
Partonope* prayde hir a-bove aⱡ þing
She wolde to hym come soone ayein.
"Therof," seid she, "I wolde be feyn."
Wrake hath wedyr at poynte devise. 7776
Fuⱡ glad and mery is Persewise.
Forþe seyleth Wrak vpon þe see,
And in shorte tyme aryved is she
At Chief de Oyere, where as Melyore, 7780
Hir fayre suster, hathe dwelled yore.
Now arne þes Susters mẽtte in feere,
Eyþer to oþer make good chere.
Tappettes and quysshons to hem be fette. 7784
In an herber fuⱡ grene be they sette
There allone to take her dalyaunce.
I trow they lust neþer sing ne daunce,
For Mel[i]ore gan anoone to wepe. 7788
Hir Suster Wrak toke grete kepe

and soon arrives at Chef d'Oire.

Sitting with her sister in an orchard,

Melior begins to weep.

7771, 7773. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To her Shyp now streyght goth She.
Forth sayled Vrak thys mayden free.
In grete thought ys Partanope. 7771
Vrak wepyth gretly at her departyng.
Partanope prayed hyr aboue aⱡ thyng
She wold sone come to hym a-yen),
"Therof," seyd She, "wold I be fayne."

Vrak hath were at poynt devyse. 7776
Full glad and mery ys Persewyse.
Forth sayleth Vrak vpon the see,
And in Short tyme a-ryved ys she
At Cheyf de oyre, where as Melioure,
Her fayre suster, hath dewlled yore.
Now arne thes Sustres mett in feere.
NEyther to other mak good cheyre.
Tapyttes and cusshons to hem be fett. [1 leaf 63] 7784
In an erber faⱡ grene be they sett
There alone to take her dalyaunse.
[1] I trow they lust nether syng ne daunse
For Melioure gan a-no[n]to wepe. 7788
Her suster Vrak tok grete kepe

*Rawl. MS.*

To hir shipe streight goth [s]he. 7769
[1] Forthe saylyth Wrake þis mayde fre.
In grete þought is Partonope. [1 leaf 60]
Wrake wepyth gretly at hir departynge.
Partonope prayth hir aboue aⱡ thynge
She wolde sone come to hym ayen). 7774
"There-of," seyde she, "I wolde be fayne."
Wrake hathe weder at poynte devyse,
Fuⱡ glade *and* mery is Persewyse. 7777
Furthe saylyth Wrake vppon þe se,
And in shorte tyme aryuyde is she
At Chyfe dcoyre where as Melyore, 7780
Here feyre syster, hathe dwellyde yore.
Here *are* þe systeris met in fere,
Eyþer to oþer make good chere.
Tappettes *and* schesshons to hem be fet.

In an erbere grene þey be set 7785
There alone to take þer dalyaunce.
I trowe þey lyste noþer synge ne daunce
For Melyore gan anone to wepe. 7788
Hir syster Wrake toke grete kepe

Of hir maner governaunce.
Hir þought þis maner of dallyaunce
Was nyse what hir suster mente. 7792
She wist not þe verrey entent [leaf 98, back]
Of hir suster þat wept so sore.
And atte laste fayre Melyouore
Of hir wepyng gan a-brayde, 7796
And to hir Suster þus she seide:
"Vngracious am I, be God above,
That euer I was encombred be love.
It hath—she seide—me noyed sore. 7800
But of þis matere speke we no more."
To hir answerd fayre Wrake:
"Trewly I neuer knew your make,
For wele I wote, be* God above, 7804
All your wepyng is for love.
Ye wolde feyne hide it from me
And disfigure youre nycete,
But ye can not þat experyment. 7808
I knowe to wele your entent.

She is so unhappy that she ever loved.

Wrake very well understands the reason of her tears.

*After* l. 7792 *MS. adds a line*:
She wist not what his Suster mente.
7804. be] *MS.* but.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of her maner gouernauns.
Her thought thys maner of dalyans
Was nyse what her suster ment. 7792
She wyst not the verrey entent
Of her suster that wep so sore.
And at the last fayre Melioure
Of her wepyng ganne abrayde, 7796
And to her suster thus She sayde:
"Vngracious am I, be God a-bove,
That euer I was encombred lo love.

Hyt hath—She sayd—me noeyd full sore. 7800
But of this matere speke we no more."
To her answered fayre Vrak:
Trewly I neuer knew your make,
"For wele I wote, be God a-bove, 7804
All your wepyng ys for love.
Ye wold fayne hyde hyt fro me
And thys fugure your nysetee
But ye can not that Experyment, 7808
I know to wele your entent.

7790. *MS.* gouernauans (a *above* n).

*Rawl. MS.*

Of hir maner *and* gouernaunce.
Hir þought þis maner of dalyaunce
Was nyse what hir syster ment. 7792
She wyste not þe verry entente
Of hir syster þat wypte so sore.
And at þe laste feyre Melyore
Of hir wepynge gan abrayde, 7796
And to hir syster þus she seyde:
"Vngraciouse am I," þus she seyde,
"be God aboue,
That euer I was encomberde be loue.
Hit hathe—she seyde—me noyede sore; 7800
But of þis mater speke we no more."
To hir answerde feyre Wrake:
"Truly I neuer knewe your make,
For well I wot, be God aboue, 7804
All youre wepynge is for loue.
Ye wolde feyne hyde it fro me
And dysfugure youre nysete,
But ye con not þat experiment. 7808
I knowe well your entent.

Love wolde fayne make you to speke,
But þan comeþ drede and makeþ you breke
Youre tale, and þat is hye folye. 7812
For, Suster, ye wote right wele þat I
Love you a-bove aⱡ erthly þing
And gladly wolde do your pleasyng."
"BE God," quod þis lady, "þat is not so. 7816 Melior upbraids her sister for her long absence.
For ofte tymes ye haue me do
With your wordes fuⱡ grete diseace,
And you fuⱡ lyteⱡ me displeace.
Wordes of reprofe ye haue seide many oone 7820
To me, and þerto a yere is fuⱡ gone
Or more, sith ye laste se me.
Here come ye but a lytiⱡ parde."
"FOr sothe," seid Wrake, "it is ago 7824 That is, says Urake, because of Partonope:
More þen xij. monþes þat we two
To-gedre in oon place mette.
A cause þer was þat me did lette.
For þe laste tyme þat ye se me 7828
Or I you, forsoþe Partonope*

7829. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Love wold make yow fayn to speke,
But than cometh drede and maketh yow brek
Your tale, and that ys hye foly. 7812
For, suster, ye wote ryght wele that I
Loue yow a-bove aⱡ ertyly thyng,
And gladly wold do your plesyng."
"BE God," quod thys lady, "that ys not so, 7816
For oft tymes haue ye me do
Wyth your wordes fuⱡ of dessese,
And yow fuⱡ lytyⱡ me dysplese.
Wordys of reprofe ye haue seyd many one 7820
To me, and ther-to a yere ys fuⱡ gone
Or more, syth ye last sygh me.
Here come yee but a lytyⱡ pardee."
"FOr soth," sayd Vrak, "hyt ys a-go [1 leaf 63, back] 7824
More than xij monthes tha[t] we two
[1] To-gedyr in ony place mett.
A cause ther was that me dyd lett.
For the last tyme that ye sye me 7828
Or I yow/for soth Partanope

*Rawl. MS.*

Loue wolde make you to speke,
Then comyth drede *and* makyth you breke [leaf 60, back]
Youre tale, *and* þat is hye foly. 7812
For, syster, ye wot right weⱡ þat I
Loue you aboue aⱡ erthly thynge
And gladly wolde do youre plesynge."
¶ "Be God," quod þis lady, "þat is not so. 7816
For ofte tyme haue ye me do
With youre wordes fuⱡ grete dysseyse,
And you fuⱡ lytiⱡ me dyssplese.
Wordes of reprefe ye haue many one

To me, *and* þer-to is fuⱡ gone 7821
Ore more, seth laste ye sigh me.
Here come ye but a lytiⱡ parde."
¶ "For sothe," seyde Wrake, "it is a-goo 7824
More þen xij monthe þat we twoo
To-geder in one place mete.
A cause þer was þat we dyde lete.
For the laste tyme þat ye sey me, 7828
Ore I you, for sothe Partonope

When she dared to intercede for him, she was treated so unkindly,

that she went to see foreign countries.

There she heard that Partonope had lost his mind for Melior's sake.

Was here with you in þis place,
And for his trespase I neghed your grace. [leaf 99]
Ye denyed in no wise to here me 7832
For wepyng or knelyng, more þen I hadde be
A straunger to you and no-þing kynne.
This made [me] vtterly fro you fleene.
So vngoodly chere ye made me, 7836
I toke my shippe, and wente to see
To haue passed many a straunge lande
And to se þe wondres in many a stronde.
And herde suche tithinges þat liketh not me. 7840
For truly your owne love Partonope*
Ye made lese his witte for aye.
This is verrey soþe, þis is no naye.
So moche sorowe for you he hath take, 7844
Horne-wode he renneth for your sake.
For hym me nede no more to pray
Ne for hym knele, but* o þing I say:
"Gete you a-noþer love, for he is gone. 7848
It shaH be longe or ye gete suchone.

7841. *MS.* patronope. 7847. but] *MS.* bot.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Was here wyth yow in thys place,
And for hys trespas I neyghed your grace.
Ye deyned in no wyse to here me 7832
For wepyng or knelyng, more than I had be
A straunger to yow *and* no-thyng kynne.
Thys made me vtterly fro yow fleene.
So vn-godely chere ye made me, 7836
I toke my Shyp, and went to se
To haue passed ma[n]y a straung strond
And to se the wordres of many lond.
And herd such tydynges that lyketh not me, 7840
For trewly your owne loue Partanope
Ye made lost hys wytt for aye.
Thys ys verray soth wythouten nay.
So moch sorow for yow he hath take,
Horn-wode he renneth for your sak.
For hym me nede no more to pray,
Ne for hym knele, but oo thyng I say:
Gete yow a-nother love, for he ys gone.
Hyt shaH be long or ye gete such one.

*Rawl. MS.*

Was here *with* you in þis place,
And for his trespas I myghede *your grace*.
Ye deynyde in no wyse to here me 7832
For wepynge *and* knelynge, more þen I hade be
A stronger to you *and* nothynge kynne.

This made me wyterly fro you flene.
So vngoodly þer ye made chere to me,
I toke my shipe *and* went to se 7837
To haue passede many a stronde,
And to se þe wonderes of many a londe.
I herde soyche tydynges þat lykyth not me. 7840
For trewly youre loue Partonope
Ye hauee made loste his wyte for aye.
This is sothe without naye. 7843
So meche sorwe for you he hathe take,
Horne-wode he rynnyth for youre sake.
For hym me nede no more to praye, 7846
Ne for hym knele, but o thynge I seye:
Gete you anoþer loue, for he is gon. 7848
Hit shaH be longe ore ye have soychon

And sith ye haue do so to hym,
Thus ye worshipp̄ gretely your kynne,
This is þe cause þat I haue you fledde. 7852
Partonope* in þis worlde is but dede."
When þe lady herde þat Partonope* — Melior turns pale,
For love of hir wode Ranne he,
A-boute hir hert she felt such peyn, 7856
Moche wo she had hir to Restreyne
Fro swonyng, for lope was she
That hir hevynesse aspied shuld be
Of Wrak, hir Suster, þat was hir dere. 7860
But yit wist Wrake wele by hir chere
And be hir Colour bright and rede
That was chaunged into pale and dede,
That for love was all hir hevynesse. 7864
Yite Meliore did all hir besynesse
To gete ayein hir fresshe hewe, — but does her best to conceal her emotion.
Hir dedely coloure did renewe,
And to hir Suster did she speke 7868
And somwhat hir hert to hir breke:
"Suster," she seide, "it may wele be [leaf 99, back] — Though he has behaved so falsely,
In grete disese lieth Partonope,*

7853, 7854, 7871. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And syth ye haue do so to hym), 7850
Thus ye worshyp̄ gretly your kynne.
This ys the cause that I haue yow fleed. 7852
Partanope in this world ys but dede."
WHan) the lady herd þat Partanope
For loue of her wode ranne he,
A-bout her hert She flet such peyne 7856
Moch wo she had hir to restreyne
Fro swonny[n]g, for loth was she
That her hevynesse aspyed shuld be
Of Vrak, her suster, that was her dere.
But yet wyst Vrak wele be here chere,
And her coloure bryght and rede 7862
That was chaunged in-to pale and dede,
That for loue was all her hevynesse. 7864
Yt Melior dyd all her besynes [leaf 64]
To grete ayen) her fressh hew.
Her dedely coloure dyd renew,
And to her suster dyd she spek 7868
And somewaht her hert to her breke.
"SVster," She sayd, "hyt may wele be
In grete dyssese lyeth Partanope.

*Rawl. MS.*

And sethe ye haue do so to hym,
[1] Thus ye worchipe gretly youre kynne.
This is þe cause I haue you flede. 7852
Partonope in þis worlde is but dede."
When þe lady herde þat Partonope
For loue of hir wode ranne he, [1 leaf 61
A-boute here hert she felt grete peyne,
More wo she hade hir to resstreyne 7857
For swony[n]ge, for lothe was she
That here heuynes aspyde shulde be
Of Wrake, here syster, þat was here dere. 7860
But yet wyste Wrake be here chere
And be hir coloure bright *and* rede
That was changyde to pale *and* dede,
That for loue was her heuynes. 7864
Yet Melyore dyde all hir besynes
To gete ayen hir freshe hewe,
Hir dedly coloure dyde renewe,
And to hir syster dyde she speke 7868
And somwhat here hert gan to breke.
¶ "Syster," she seyde, "it may well
In grete dysseyse lyth Partonope. [bee

And if he were to me as chiere
As euer he was, I coupe you lere
To make hym as hole as euer he was.
That euer I hym knewe I may say allas,
So falsely as he hath be-trayed me,
Causelesse, Suster, þat wote now ye.
she will teach Urake how to cure him. Yite for your love, not for thy,
A medecyne I shall you teche redely
That shall in haste all hole hym make."
But this is no affair of Urake's: To hir answerd anoone Wrake:
"Nay, fayre Suster, be Seynt Iohn,
Therto haue [I] right layser noone.
Hele hym your-self if þat ye lust,
Ye knowe medecynes þat ben beste.
For I knowe wele, and þat do ye:
Melior's love has turned him mad. In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope *
A man wele be-loved and of grete estate,
And your love hathe made hym chekmate.
Ye loved hym first, to sey þe troupe.
Suster, þerof ye may haue roupe.

7887. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And yf he were to me as cheere
As euer he was, I coude yow leere
To make hym as hole as euer he was.
That euer I hym knew I may say alas,
So falsely as he hath be-trayed me,
Causeles / suster that wote now ye.
Yt for your love, noght for thye,
A modecym I shall yow tech redely
That shall in hast and hole hym make."

To her answered a-non Vrak:
"Nay, fayre suster, be seynt Iohn),
Ther-to haue I ryght leyser none.
Hele hym) youre-self yf that ye lust,
Ye know medyoynes that bene best.
For I know wele, and so do ye:
In Fraunce be-fore was Partanope
A man) we[ll] be-louyd and grete estate,

And youre love hath made hym) chekmate.
Ye loued hym) fryst, to say theroth.

Suster, ther-of ye may haue routh.

*Ravl. MS.*

And yef ye were to me as chere
As euer he was, I couth you lere
To make as hym hole as euer he was.
That euer I hym knewe I may sey allas,
So falsly as he hathe be-trayede me,
Causles, syster, þat wot nowe ye.
Yet for youre loue, not for thy,
A medsyn I shall teche you redly
That shall in haste all hole hym make."—
To hir answerde a-none Wrake:
"Nay, fayre syster, be sent John,
There-to haue I leyser none.
Hele hym youre-selfe yef þat ye lyste,
Ye knowe mydsyns þat ben beste.
For I knowe well, *and* so do ye:
In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope
A man well belouyde *and* of hye estate,
And youre loue hath made hym chekemate,
Ye louyde hym fyrste, so seyth þe trouthe,
Syster þer-of ye may haue routhe.

[leaf 61, back]

Be crafte of false nygromansye 7892
Hidder ye hym brought fuƕ cursedly.
And in your service he come ne hadde,
He shuld not now haue ronne madde.
Suster, he loved you twoo yere and more. 7896 He loved her more than two years,
He sawe you neuer. Trow ye not sore
It greved hym, yis so mote I the,
Aƕ day with-oute company to be,
And neuer to speke *with* you but in þe nyght, 7900 without being allowed to see her,
And yite of you þen to haue no* sight?
Though after be his counseylle he
Shope hym fully you to se.
What clepe ye þis? shuld þis be treasone? 7904
Me thinketh in þis haue ye no reasone.
But discrecon now telleth me
He loved you better þan euer ye and far more than ever she loved him.
Did hym, þis is with-oute doute. 7908
As a wilde beste he renneth a-boute,
Of mete ne drynke taketh he none hede,
Ne of slepe with-outen drede. [leaf 100]

7901. no] *MS.* a.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Be craft of flas nygromansy 7892
Hedyr yee hym) brought fuƕ cursedly.
And in your seruyse he come ne hade,
He shuld not now haue ronne madde.
Suster, he loued yow two yere and more. 7896
He saw yow neuer / trow ye not sore
Hyt grevyd hym) / yes so mote I thee,
Alle day wyth-oute company to be,
And neuer to spek wyth yow but in the nyght, 7900
And yet of yow than) to haue no syght?
Thogh after be hys counsayƕ he
Shope hym) fully yow to see.
What clepe ye this? shuƕd thys be treson)? [leaf 64, back] 7904
Me thenketh in thys haue ye no reson).
But dyscrescion) now telleth me
He loued yow better than euer ye
Dyd hym), thys ys wyth-outen doute.
As a wyld wy best renneth he non heede 7909

Ne of Slepe, wyth-outen) drede.

*Rawl. MS.*

Be crafte of false nygremonsye 7892
Heþer ye hym brought fuƕ coursedly;
And in youre seruyse he come ne hade,
He shulde nowe haue ronne made.
Syster, he louyde ij yere *and* more. 7896

He sawe you neuer. Trowe you not sore
Hit greuyde hym, yef so mot I the,
Aƕ day *with*-out compeny to be,
And neuer to speke *with* you but on * þe nyght, 7900
And yet of you þen to haue no sight?
Though after be his counseƕ he
Shope hym fiƕy you to see.
What clepe ye þis? shulde þis be treson? 7904
Me thynke in þis ye haue no reson.
But þe dysscression tellyth me
He louyde you beter þen euer ye
Dyde hym, þis is *with*out doute. 7908
As a wilde beste he rynnyth aboute.

Of mete ne drynke take he no hede,
Ne of slepe, *with*-out drede.

7900. on] *MS. perhaps* un, *meant for* in.

She has really betrayed him.

Which of you now haþe be-trayed oþer? 7912
Ye hym. And if he were my broþer,
And he hadde his witte agayne,
O thing wolde I counseylle hym certeyn:
In love he shuld neuer do you seruyce. 7916
He lyveth not þat can devise
A persone to haue more semelynesse,
More beaute, more streight, more largesse,
þan he hadde; and ye, suster Meliore, 7920
That haue made hym loste, and mych more,
Of þis ye may make a fayre a-vaunte.

Perhaps Melior now repents a little.

Yite somwhat me thinketh ye be repentaunte
Wepe now a lytiH I you pray. 7924
God for euer I now reney,
If for hym I make request
To you; and some-tyme no gretter feste
In no wise ye coupe haue made me 7928
Then of his sorow to haue pite;
But of my prayer toke ye noone hiede.

If she wants to cure him,

Therfore, suster, so God me spede,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Which of yow now hath be-trayed other? 7912
Ye hym / for and he were my brother,
And he hadde / hys wytt a-gayne,
O thyng wold I counsayH hym certeyn):
In loue he shuld / neuer do yow seruyce. 7916
He leveth not that can) devyse
A persone to haue more semelynesse,
More beaute, more streyght, more largesse,
Than) he hadd / and ye, suster Melyoure, 7920
That haue made hym lost, and moch mor,
Of thys ye may make a fayre avaunt.
Yett Somwhat me thenketh ye be repent[aunt].
Wepe now a lyteH, I yow pray. 7924
God for now euer I now Reney,
Yf for hym) make I request
To yow / and som)-tyme no gretter fest 7927
In no wyse ye cowde haue mada me
Than) of hys sorow to haue had pyte;
But of my prayer toke he no heed.
Ther-for, Suster, So God me sped,

*Rawl. MS.*

Whiche of you nowe hathe be-trayede oþer? 7912
Ye hym. For *and* ye were my broþer
And he hade his wyte agayne [teyne:
A thynge wolde I counseH hym ser-
In loue he shulde neuer do you seruyse.

He leuyth not þat cone devyse 7917
A persone to haue more symlynes,
More beute, strenght, *and* largenes,

Then he hade; *and* ye syster Melyore,

That haue made hym loste, *and* meche more, 7921
Of þis ye may mak a fayre avaunte.
Yet somwhat ye be repentante.

Wepe nowe a lytiH, I you praye, 7924
God for euer I nowe Renye,
Yef for hym I make requeste
To you; *and* som-tyme no gretter feste

In no wyse ye couth a made me [leaf 62]
Then of his sorwe to haue hade pete. 7929
But of my prayer take ye none hede.
There-for, syster, so God me spede,

And ye wiⱡ hym hele or elles fynde,
Go seke hym vnder þe wode lynde.
There he renneth wode as any hare.
But no force I wiⱡ neu*er* care
For you ne for hym, while þ*at* I lyve."
When Mel[i]ore herde þis grete reprove
That Wrake, hir sust*er*, to hir hath tolde,
Hir hert within hir body gan to colde,
And þought hir love, Partonope *
For eu*er* in þis worlde loste hathe she.
"Suster," seide fayre Melióre,
"The cause þat I wepe so sore,
For Partonope * it is not sekyrly.
But I shaⱡ teⱡ you þe cause why.
Sust*er*, sith ye were laste with me,
Here hath ben a grete assemble
Of kynges, Erles, and eke barons,
And aⱡ þat holde castels and townes
Or any oþ*er* lordshippe of me, [leaf 100, back]
Aⱡ they were in þ*at* assemble.
Of aⱡ her counseylle þis was þe accorde

7932 she will find him running about in the wood.
7936
Melior, though heavy at heart,
7940
denies that she weeps for Partonope.
7944
The kings and lords of the empire had held an assembly, where it was decided that she was to take a husband.
7948
7952

7940, 7944. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And ye woⱡ hym) hele or elle*s* fynde,
Go seeke hym) vndyr the wode lynde.
There he rennyth wode as ony hare.
But no forse I woⱡ neu*er* care 7935
For yow ne for hym), whyle I leve."
Whan) Meliour herd this grete reprofe
That Vrak, her suster, to her hath told,
Her hert wyth-in her body gan) to cold,
And thoght her love, Partanope, 7940
For eu*er* in thys world lost hath She.
"SVster," sayd fayre Melioure
"The cause that I wepe so sore,
For Partanope hit ys notsykerly. [leaf 65]
But I shaⱡ telle yow the cause why.
Suster, syth ye were last wyth me,
Here hath bene a grete assemble
Of kynges, Erlys and eke barons, 7948
And alle that held castelle*s* and townes
Or ony other lordshyp̄ of me,
Alle they were at that assymble.
Of aⱡ her counseyⱡ thys was the a-corde 7952

*Rawl. MS.*

And ye wiⱡ hym hele ore el*les* fynde, 7932
Go seke hym vnd*er* þe wode lynde.
There he rynnyth wode as ony hare.
But no fors I wyⱡ neu*er* care
For you ne hym, while I leue." 7936
When Myl . . re herde þis grete repreue
That Wrake, hir syst*er*, to hir hathe tolde,
Hir hert wi*th*-in hir body gan) colde,
And þought hir loue, Partonope, 7940
For eu*er* in þis worlde loste hathe she.
¶ "Syster," seyde fayre Melyore,
"The cause þ*at* I wypte so sore
For Partonope it is not sekerly. 7944
But I shaⱡ teⱡ you þe cause why.
Syst*er*, sethe ye were laste wi*th* me,
Here hathe bene a grete asemble
Of kynge*s*, erlis *and* of Baroun*s*, 7948
That helde castelle*s* *and* townes
Ore ony oþ*er* lordchipe of me,
Aⱡ þey were at þ*at* assemble. 7951
Of aⱡ þ*er* counseⱡ þis was þe corde

þat I moste algate haue a lorde.
Some seide þe Emp*erour* of Spayne,
And some seide the Emp*erour* of Almayne,
And some seide, for nere alliaunce, 7956
I shuld haue þe kyng of Fraunce.
As they did not agree on the choice, But shortely to telle at oo worde,
All þes lordis myght not acorde
To eny of þes þre p*er*sones, 7960
The felle at Travers all at ones.
Some speke shortely of hym of Spayne,
And some helde no-þing w*ith* Almayne,
Of the kyng of Fraunce they toke none hiede. 7964
Thus they departed, with-oute drede.
there rose an old knight, called Ernoul. Then was þere a knyght þat heght Arme[l]us,
A semely p*er*sone for þe nonys,
Longe and brode, and bigge of bonys. 7968
He was no man of grete lyvelode.
He passeth many a man in manhode.
He was ronne wele in yeeres,
His hede was full of white heeres. 7972
A man he was holde of grete renoune;
Men toke heede gretely of his resone.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That I must algate haue a lord. 7953
Som) sayd the emp*er*oure of Spayne,

And som) seyd, for neere alliaunce,
I shulld haue the kyng of Fraunce.
But Shortely to telle at oo word,*
Alle these lordys myght not a-cord
To ony of these thre p*er*sones, 7960
They fyll at travers all at ones.
Som) speeke shortely of hym) of Spayne,
And som) heeld no-thyng wyth Almayn),
Of the kyng of Fraunce they toke non) heed,* 7964
Thus they departed, wythouten) drede.
Than) was there a knyght hyght Armeus,
A semely p*er*sone for the nonys, 7967
Long and broode, and bygge of bones.

He was no man) of grete lyfelode.
He passyd many man) in manhode.
He was ronne wele in yerys,
His hede was full of whyte herys. 7972
A man) he was hold of grete renon;
Men) toke heede gretly of hys reson.

7958. *MS.* cord. 7964. *MS.* bred.

*Rawl. MS.*

That I moste algate haue a lorde.
Som seyde þe emp*erour* of Spayne,
And som þe emp*erour* of Almayne,
And som seyde, for nere alyance,
I shulde haue þe kynge of Fra*un*ce. 7957
But shortly to telle at on worde,
All þis lord*es* myght not acorde
To ony of þis iij p*er*sonys, 7960
Thye fill atraue*r*s all at onys.
Som spake shortly of hym of Spayne,
And som helde nothynge w*ith* Almayne,
Of þe kynge of France þey toke none hede, 7964
Thus þey dep*ar*tyde, w*ith*-out drede.
Then was þ*er* a kynght hight Armelus,

A symly p*er*sone for the nonys,
Longe *and* brode, *and* byge of bonys. [leaf 62, back] 7968
He was a man of grete lyuelode,
He passede many on in manhode,
He was ronne well in yeres,
His hede was full of whyte heris. 7972
A man) he was holde of grete renoun*n*e;
Men toke hede gretly of his resoun*n*e.

'LOrdynges,' he seide, 'and it be your pleasyng,
To gyve audience to my spekyng, 7976
To all þat of þis counseyll be,
Myn entent I pray you here and se.
I am wele roune vpp in age,
Not borne of hye lynage. 7980
Yite an olde proverbe seide is all day:
Of a fole a wyse man may
Take witte, þis is with-outen drede.'
'Sey on,' seyd all, 'now God þe spede.' 7984
'Lordynges,' he seide, 'with-outen fayle,
I am not able you to counsayle.
For who shall a counseylle·yeve,
Hym is good to be warre of reprove, 7988
Leste me sey he is worþi no wage, [leaf 101]
He counseyled þus for his owne a-vauntage.
Lordinges, the entent of þis matere
I will you tell, if ye lust to here. 7992
Taketh it in no wise for no counseylle.
But if ye think it may not a-vaylle
Herith it, and þen leyeth it on syde.

He asked the lords to listen to his advice.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

'LOrdynges,' he sayd, 'and hyt be your plesyng
To gefe audience to myn) spekyng, 7976
To all that of thys counsayll be,
Myn) entent I pray yow here and se.
I am) well ronne vpe in age,
Not borne of hye lenage. 7980
Yet and old proverbe sayd ys all day:
Of a foole a wyse man may
Take wytt, this ys wyth-oute drede.'
'Sey on,' sayd all / 'now God the spede.' [leaf 65, back] 7984
'Lordynges,' he seyd, 'wyth-outen) fayle,
I am not able yow to counsayle.
For who shall a counsayll yeve, 7987
Hym hys goode to be ware of reprove,
Lest men) sey he ys worthy no wage,
He counsayled this for hys owne a-vauntage.
Lordyng[es] de entent of my matere
I wyll yow tell, yf ye lust to here. 7992
Taketh yt in no wyse for counsayle.
But hef ye thynk yt may not avayle
Hereth yt, and than) ley hyt a-syde.

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ 'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'yef it be youre plesynge
To gyfe audyence to my spekynge, 7976
To all þat of þis counsell be,
Myn entent I praye you here *and* se.
I am well ronne vp in age,
But not borne of hye lenage. 7980
Yet an olde prouerbe seyde it is all
Of a fole a wysman may [day:
Take wyte, þis is with-out drede.'
'Sey on,' seyde all, 'nowe God the spede.' 7984
'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'with-out faill,

I am not abill you to counsell,
For who shall a counsell yeue,
Hym is good to be ware of repreue, 7988
Leste men) sey he is worthy no wage.
He counsellede þis for his owne avantage.
Lordynges, þe entente of my mater
I will you tell, yef ye lyste to here. 7992
Takyth it in no wyse for no counsell.
But yef ye thynke it may a-vayll
Heryth it, *and* þen) ley it asyde.

All the lords present were neighbours to some or other of the kings who had been proposed, and consequently spoke from interested motives.

Ye wote wele how large and wyde
My ladies lordshippes lye here a-boute.
To you it is not in grete doute
þere is [no] lorde þat now is here,
But þat he is in lande a marchere
To some of þe lordes a-fore seide,
Eiche of hem *þer*-fore wolde be wele paide
To haue hym a kyng to whome he is a marchere,
Of hym to haue bett*er* lordshipp̄ and chere.
Eiche man for his avauntage doþe chese,
Fuƚƚ litiƚƚ heede take they of my ladies ease.
This is no resone me þinketh, be my life.
I wole make an ende of aƚƚ þis strif,
And taketh good heed what I shaƚƚ sey,
I shaƚƚ shew you a new wey.
My lady is of grete honour,
And of beaute she bereth þe floure
Of aƚƚ women, þis wote ye,
That in þis worlde I trow be.
She is *þer*to but right tendre of age.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye wote wele how large and wyde
My ladyes lordshyp̄pes lye here aboute.
To yow hit ys not in grete doute
There ys no lord that now ys heere,
But he ys in lond a marchere
To som) of [the] lordys a-fore sayd.
Eche of hem) ther-for wold be wyƚƚ payde
To haue hym) a king to whom) he ys marcheyre,
Of hym) to haue the bett*er* lordeship̄ and cheere.
Eche man) for his a-vauntage doth chese
Fuƚƚ lyteƚƚ heed take they of my lades ese.
Thys ys no reson) me thenketh, be my lyfe.
I woƚƚ make an) end of aƚƚ thys stryfe.
And taketh goode heede what I shaƚƚ sey,
I shaƚƚ shew yow a mene wey.
My lady ys of grete honoure,
And of beaute she beryth the floure
Of aƚƚ women), this wote wele ye,
That in this world I trow be.
She ys therto / but ryght tendyr of age.

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye wot weƚƚ howe large *and* wyde
My ladyes lordchip*us* lye here aboute.
To you it is not in grete doute
Ther is no lorde þat nowe is here
But þat he is in londe a marchere
The some of the lord*es* afore seyde.
Eche of hem þer-fore were weƚƚ payde
To haue hym a kynge to whom a marchere,
Of hym to haue þe bet*er* lordchipe *and* chere.
Eche man for his avantage dothe chese,
Fuƚƚ lytiƚƚ hede take þey of my ladyes eyse.
This is no reson me thynke, be my lyfe.
I wiƚƚ make an ende of aƚƚ þis stryfe.
Takyth good hede what I shaƚƚ sey, [leaf 63]
I shaƚƚ shewe you a mene wey.
My lady is of grete honoure
And of beute she beryth þe floure
Of aƚƚ women, þis wot weƚƚ ye,
That in þis worlde I trowe be.
She is þer-to right tender of age.

Many cite, casteƕ, and pore village
That ben vnder hir gouernaunce,
Many a pore man may she avaunce.
Of lordes, of knyghtis eke she is so stronge
That no [man] may do hir no wronge.
Wherfore me thinkeþ þat reasone wolde
Hir soueraigne lorde chose she sholde.
And if she chese a lorde for richesse,
If he lak manhode and prowesse,
This myght be mysschief to vs aƕ.
Or it myght elles so be-faƕ
She chose a man of smaƕ degre,
So a gentillman borne þat he be, [leaf 101, back]
Fre, curteise, stable, and debonaire,
Stronge, wele shapen, of visage faire,
Manly, trew, friendly *with* to dele,
Such a man shuld do right wele.
If such were founde be her owne chesyng,
To vs þis myght neuer be reprovyng.
And how þis myght In brought be
I shaƕ you teƕ, as thinketh me:

Their beautiful Queen should choose for herself. What they all wanted was a manly and chivalrous king.

And such a king might be found.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Many Cyte, casteƕ, and poor vyllage
That be vndyr the gouernnaunce,
Many a poor man) may she a-vaunce.

Of lord*es*, of knyght*es* eke She ys so strong,
That no man) may do her no worng.
Where-fore me thenketh that reson) wold
Hyr souer*a*ygne lorde chose she shold.
[1]And yƕ She chese a lord for Rychesse,
Yf he lak manhode and prowesse,
This myght be myschyf to vs aƕ.
Or hyt myght elles so be-falle [1 leaf 66]
She chose a man) of smale degree,
So a gentylman) born) that he be,
Fre, curtayse, stable, and debonayr*e*,
Strong, weƕ shapen), of vysage fayr*e*,
Manly, trew, frendly wyth to dele,
Such a man) shuld do ryght wele.
Yf such were found be hyr owne chesyng,
To vs thys myght neu*er* be reproving.
And how thys myght Inne brought be
I shaƕ yow teƕ, as thenketh me:

*Rawl. MS.*

Many Cete, Casteƕ, *and* poure vylage
That ben vnd*er* þ*er* gouernaunce,
And many a poure man she may avaunce.
Of lord*es*, knyght*es* eke she is stronge,

That no man may do hir no wronge.
Where-for me thynke þ*at* reson wolde

Here souerayne lorde chese she sholde.
And yef she chese a lorde for Ryches,
Yef he lake manhode *and* prowes
This myght be myschef of vs aƕ.
Ore et*tes* it myght be-faƕ
She chose a man) of lowe degre,
So a gentiƕ man) borne þ*at* he be,
Fre, courteyse, lentiƕ *and* de-boneyre,
Stronge, weƕ shape, of vessage fayre,
Manly, true, frendly *with* to delle,
Soych a man) shulde do right weƕ.
Yef soyche were fonde be hir chesynge,

To vs myght neu*er* be repreuy[n]ge.
And howe þis in brought myght be
I shaƕ you teƕ, as thynketh me:

8016 8020 8024 8028 8032 8036

ll. 8031–32 *inverted in MS.*

A fair should be announced for Whitsuntide the next year.

At witsonetyde þe next yere,
Be writte lette be charged to be here
Marchauntes of aH maner degre,
That of þe queen holde any maner fee,
Where they be fre or Elles bounde,
With her marchaundise vpon þe stronde,
And that a fayre here holden be
Of marchaundise of aH maner degree,
And xv. dayes it shaH be holden here.
There shaH no man no custome bere,
To þe fayres avauntage þis gretely shaH be,
Also peace þrow all þe contre
Be cried for straunger, as we devisen.

There should be booths, good wine, and all appurtenances of chivalry.

They piche vp her boþes, and þerin good wyne
ShaH be to seH; it may not fayle
There moste be plente of aH vitayle,
Hors, armour that longeth to Chevalry,
Wele beten Trappers, stedes to þe wey,
Sheldes, speres peynted fuH gay,
Sadels, helmes of aH maner assay,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

At wytsontyde the next yere,
Be wrytt late be chargid to be here
Marchauntes of all maner degree,
That of the queen hold ony maner fee,
Where they be free / or elles bounde,
Wyth her marchaundyse vpon the stronde,
And that a fayre holden be
Of marchaundyse of aH maner degree,
And xv days hyt shaH be holden here.
Ther shaH no man no custome bere,
To the fayres a-vauntage this gretely shaH be,
Also peas / throw aH the Contree
Be cryed / ffor straunger, as we devysyn).
They pycches vp her boothes, and theryn good wynd
ShaH be to seH, hyt may not fayle,
There most be plentee of aH vytayle,
Hors, armor that longeth to chevalry,
Wele beten) trappures, steedys to the wey,
Sheldes, speres peyntyd fuH gay,
Sadelles, helmes of aH maner assay,

8048. *MS. rather* paas.

*Rawl. MS.*

At whytsontyde þe nexte yere,
Be wryte let be chargyde to be here
Marchauntes of aH maner degre,
That of þe quene holde ony maner fee,
Where þey fre ore elles bounde,
With hir marchantyse vppon þe stronde,
And þat a feyre here holden be
Of marchantyse of aH maner degre,
And xv dayes it shaH be holde here.
Ther shaH no man no costum) bere,
To þe fayres avantage gretly shaH be

Also pese þorwe aH the countre
Be cryde for stranger as we devysyn.[1]
The pyche of þer bothis, and þer-in good wyn) [1 leaf 68, back]

That longeth to turneyng,* may not be behynde,
To be solde * men moste þere redy fynde.
Be þen pore men her boþes vp haue
Her good þerin forto save, 8060
And eke grete marchauntes her pavylone,
It shaⱡⱡ seme a right wele fayre towne.
On þe toþer side ordeyned it mot be
Herodes to ride in euery contre 8064
That bene vnder cristen lay,
To proclame vpon what day
A Royaⱡⱡ turnement herę þan shaⱡⱡ be, [leaf 102]
And it shaⱡⱡ laste dayes þre. 8068
Also to warne eich worþi knyght
To shew her knyghthode and her myght,
And how þe turnament shaⱡⱡ be-gynne,
Who so euer happe þe gre to wynne, 8072
On monday next after þe faire day.
And aⱡⱡ þe ferre straungers with-outen nay
Shuⱡⱡ be herborowed on þis side;

Heralds were to proclaim in all countries that a three days' tournament would be held.

8057. *MS.* turnemyng.
8058. solde] *the last two letters too rubbed to read.*

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That longeth to turnyng, may not be be-hynde, 8057
To be sold men) must there redy fynde.

Be than) pore men) her boothes vp haue
Hir goode ther-In for to save, 8060
And eke grete marchaunges her pauylon),
Hyt shaⱡⱡ seme a ryght wele fayre town), [leaf 66, back]
On) the other syde ordenyd mote hit be
Herewdes to ryde in euery contree 8064
That be vndyr crysten) lay,
To proclayme vpon) what day
A ryaⱡⱡ turnement here than) shaⱡⱡ be,
And yt shaⱡⱡ lest days thre. 8068
Also to warne eche worthye knyght
To shew her knyght-hode and her myght,
And how the turnement shaⱡⱡ be-gynne,
Who so euer happe the gree to wynne,
A monday next after the fayre day.
And alle the ferre straungers wyth-outen) nay 8074
Shuld be herbored on) thys syde;

*Rawl. MS.*

To be solde men) moste þer redy fynde. 8058
Be þen poure men þer bothis haue
Hir good þer-in foreto saue, 8060
And eke grete marchantes þer pavelyon),
Hit shaⱡⱡ seme a right feyre towne.

On þat oþer syde ordeynede moste be
Herowdes to ryde in-to euery contre
That ben vnder crystyn lay, 8065
To proclame vppon what day
A Royaⱡⱡ turment here shaⱡⱡ be,
And it shaⱡⱡ laste dayes thre. 8068
Also to warne euery worthy knyght
To shewe here knygthode *and* here myght,
And howe þe turment shaⱡⱡ be-gyne,
Who so euer hape þe gre to wyne, 8072
On monday nexte after þe feyre day.
And aⱡⱡ þe ferre stronger with-out nay

Shaⱡⱡ be loggyde on þis syde;

In þe faire aⁿ þe toþer shaⁿ a-bide. 8076
And my lady herborowed shaⁿ be
In þe dongeon) for more suerte.
Be hir also moste sitte þere
The lordes aⁿ þat shuⁿ bere 8080
The charge of þe rightfuⁿ Iugement,
Who þat shaⁿ haue þe gree of þe turnamente.
Thre dayes þis turnament shaⁿ laste.
On þe fourte day þe Iuges moste caste 8084
Which do þe beste to * haue þe degre.
Of þes moste vj. or vij. be
Chosen oute of þe worthiest,
And which my lady liketh best 8088
Hym she moste take for hir souerayne,
And here on þis medowe faire and playne
The turnament holden shaⁿ be,
þat my lady and þe Iuges may se. 8092
Hidder shaⁿ come many a Riche marchaunte,
Fro Venyse, fro Ypres, and fro Gaunte,
To wyn) vpon her marchaundise.

The Queen and the judges might sit in the dungeon.

On the fourth day the judges should select six or seven knights who had distinguished themselves; and the Queen was to choose one of them.

8085. to] *MS.* moste.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In the fayre that aⁿ the other shaⁿ a-byde. 8076

In the dongeon) for more suertee,
Be her also most sytt there
The lordys aⁿ that shuⁿ bere 8080
The charge of the ryght-fuⁿ Iugement,
Who that shaⁿ haue gree of the turnament.
Th[r]e days thys turnement shaⁿ fast.
On) the fourth dayes the Iugees must cast 8084
Which do best to haue the gree.
Of these must vj or seven) be
Chosen) oute of the worthyest,
And which my [lady] lyketh best 8088
Hym) She must take for her souerayne.
And here on) this medew fayre and playn)
The turnement holden) shaⁿ be,
That my lady and the Iugees may se.
Hedyr shaⁿ come many a fayre marchaunt 8093
Fro Venyse, ffro Ipers and fro Gaunt,
To wynne vpon) her Marchaundyse.

*Rawl. MS.*

In þe feyre aⁿ þat oþer shaⁿ abyde. 8076

And my lady herberwyde shaⁿ be
In þe dongon for more suerte.
Be here also moste syt þere
The lordes aⁿ þat shuⁿ bere 8080
The charge of right-fuⁿ Iugement,
Who þat shaⁿ haue þe gre of þe turment.
Thre dayes þis turment shaⁿ laste.
On þe iiij day Iuges moste caste 8084

Whyche do beste to haue þe gre.
Of þese moste vj or vij be
Chosyn) out of the worthyeste,
And whiche my lady louyth beste 8088
Hym she moste take for here souerayne.
And here on) þis medewe fayre *and* playne
The turment holde shaⁿ be, 8091
That my lady *and* þe Iuges may see.
Heþer shaⁿ come many a goodly marchante
Fro Venyse, fro Iprys, *and* fro Gan)
To wyne vppon) þer marchantyse.

Of þe turnament eke to haue þe prise
Hedir wole come many a worþi knyght,
And þis wole be a Royall sight.
Lordynges,' seide Armulus, 'what sey ye?
My tale is tolde, and if not be
Agreable vnto all your entente,
In you lieth now amendmente.'
When Armulus had his reasone seide,
The lordes þerto agreèd were and apayde.
Thus here shall be þis turnament,
And I am assented to her entente, [leaf 102, back]
Which, Suster, to me is grete sorowe.
When I thinke þeron, Even and morowe,
I moste nedes fall in moche sighyng.
Also, good suster, of my wepyng
This is þe cause, and not Partonope.
But, faire suster, I wole þat ye
In þis mater knowe all my will.
To love Partonope I haue more skill
Then any of þo þat they wole chese,
Grete sorowe moste I haue þus to lese

The lords agreed to this proposal.

It is this tournament that causes all her woe.

She now loses her old love, Partonope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of the turnement eke to haue the pryse
Hedyr wyll come many a worthy knyght,
And this woll be a ryall syght,
Lordynges,' sayd Aranlus, 'what say ye?
My tale ys told, and yf not be
A-greabyll vn-to all youre entent,
In yow lyeth now amendement.' [leaf 67]
When Ernulus had hys reson sayd,
The lordys thereto a-greed and were a-payd.
Thus here shall be thys Inturnement,
And I amd assented to here entent,
Which, suster, to me ys grete sorow.
Whan I thenke þeron, even and morow,
I must nedes falle in moch syghing.
Also, goode suster, of my wepyng
This ys the cause, and not Partanope.
But fayre suster, I woll that yee
In thys mater know all all my wyle.
To love Partanope I haue more skyll
Than ony of tho that they woll chese.
Grete sorow must I haue thus to lese

*Rawl. MS.*

Of þe turment eke to haue þe pryse
Heþer will come many a goodly knyght,
And þis will be a royall sight.
'Lordynges,' seyde Armelus, 'what sey ye? [leaf 64]
My tale is tolde; yef it nowe be
Agreabill vnto youre entente
In you lythe nowe amendemente.'
¶ When Armelus hade his tale seyde,
The lordes greede, *and* were apayde.

Thus here shall be þe turmente,
And I am assentyde to þer entente,
Whiche, syster, to me is grete sorwe.
When I thynke þer-on, evyn *and* morwe,
I moste nedes fall in meche sighynge.
Also, good syster, of my wepynge
This is þe cause, *and* not Partonope.
But, feyre syster, I will þat ye
In þis mater knowe all my will.
To loue Partonope I haue more skill
Then ony of the þat þey will chese.
Grete sorwe moste I haue þis to lese

My love, my Ioy, my Partonope,
For truly, suster, he moste nedes be
Moste in my thought, while I am alyve,
To you aⱡ holy I do me shryve."—
"Ey, God helpe," seide good Wrake,
"What woman of you may I make?
Ye be, me þinketh, fuⱡ vnstable;
Youre herte is euer so chaungeable.
I haue grete mervaylle, be God a-bove,
Ye can Partonope * boþe hate and love,
And þat oones and in oo day.
Grete Ioy of you haue I may.
Yite for litiⱡ your herte couþe chaunge,
I trowe, fro hym, and love a straunge."
When Melior herde Wrake hir blame,
And to hir seide so moche shame,
For sorowe she wist not what to do,
But wept as þough hir herte a-two
Shuld haue broste; and þerwith she
Leyde hir downe on hir susters kne.
Longe after she seide fuⱡ petiously:

Urake reproaches her sister for being so inconstant.

Melior feels as though her heart is breaking, and implores Urake to help her.

8126. *MS.* patronope.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My love, my Ioy, my Partanope. 8117
For truly, suster, he must nedes be
Moost in my thought, while I am) a-lyve.
To yow alholly I do me schryfe."—
"Ey, God help," sayd good Vrak, 8121
"What voman) of yow may I make?
Ye be, me thenketh, fuⱡ vnstable;
Your hert ys euer chaungeable. 8124
I haue grete mervayle, be God above,
Ye can) Partanope both hate and love,
And that at ones and in oo day.
Grete Ioy of yow haue I may, 8128
Yett for lyteⱡ your hert cowde chaunge,
I trow, fro hym), and love a straunge."
Whan Melior herd Vrak her blame,
And to her sayd so moche shame, 8132
For sorow she wyst not what to do,
But wept as thogh her hert a-two
Shuⱡd haue brost, and ther-wyth She
Leyde her doune on) her susters kne.
Longe after She sayd fuⱡ peteusly: 8137

*Rawl. MS.*

My loue, my Ioye, my Partonope,
For truly, syster, he moste nedes be
Moste in my þought, while I leue.

To you aⱡ holy I wiⱡ me shreyue."—
"Ey, God helpe," seyde good Wrake,
"What woman) of you may I make?
Ye be, me thynketh, fuⱡ vnstabiⱡ;
Youre hert is euer fuⱡ chaungabiⱡ. 8124
I haue grete mervelⱡ, be God aboue,
Ye can) Partonope bothe hate *and* loue,
And þat at onys *and* in on day.
Grete Ioye of you haue I may. 8128
Yet for lytiⱡ youre hert couthe change,

I trowe for hym, *and* loue a stronge."
When) Melyore herde Wrake here blame.
And to here seyde so meche shame, 8132
For sorwe she wyste not what to do,
But wypte as þough here hert atwo
Shulde haue breste, *and* þer-with she
Leyde hir downe on hir syster kne. 8136
Longe after she seyde fuⱡ petuously:

" Wrake, good suster, I cry you mercy.
And for Goddis love, now conseylle me
My love to haue I myght beste be
Governed ; for fully in you I trust,
And ye can counseylle me for þe beste."
" Suster," seide Wrake, " as þinkeþ me,
Ye haue sett your-self in good degre,
And as now moste for your beste. [leaf 103]
Ye mow chese whome euer ye liste
Of such complexion ye mowe take
Of browne, of bloye, or elles of blake,
As is moste to your plesaunce.
Wherfore desyre ye a fayrere chaunce ?"
" Good suster," þen seide Melior,
" Ye make myn herte wonder sore.
And hardely, suster, grete syn haue ye
Thus vngoodly to rehete me.
Grete synn haþe þat list to displeace
A lady for love lieth in diseace."—
" That is soþe," seide good Wrake.
" It is grete almes, I dar vndirtake,

But Urake's ironical answer

only adds to Melior's grief.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

" Vrak, good suster, I crye yow mercy.
And for Goddes love, now counsayll me
My loue to haue I myght best be 8140
[1] Governed ; for fully in yow I trust.
And eke ye can counsayll me for the best." [1 leaf 67, back]
" SVster," sayd Vrak, " as thenkeith me,
Ye haue sett youre-self in good degree,
And, as now most for youre best, 8145
Ye now chese whom) y[l]ken) ye lest.
Of suche compleccion) ye mow take
Of broune, of bloye, or elles of blak,
As ye most to youre plesaunce. 8149
Where-fore desyre ye a fayre chaunce ?"
" GOode Suster," sayd than) Melior,
" Ye make my hert wondyr sore.
And hardyly, suster, grete synne haue ye 8153
Thus vngodely to rehete me.
Grete synne hath that lyst dysplese

A lady for love lyeth in desese."—
" That ys soth," sayd good Vrak. 8157
" Hyt ys grete almes, I dare vndyr-take,

*Rawl. MS.*

" Wrake, good syster, I crye you mercy,
[1] For Goddes loue, nowe counsell me
My loue to haue I myght beste be 8140
Gouer[ne]de ; for fully to you I truste,
And ye con counsell me þe beste."

¶ " Syster," seyde Wrake, " as thynketh me, [1 leaf 64, back]
Ye haue set youre-selfe in good degre,
And as nowe moste for þe beste. 8145
Ye may chese whom euer ye lyste.
Of soyche complexsion ye may take
Of browne, of bloye, ore of blake, 8148
As is moste to youre plesaunce
Where-for desyre ye a fayre chaunce ?"
¶ " Good syster," seyde þen Melyore,
" Ye make my hert þen wonder sore
And hardly, syster, grete syn haue ye

Thus vngoodly to rehete me. 8154
Grete synne he hathe þat lyste to dysplese.
A lady for loue lyth in dysseyse."—8156
" That is sothe," seyde good Wrake.
" Hit is grete almes, I vn[der]take,

8155. dyssplese] *First* e *seems altered from* y.

A lady to sle a gentiH knyght
That loveth hir truly *with* aH his myght." 8160

If Urake knew love, she says, she would not be so unkind.

Then seide þe lady: "I fele wele
In loves daunger ye are neuer a dele.
But God may ordeyn here-after þat ye
In loves daunse caught may be. 8164
Then aH þes Iapes wole ye leve,
Then shuH ye fele somwhat my greve."

Urake replies that she will not, at any rate, hate the man she loves.

þEn seide Wrake: "I wiH neuer more
To you speke, sith þat so sore 8168
My wordes to you grevaunce be
For when God wiH, suster, mow ye
In love here-after fuH truly,
And þen I hote you þat neuer shaH I 8172
Hym þat I love for no-þing hate,
For þat were an vngoodly debate."

"Love and hate depend on the God of love."

Then seide Melior: "þis may wele be.
But when God of love and ye 8176
Haue ben to-gedre þat ye hym serve,
And he you bynde tiH þat ye sterve,
Thus fro his servise neuer parte shaH ye.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A lady to sle a gentyH knyght
That lovyth her truly wyht aH hys myght." 8160
Than sayde the lady: "I fele wele
In loves daunger are ye neuer a dele.
But God may ordayn here-after that ye
In loues daunse caught may be. 8164
Than alle these Iapes wole ye leve,
Than shaH ye feele somewaht my greffe."

THan sayd Vrak: "I woH neuer more
To yow speke, syth that sore 8168
My wordys to yow grevaunce be.
For whan God wyH, Suster, to yow ye
In love here-after fuH treuly, 8171
And than I hote yow, neuer shaH I
Hym that I love for no-thing hate,
For that were an vngodely debate."
Than sayd Melioure: "Thys may wele be.
But whan God of love and ye 8176
Haue bene to-gedyr, that ye hym serve,
And he yow bynde tyH that ye sterve,
Thus fro hys seruyce neuer part shuH yee,

*Rawl. MS.*

A lady to sle a IentiH knyght
That louyth here *with* aH his myght."

Then seyde she: "I fele weH 8161
In louys damage are ye neuer a delle.
But God may ordeyne here-after þat ye
In louys daunce caught may be. 8164
Then aH þis Iapis wiH ye leue,
Then shuld ye fele somwhat my greue."

Then seyde Wrake: "I wiH neuer more
To you speke, sethe þat so sore 8168
My words to youre greuaunce be.
For when God wiH, syster, may ye
In loue haste fuH truly.
Then I hote you, neuer shaH I 8172
Hym þat I loue for nothynge hate,
For þat were an vngodly debate."
Then seyde Melyore: "þis may weH be.
But when God of loue *and* ye 8176
Haue ben to-geder þat ye hym serue,
And he you bynde þat ye sterue,
Thus fro his seruyse neuer part shaH ye,

Then shuⱡ ye wele teⱡ me
To love ne to hate shuⱡ ye haue no power,
But as ye may be to hym moste pleasire."
Then seide Wrake: "If love me bynde [leaf 103, back
Hym to serve in such a kynde,
What þing shaⱡ make me my love to hate?
Be-twene vs rise shaⱡ neuer debate.
Truly, suster, I sey for me
Of his servise haue I no deynte."—
"Be þe feith, suster, þat I hym owe,"
Seid Melior, "ye shuⱡ wele knowe
Boþe þat and moche oþer þing more
Ye felte [neuer] sith tyme,* ye were bore."
Then seide Wrake: "Love ye on faste!
Hym to serve haue I no haste:
For suster ye can neuer teⱡ me
Where I love paramours in any degre."—
"Ye, suster," þen seide Meliore,
"Ye know þat is a-go fuⱡ yore.
Where my herte was sette to love,
There it is aⱡ-wey, be God a-bove.

If that is so Urake does not care for love.

Melior's heart has not changed,

8192. sith tyme] *MS.* tyme sith.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Than) saⱡ ye wele telle me [leaf 68]
To loue ne to hate shaⱡ ye haue no powere, 8181
But as ye may be to hym) most plesure."
Than) sayd Vrak: "Yf love me bynde
Hym) to seruy in such a kynde, 8184
What thyng shaⱡ make me / my love to hate?
Be-twen) vs ryse shaⱡ neuer debate.
Truly, suster, I sey now for me
Of hys seruyce haue I no deynte." 8188
"Be the fayth, suster, that I hym) ow,"
Seyd Melior, "ye shaⱡ weⱡ know
Both that and moche other thyng more
Ye felt neuer syth tyme ye were bore."
Than) sayd Vrak: "Love ye on) fast!
Hym) to serue haue I no hast.
For, suste[r], ye canne neuer teⱡ me
Where I love paramou[r]s in any degree." 8196
"Ya, suster," than) sayd Melior,
"Ye know that ys go fuⱡ yore.
Where my hert was sett to love,
There yt ys alwey, be God above. 8200

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Then) shaⱡ ye weⱡ teⱡ me 8180
To loue ne to hate shaⱡ ye haue no poure, [1 leaf 65]
But as ye may be to hym moste plesure."
Then) seyde Wrake: "Yef loue me bynde
Hym to serue in soyche a kynde, 8184
What thynge shaⱡ make me my loue to hate?
Be-twene vs ryse shaⱡ neuer debate.
Truly, syster, I sey nowe for me
Of his seruyse haue I no deynte."—
"Be the feyth, syster, þat I owe," 8189
Seyde Melyore, "ye shaⱡ weⱡ knowe
Bothe þat *and* moche oþer more
Ye felt neuer sethe ye were bore." 8192
Then) seyde Wrake: "Loue ye on faste!
Hym) to serue haue I no haste.
For, syster, ye con neuer teⱡ me
Where I loue paramour in ony degre."—
"Ye, syster," þen) seyde Melyore, 8197
"Ye knowe þat is a-goo fuⱡ yore.
Where myne hert was set to loue,
There it is aⱡ-wey, be God aboue. 8200

And, suster, ye speke euer of oo þinge,
Ye can neuer make þerof Endyng.
and she will do as she likes. And as touchyng þis parlement,
What my lordes þerin haue ment, 8204
And what euer they meane, so mote I go,
As me list beste so wiH I do."
"No, she is obliged to accept the victor of the tournament." Then seide hir suster Wrake:
"þough ye litiH heede here-of take 8208
In suche place ye be now brought,
Be ought or be it nought:
He þat wynneth þe turnament,
Ye moste haue hym by Iugement."— 8212
Melior will choose no other than the man she loves. "Suster," she seide, "I shaH neuer take
For hem aH none oþer make
But such as hathe aH hole my herte,
How sore þerof þat euer I smerte."— 8216
"I wote neuer whome ye love beste,
But wele I wote ye haue skiH moste
To Partonope, whome [-euer] ye chese,
Who euer yow he shaH lese." 8220
She loves Partonope, Then seide Melior: "It is not so.
I love hym truly and no mo. [leaf 104]

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And, suster, ye spek euer of on) thyng,
Ye can) neuer make therof endyng.
And as touching thys parlament,
What my lordes there-In haue ment,
And what euer they mene, So motte I go, [1 leaf 68, back] 8205
As me lust best So wele I do."
Than) sayd her suster Vrak:
"Thow ye lyteH heede here-of take,
In such plyte ye be now brought,
B[e] ought or be hyt naught: 8210
He that wynneth the turnement,
Ye must haue hym) Indegent."
"Suster," She sayd, "I shaH neuer take

For hem) aH none other make 8214
But such that hath aH hole my hert,
How sore therfor that euer I smert."—
"I wote neuer whom) ye love best, 8217
But wele I wote ye haue sylk mest
[1] To Partanope, whom) euer ye chese,
Who euer yow/he shaH yow lese." 8220
Than) sayde Melior: "Hyt [is] not so,
I loue hym) truly and no moo.

*Rawl. MS.*

And, syster, ye speke euer of thynge,
Ye con neuer make þer-of endynge.
And as toychynge þis parlemente,
What my lordes þer-in haue mente, 8204
And what euer þey mene mot I goo,

As me lyste beste so wiH I do"
Then) seyde hir syster Wrake:
"Though ye lytiH hede here-of take,
In soyche plyte ye be brought, 8209
Be it ought ore be it nought:
He þat wynnyth þe turmente,
Ye moste haue hym by Iuggemente."—
"Syster," she seyde, "I shaH neuer take [1 leaf 65, back]
For hem aH none oþer make 8214
But soyche as hath houly my herte,
Howe sore þer-fore þat euer I smerte."—
"I wot neuer whom ye loue beste,
But weH I wot ye haue skiH meste
To Partonope, whom euer ye chose,
[1] Who euer haue you, he shall you lese."
Then) seyde Melyore: "It is not so.
I loue hym truly *and* no mo. 8222

What euer þe Iuges deme a-bove,
I yeve hym fully aH my love."—
"To late þes wordes ye haue seide.
Ye moste nedes holde you paide
To haue hym your lorde þat be Iugement
Hath borne hym beste in þe turnament."
Then seide Melior: "Ye sey now* soþe.
But sipe to me þis is so loþe,
I shaH make hem leve her entent
And anulle aH þis turnement."
Then seide Wrake: "þis may not be.
It is proclamed in many a contree
That agreed ye be fully þerto;
What euer ye sey it moste be do."
AH wepyng answerd Meliore:
"It hath be spoke so ferre afore
To aH þe worlde is now hidder comyng.
Of nought it serveth aH my repentyng!"
Then seide Wrake: "It wole not be.
AH þis wepyng for Partonope,
Lette þis go for euer with-outen fayle,
Thus is, suster, my fuH counseylle."

and will countermand the tournament.

"That is now too late."

Melior's repentance is of no avail.

8229. now] *MS.* not.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

What euer [the] Iuges deme a-bove,
I yeve hym) fully aH my love."— 8224
"To lete thys wordes ye haue sayde.
Ye must nedes hold yow payde
To haue hym) your lord þat be Iugement
Hath born) hym) best in the turnement." 8228
Than) sayd Melior: "Ye say now soth,
But syth to me thys ys so both,
I shaH make hem) leve her entent
And anulle aH this In-turnement."
Than) sayd Vrak: "Thys may not be.
Hyt ys proclaymed in many a contre
That a-greed fully ye be ther-to;
What euer ye say hit must be do."
AH wepyng answered Melior: 8237
"Hit hath be spokeyn) so ferre and nere
To aH the world ys now hedyr comyng.
Of nought hit serveth aH myn) repentyng!" 8240
Than sayd Vrak: "Late now be
AH this wepyng for Partanope.
Late this goo for euer wyth-outen) fayle.
This ys, suster, my fuH counsayH."

*Rawl. MS.*

What euer the Iugges deme aboue,
I yeue hym fully aH my loue."— 8224
"To late þis wordes ye haue seyde.
Ye moste nedes holde you payde
To haue hym þat be Iugment
Hathe borne hym beste in turmente."

Then) seyde Melyor: "Ye sey sothe.
But sethe to me þis is so lothe 8230
I shaH make hem leue here entente
And anuH aH þis turment." 8232
Then) seyde Wrake: "It may not be.
Hit is proclamyde in many a contre
That agrede fully ye be þer-to.
What euer ye sey it moste be do." 8236
AH wepynge answerde Melyore:
"Hit hathe be spoke so ferre afore,
AH þe worlde is heper comy[n]ge.
Of nought seruyth my repentynge!"

Then) seyde Wrake: "Let nowe be
AH þis wepynge for Partonope.
Let þis goo for euer with-out faiH,
This is, syster, my fuH counseH." 8244

She has lost Partonope through her own folly.

Ayein answerde faire Meliore :
"Nedes moste my herte be sore,
Sith þrow myn owne foly
Myn hertes Ioy þus loste haue I."

"You will not see Partonope at the tournament," says Urake.

"Suster," seide Wrake, þis faire mayde,
"Thes wordes be now to late seide.
For no doute þis ye shuH not se
At þis turnament Partonope.

The choice lies in the hands of the judges.

And þis is þe moste wo of aH :
In your power it may not faH
To chese your love þere as ye luste,
But where your Iuges likeþ beste.
To hym ye moste yeue aH your herte,
Though it do so youre herte smerte.
They shuH chese, but ye moste love.
þis mariage, me þinketh, may not prove.
For who þat shaH love, as þinketh me,
The choyse aH in hym moste be.
Of þis it nedeth not to speke more. [leaf 104, back]
But when I kneled and wept fuH sore,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A-yene answerd fayre Melior :
"Nedys must my hert be sore
Syth throw myn owne foly
Myn hertes Ioy thus lost haue I." 8248
"SVster," sayd Vrak, this fayre mayde,
"This wordes be now to late sayd.
For no dowte this ye not shaH see
At this turnement Partanope. 8252
And this ys the most wo of aH :
In your power hit may not faH
To chese youre love there as ye lust,
But where youre Iuges lyketh best. 8256
To hym ye must yeve aH youre hert,
Thoght yt do yow sore smert. [leaf 69]
They shuH chese, but ye must love.
This Maryage me thenketh may not prove. 8260
For who that shuld love, as thenketh me,
The choyse algate in hym must be.
Of this nedyth not to speke no more.
But whanne I kneled and wept fuH sore, 8264

*After* 8257 *catchword :* Thogh hit do yow sore.

*Rawl. MS.*

Ayen answerde fayre Melyore :
"Nedes moste myne hert be sore,
Sethe þorwe myne owne folye
My hertes Ioye þus loste haue I."— 8248
"Syster," seyde Wrake, þis fayre mayde,
"This wordes ben to late seyde.
For no doute þis ye shaH not se
At þis turment Partonope. 8252
And þis is þe moste wo of aH :
In youre poure it may not faH
To chese youre loue þer ye lyste,
But where youre Iugges leketh beste.
To hym ye moste yeue youre herte, 8257
Though it do you sore smerte.
They shaH chese, but ye moste loue.
This me thynke may not proue. 8260

For who shaH loue, as thynketh me,

Praying you to for-gyve Partonope,
Then herde in no wise myght I be.
But þis is a fuƕ olde sawe :
Nede hathe no man*er* of lawe. 8268
Therfore my counseylle is atte leste :
Taketh hym to yo*ur* love þat turneþ beste."
Now with þes wordes þes susters two
Ben risen, and into a chambre go. 8272
And in shorte tyme þis fayre Wrake
Of hir suste*r* hir leve [hath] take.
She þinketh fuƕ longe, while she is þe*re*,
She wolde fuƕ fayne be Elles-where. 8276
Now shortely to speke, þis good Wrake
Of Melior hir suster leve haþe take.
And Melior *pra*yeth fayre þat she
With hir atte turnement wil be, 8280
And she hir graunted *with* good chere,
Saying: Suste*r*, I wole be þere."
Of hir leve takyng no more I make.
But streight to shipp goþe Wrake. 8284
Wynde and weder haþe she at wiƕ.
To Salence she comeþ fuƕ softe and stiƕ,
Fro shippe to casteƕ streight goþe she.
When ware of hir was Partonope,* 8288
Atte chambre dore sone he hir mette,
And fuƕ gladly eiche oþer grette.
Of hir comyng fuƕ glad was he,

"I advise you to marry the man who fights best."

Urake now takes her departure,

but promises her sister to be present at the tournament.

Urake sails back to Salence,

and Partonope is happy to see her again.

8288. *MS.* patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Prayng yow to for-gyf Partanope,
Than̄ herd / in no wyse myght I be.
But this ys a fuƕ olde sawe :
Nede had no man*er* of lawe. 8268
There-fore my counsayƕ ys at leste :
Taketh̄ hym̄ to your love that turneth̄ best."
Now wyth̄ thise word*es* these sustres two
Bene rysen̄, and in-to Chamber goo.
And in Shorte tyme this fayr*e* Vrak
Of her suster leve taketh̄, 8274
She thenketh̄ fuƕ longe, while She ys there,
She wold fuƕ fayne be ell*es* where, 8276
Now Shortely to speke, this goode Vrak
Of Melyor, her Suster, leve hath̄ take.
And Melior prayeth̄ fayr*e* that She
Wyth̄ her atte turnement wold be, 8280
And She her graunted wyth̄ good cher*e*,
Sayng : "Suster, I wyƕ be there."
Off her leve takyng no more I make.
But streyght̄ to Ship̄ gooth̄ Vrak.
Wynd and wedyr hath̄ She at wylle.
To Salens She cometh̄ fuƕ softe and stylle, 8286
Fro Shyp̄ to casteƕ streyght̄ gothe She.
Whan̄ ware of her was Partanope, 8288
Atte Chambry dor*e* sone he her mett,
And fuƕ goodely ech̄ other grett.
Of her home comyng fuƕ glad was he,

And of his helthe moche Ioy made she. 8292
And with hym come faire Persewise
To welcome hir lady be good avise.
Urake tells him about the tournament, adding that Melior sends him word that she will never be his wife if he does not come there.
And of þe turnement Wrake hym tolde,
And what þe cause is why it shuld be holde ; 8296
And seide his love hym worde sente
If he come not to þe turnement,
Melior his wife neuer shuld be.
Then to Wrake seide * Partonope : 8300
" And Godd gif me life, *with*-oute doute,
I shall go forþe amonge þe Route. [leaf 105]
But what shall I do ? I haue none armoure."—
Urake will procure him splendid armour,
" Care ye nought, for I you ensure 8304
Ye shall none lake," seide good Wrake.
" For fayrere ne bet*ter*, I dare vndertake,
Beth not to selle þis day in Parise,
Of strenger assayes ne bet*ter* avise, 8308
Stronge sheldes, fayre sadels *with* cropers,
Light and faire shapen, and myghty colers,
Hauberk, hosen of mayle full bright,
And helme of fyne stele þat hath good sight. 8312
and a black steed.
A stede I shall gyve you which is cole blak ;
In hym I trowe ye shall fynde no lak,
Wele rennyng and redy atte honde,

8300. *MS. adds* to *after* seide.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And of helth moch Ioy made She. 8292
And wyth come fayre Persewyse
To welcome her lady be goode a-vyse.
And of the turnement Vrake hym told,
And whatt the cause was hit shuld be hold ; 8296
[1] And sayd his love hym word sent
Yf he come not to thurnement,
Melior his wyfe shuld neuer be.
Than to Vrak sayd Partanope : 8300
"And God gyfe me grace *and* lyfe,
wyth-outen doute, [1 leaf 69, back]
I shall go forth wyth all the route.
But what shall I do? I haue no armure."
"Care yow nogħt, ffor I yow ensure 8304
Ye shall none lak," sayd fayre Vrak,
" For fayre[r] ne better I dare vndyrtake,
Beth not to selle this day in Paryse,
Of strenger assayes ne better devyse,
Strong Sheldes, fayre Sadylles wyth cropers, 8309
Lyght and fayre Shapen, and myghti colers,
Haubrek, hosyn of mayle ffull bryght,
And helme of fyne stele þat hath good sygħt. 8312
A steede I shall gyf yow which ys cole blak ;
In hym I trow ye shall fynde no lakk,
Wele rennyng and redy atte hand,

A bett*er* shaⱡⱡ be founde in no londe.
Therfore sett fully yo*ur* entent
To be at þat grete turnament;
For amonge thousandes of armed men
A ffressher ne a bett*er* armed shaⱡⱡ ben
Man in þe felde þat ilke day
Then ye shuⱡⱡ be; and þ*er*fore assay
Of þe turnement to haue þe degre,
For aⱡⱡ yo*ur* armyng I take vpon me.
For and ye liste hem to se nowe,
They shuⱡⱡ be brought afore you;
And at leyser ye shaⱡⱡ hem assay.
And what is not good to yo*ur* pay,
It shaⱡⱡ be amended at good eace."
And þ*er*w*ith* anoone w*ith*-oute lese
Fresshe harneys afore hym was brought.
What hym lust haue þere lakked nought.
This hareneis he liked wonder wele;
He se neu*er* fayrere of Iren and stele.
The hosen of stele he did assay
If they were shape wele to his pay.
And Persewise with hir fresshe face
A-boute his legges gan hem lace.
Thes hosen of stele þ*at* were so bright,
Were wele shapen vnto his sight,
In hem defaute couþe he none fynde,
And Persewise þat was so kynde,
Brought him an hauberk fresshe and gay,
If it were mete to assay.

If he wishes to try the armour, she will bring it to him at once.

Persevis aids him in arming.

[leaf 105, back]

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A better shaⱡⱡ be found in no land. 8316
There-ffore sett fully your entent
To be att that grete turnement;
For a-monge thousandes of armed men)
A fressher ne a bett*er* armed shaⱡⱡ bene
Man) / in the feld that ylk day 8321
Than) ye shuⱡⱡ be, and there-for assay
Of the turnement to haue de-gree,
For aⱡⱡ your armyng I take vpon) me.
For and ye lyst hem) to se now, 8325
They shuⱡⱡ be brought a-fore yow;
And at leyser ye shaⱡⱡ hem) assay.
And what ys not good ffor your þay, 8328
Hyt shaⱡⱡ be amendyd at good ease."
And ther-wyth a-none * w*ith*-outen lees
Fresshe harneys a-for hym) was broght.
What hym) lust haue lakked noght, 8332
Thys harneys he lyked wondyr wele;
He sygh neu*er* fayre[r] of Iren) and steelle.
The hosyn) of steele he dyd assay
* * * * * *

8330. *MS.* wythe a-none *twice.*

This hawberk vpon him he did caste:
Of beaute hym þought þat paste
Aꝯ þo þat eu*er* he had sene be-fore.
This faire Persewise *with*-oute more
With a girdiꝯ of golde hym girde a-bove,
Wele sette with perle; for somewhat love.
This fayre mayde hath brought in suche plite,
Partonope to pleace was aꝯ hir delite.
And forþe anone with-oute*n* faile
A-boute his neke a faire ventaile
She did lace, with-oute oþes moo.
And faire Wrake hym brought þo
A bright helme bourened fyne of stele,
With golde and perle sette fuꝯ wele.
And right anoone with-oute lette
Vpon his hede Wrak it sette,
And knytte þe gower a-boute his waste,
And to his shulders made it faste.
Wrak brought hym a swerde anoone.
Though þrow þe worlde a man shuld gone
A passyng good swerde to fynde,
He wolde not haue lefte þat be-hynde;
And þer*to* it was so bright and kene,
When he had it naked sene,
He seide he se neu*er* such anoþ*er*;
Of golde þat was worþ wele a foþ*ere*.
Wrake with þis swerde so bright
A-bove his hareneis anoone right

She had quite fallen in love with Partonope.

Wrake fastens the helmet on his head,

and gives him a keen sword.

But as she is going to gird him with it,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] This haubreke vpon) hym) he caste:
Of beute hym þought þat paste [1 leaf 66]
Aꝯ þat eu*er* he hade sen be-fore. 8347
This Persewyse so feyre *with*-out more
*With* a gyrdiꝯ of golde hym gyrde aboue, 8349
Weꝯ set *with* perle; for somwhat loue
This feyre mayde hathe brought in soyche plight,
Partonope to plese was hir delyte. 8352
And furthe anone *with*-out faiꝯ
A-boute his nyke a feyr*e* ventaiꝯ
She dyde lace, *with*-out oþis mo.
And fayre Wrake hym brought þo 8356
A bright helme burnyshede of steꝯ,
*With* golde *and* perle set fuꝯ weꝯ.
And right anone *with*-out let
Vppon his hede Wrake it set, 8360
And knyte þe gowre aboute his waste,
And to his shoulder made it faste.
Wrake brought hym a swerde anone.
Thorwe þe worlde a man) shulde gon)
A passynge good swerde to fynde, 8365
He wolde not a lefte it be-hynde;
Therto it was so bright *and* kene,
Whan he it nakede sene, 8368
He seyde he sighe neu*er* soche anoþ*er*;
Of golde it was worthe a foþ*er*.
Wrake *with* þis swerde so bright
A-boue his harnes anone right 8372

She wolde haue gyrde, but he seide nay.
"Why?" seide Wrake, "I you pray.
What is your cause, for God all-myght?"
Then seide Partonope anoone right:
"I wole you tell why I it do.
For on a tyme it stode so
I stode wele in my ladies grace,
And were to-gedre in a place [leaf 106]
Where I toke leve fro hir to go,
This was þe charge she gave me þo,
That neuer woman shulde girde me
With my swerde; for truly she
Seide she shuld a-boute me þat swerde do.
And I prayde hir hertly it might be so.
I haue you tolde now þe cause why
Ye may not girde me truly."
Wrake þat was boþe curteise and hende,
To hym answerd and seide: "My frende,
If it happe you, Partonope,
In bataylle þat in grete prese ye be,
And your swerde be any þing to longe,
Girde you with þe shorter thonge.
And I couþe yite ordeyne þat ye
Of hir with swerde to girde be,
And she of you shuld have no knowyng.
For I darre vndirtake you to bryng

Partonope declares that only his Lady can do that.

Wrake thinks she can bring that about,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

She wolde haue gyrde, but he sayde nay.
"Why?" sayde Wrake, "I you praye.
What is youre cause, for God almyght?"
Then seyde Partonope anone right:
"I will you tell why I it do,
For on a tyme it stode so
I stode well in my ladyes grace,
And were to-geder in a place
Where I toke leue fro hir to goo,
This was þe charge she yaf me þo:
That neuer woman shulde gyrde me [leaf 66, back]
With my swerde, for truly she
Seyde she wolde a-boute me þat swerde do.
And I prayede hir hertly it myght be so.
I haue you tolde þe cause why
Ye may not gyrde me truly."
¶ Wrake, þat was courtes *and* hende,
To hym answerde *and* seyde: "Frende,
Yef it hap you, Partonope,
In batail þat in grete prese ye be,
And youre swerde be ony thynge to longe,
Gyrde you with þe hynde thonge.
And I couthe yet ordeyne þat ye
Of hir with swerde gyrde to be,
And she of you shall haue no knowynge.
For I dare vndertake you to brynge

8394. *MS.* hynde or hynder

Into a place where þat ye
At right good leysere hir shuld se." 8400

and Partonope thanks her with all his heart.

" Faire lady," seide Partonope,
"There is no man on lyve þat may be
More be-holde to any creature
Then I am to you; *per*fore what I endure 8404
On life, yo*ur* man I moste nedes be.
And if þis beheste ye haue made me,
Ye wolde parfourme as ye may say,
Of aⱡⱡ myn heale ye bere þe keye, 8408
To bryng me in place þere I myght be
Myn hertly Ioy þus forto se,
And I vnknowen of any wight,
This were to me a blessed sight." 8412

She next brings him a fair shield

Then seide Wrake: "Sith my be-heste
To you may be so grete a feste,
I wiⱡⱡ do aⱡⱡ my fuⱡⱡ power
To brynge you to haue þis leyser." 8416
Therwith she brought hym a fayre shelde
So ffresshe ypaynted þat a felde
Of þe beaute myght enlumened be.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1] To yow may be so grete a fest 8414
I wyⱡⱡ do aⱡⱡ my fuⱡⱡ power [1 leaf 70]
To bryng yow to haue this leyser. 8416
There-wyth She brought hym a fayre Sheeld.
So fresch I-peynted that a feld
Of the beaute myght enleymed haue be.

*Rawl. MS.*

In-to a place where þat ye
At right good leyser hir shaⱡⱡ se."—
"Fayre lady," sayde Partonope. 8401
"Ther is no man on lyve þat euer may be
More be-holde to ony creture
Then I am to you; *per*-fore while I endure
On lyue, youre man moste I nedes be.
And of þis be-heste ye haue made me,
Ye wolde parforme as ye may say,
Of aⱡⱡ my hele ye bere þe key, 8408
To brynge me in place *per* I myght be
Myn hertly Ioye þus for to see,
And I vnknowe on ony wight,
This were to me a blyssede sight." 8412
¶ Then seyde Wrake: "Seth my be-heste
To you may be so grete an ffeste,
I wiⱡⱡ do aⱡⱡ my fuⱡⱡ poure
To brynge you to haue þis leyser." 8416
Ther-with she brought hym a feyre shelde
So freshe I-pentyde þat a felde
Of þe beme myght enlemyde be.

Grete [wonder] þer-of had Partonope. [leaf 106, back] 8420
Large, stronge it was, deffensable in fight,*
And þerto it was passyng light.
And sith she made to hym brynge
A gitone of golde beten, all glitteryng,* 8424 and a spear with a glittering flag.
And nayles of golde it forto takke
Vpon a grete spere peynted blak.
This spere I speke of, was not longe;
But when þis getone þer-on did honge 8428
A ffresher devise coupe no man se.
The shelde anoone Partonope
So gay a-boute his neke did henge.
Vpon his stede þo gan he sprynge, 8432 Partonope leaps on the steed.
With-oute Stirope full fresshly.
His spere in his hande he toke lustely.
Out of þe castell þo did he ride,
Into a medowe þat was longe and wyde, 8436
His hors, his hareneis þer to assay,
If it were easy, acordyng to his pay.
Stronge, swifte, wele bridled þe stede founde he.
Grete Ioy hadde þes maydens to se 8440 The ladies admire him.

8421. *MS.* sight. 8424. *MS.* glideryng.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Grete there-of had Partanope. 8420
Large, strong hyt was, defensable in sygh̄t,
And ther-to hyt was passyng lygh̄t.
And sygh̄ she made to hym̄ bryng
A geten̄ gold beten̄, all̄ gleteryng, 8424
And nayles of gold hit for to takk
Vpon̄ a grete spere peynted blak.
This spere I spek of, was not long.
But whan̄ this geton̄ there-on̄ dyd honge, 8428
A fressher devyse coude no man̄ see.
The Sheld a-non̄ Partanope
So gay a-boute hys nekk he hynge.
Vpon̄ his steed tho gan̄ he spryng, 8432
Wyth̄-oute styrop̄ full̄ fresshly.
His spere in his hond he toke sustely.
Oute of the castell̄ tho dyd he ryde
In to a medew that was larg and wyde,
His hors, his harneys ther to assay, 8437
Yf hit were esy, a-cordyng to hys pay.
Strong, sweft, well̄ brydelyd the steed fond he.
Grete Ioy had these mayndenes to se

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Grete wonder þer-of hade Partonope.
Large, stronge it was, deffensabill̄ in fight, [1 leaf 67] 8421
Ther-to hit was passynge light.
And sethe she made to hym brynge
A geton with golde betyn, all̄ glet-trynge, 8424
And nayled of golde it for to takke
Vppon̄ a grete spere peyntyde blake,
This spere I speke of, was not longe.
When̄ þis gytton þeron dyde honge,
A freshere devyse couthe man̄ see. 8429
The shilde a-none Partonope
So gay aboute his nyke dyde hange.
Vppon̄ his stede þo gan̄ he sprynge
With-oute sterope full̄ freshly.
His spere in his honde he helde lustely.
Oute of þe castell̄ þo dyde he ryde
In-to a meadowe, large *and* wyde, 8436
His hors, his harnes þer to assay,
Yef it were eyse acordynge to his pay.
Stronge, swyfte, well̄ brydelled̄e þe stede fonde he.
Grete Ioye hade þis maydens to se 8440

With hym-self how feire he ferde.
A-forne hadde they neu*er* sene ne herde
Of man yarmed so moche beaute sey,
Hym to se grete Ioy hadde they. 8444
Armed he was passyng semely.
Downe of his stede he lepe lustely,
When aⱡ his assaies he hadde do.
Into a chambre streight did he go 8448
Hym to vn-arme, w*ith*-outen more.
Urake goes on board her ship, Wrak be-thought hir how Melior
With swerde moste girde Partonope.
In aⱡ þe haste to shippe gothe [s]he, 8452
Toke of hym leve and þat fuⱡ goodly,
Chargeyng his wardeyns tendirly
They shuld hem kepe; and what hym lyste
accompanied by Persevis. He shuld not faile to haue of þe beste. 8456
Now good Wrake and faire Persewise
Bene vnder sayle, and at poynte devise
They have the wynde and weder at wiⱡ. [leaf 107]
Hir be-heste she þinketh to fuⱡ-fiⱡ. 8460
Forþe sayleth her shippe in good array,
That within a nyght and half a day

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth hym)-self how fayre he ferd. 8441
A-forn) had they neu*er* seen) ne herd
Of man) I-armed so moche beaute sey.
Hym) to se hád they grete Ioy. 8444
Armed he was passyng semely.
Doune of hys stede he leepe lustyly,
Whan) his assays he had do.
In-to a chambere streght he dyd go 8448
Him) to vn-harme, wyth-outen) more.
Vrak be-thought her how Melior
Wyth swerd must gyrde Partanope.
In aⱡ the hast to Shiꝑ goth She, 8452
[1]Toke of hym) leve and that fuⱡ goodely,
Chargyng his wardeyns tendyrly 8454
The shuld hym) kepe; and what hym) lyst [1 leaf 70, back]
He shuld not fayle to haue of the best.
Now good Vrak and fayre Persewyse
Bene vndyr sayle, and at poynt-devyse
They haue the wynd and wedyr at wyⱡ.
Hir be-hest She thenketh to fuⱡ-fyⱡ.
Forth sayleth her Shyꝑ in good a-ray,
That wyth-in a nyght and half a day

*Rawl. MS.*

W*ith* hym-selfe so feyre he ferde.
Afore hade þey neu*er* sen ne herde
Of man) I-armede so meche beute se.
Hym to se grete Ioye hade þey. 8444
Armede he was passynge symly.
Downe of his stede he lepte lustely,
When) aⱡ his assayes he hade I-do.
In-to a chambir streight dyde he goo
Hym) to vnarme, w*ith*-out more. 8449
Wrake be-þought hir howe Melyore
W*ith* swerde moste gyrde P*ar*tonope.
In aⱡ the haste to shipe gothe she, 8452
Toke of hym leue *and* þat fuⱡ goodly,
Chargynge his wardens tend*er*ly
They shulde hym kepe; *and* what hym lyste [leaf 67, back]
He shulde not faiⱡ to haue the beste.
Nowe good Wrake *and* feyre Percewyse
Bethe vnd*er* saiⱡ; at poynt-devyse 8458
They haue wynde *and* we þ*er* at wiⱡ,
Here be-heste þey þynke to fuⱡ-fiⱡ.
Furthe she saylyth in good array, 8461
That w*ith*-in a nyght *and* a day

Vnder Chief de Oire is she come.
The londe fuƕ prively haþe she nome,
That of hir comyng is no man wise,
Save she allone and Persewise.
The privey posterns, I vndertake,
Of þe paleys wele knoweth Wrake.
And þrowe a gardeyn, þat was fuƕ privey,
Cometh Wrake and faire Persewy
Streight vnto þe chambre-dore,
Where as the maydens of Melior
Were a-slepe faste; and vp she nome
The lache of þe dore, and in she come.
" A-wake, a-wake!" she bade hem faste.
Oute of theire slepe they breyde in haste.
They were a-wake so sodenly
That they wist neuer redely
In what place þo that they were,
And in þis stakeryng they gonne fere.*
Of þis affray had Wrake game,
And than eich woman by hir name
She called and seide: " Be not a-gaste.
I am come hidder in grete haste

She arrives at Chef d'Oire,

and proceeds directly to the palace.

She startles Melior's ladies out of their sleep,

8480. fere] *MS. rather* fece.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Vndyr Chyef de Oyre ys She come.
The lond fuƕ prevyly hath She nome,
That of her comyng ys no man wyse,
Saue She allone and Persewyse.
The pryvy posterns, I vndyr-take,
Of the paleys weƕ knoweth Vrak,
And throw a gardyrn, that was fuƕ prevy,
Cometh Vrak and fayre Persewy
Streght vn-to the chamber-dore,
Where as the mayndens of Melior
Were a-slepe fast; and vp She nome
The lacch of the dore, and in she come.
"A-wak, a-wak," she bad hem fast.
Oute of there Slepe they breyd in hast,
They were a-wake so sodenly
That they wyst neuer redely
In what place tho they were,
And in this stakeryng they gonne fere.
Of this affray had Vrak game,
And than ech woman be her name
She calleth, and sayd: "Be not a-gast.
I am come hedvr in grete hast

*Rawl. MS.*

Vnder Chyfe doyre she is I-come.
To londe fuƕ prevely she hathe nome,
That of hir co-my[n]ge no man wyste,
Safe she allone *and* Percewyse.
The prevy posterne, I vnder-take,
Of þe palys weƕ knoweth Wrake.
And þorwe a gardyn, þat was prevy,

Comyth Wrake *and* feyre Percewy
Streight in-to þe chambir-dore,
Where as þe maydens of Melyore
Were aslepe faste; vp she nome
The lacche of þe dore, *and* in she come.
"A-wake, a-wake!" she bade hem faste.
Out of þer slepe þey brede in haste.
They were awake so sodenly
That þey wyste neuer redely
In what place þo þat þey were,
And in þis stakerynge þey gan fere.
Of þis affray hade Wrake game,
And þen iche woman by here name
She callede *and* seyde: "Be not agaste.
I am come heþer in grete haste

8463
8464
8466
8468
8472
8476
8477
8480
8481
8484

To speke with my lady and suster dere."
and is conducted by them to the Queen's chamber. Anoone the women made hir good chere,
And brought hir þere the lady lay,
And þen anoone, with-outen nay, 8488
To bedde they yede euerichone,*
And lete þes ladies to-gedre allone.
Anoone as Melior wist þat Wrake
Hir suster was come, she gan to make 8492
Grete Ioy, and seide: "Welcome be ye."—
"Medame," seide Wrake, "I come to se
"How it is with you, and how ye fare."—
"Allas!" seide Melior, "haue I grete care! 8496
For in my wittes I can not se
How þis turnament myght anulled be."— [leaf 107, back]
She has come to hear particulars about the tournament. "Nay of þe anullyng speke ye no worde.
That is determyned by aⱡ þe acorde 8500
Of your lordes and eke of you,
Wherfore I am come hidder nowe
To knowe and wete þe fuⱡ entente
Which shuld holde þis turnemente 8504

8489. *MS.* euierchone.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To spek wyth my lady and suster dere."
A-none the women made her good chere, 8486
And brought her there her lady lay,
And than a-none, wyth-outen nay,
To bed they yede euerych-one, 8489
And lete these ladyes to-gydyr a-lone.
Anone as Melior wyst that Vrak
[1] Her suster was come, she gan to mak
Grete Ioy, and say: "Weⱡ-come be ye."— [1 leaf 71]
"Madame," sayd Vrak, "I come to se
How hit ys wyth yow, and how ye fare."—
"Alas," sayd Melior, "haue I grete care! 8496
For in my wyttes I can not se
How this turnement myght anuled Be."
"Nay of the anulling speke ye no word,
That ys thermyned be aⱡ the a-corde
Of youre lordes and eke of yow, 8501
Where-for I am come hedyr now
To know and wyte the fuⱡ entent
Which shuld hold this turnement 8504

*Rawl. MS.*

To speke with my lady *and* systir dere."
Anone þe women hir good chere,
And brought here þer here lady lay.
Then anone, with-out nay, 8488
To bede þey yede euerychone,
And lefte þis ladyes to-geder allone.
¶ A-none as Melyore wyste of Wrake
Hir syster was come, she gan to make
Grete Ioye, *and* seyde: "Welcome be ye."— [leaf 68] 8493
"Madam," she seyde, "I come to se
Howe it is with you, *and* howe ye fare!"—
"Allas," seyde Melyore, "I haue grete care, 8496
For in my wyttes I can not se
Howe þis turment myght anullede be."

"Of þe nullynge speke ye no worde.
That is determynde be aⱡ þe acorde
Of youre lordes *and* eke of you, 8501
Where-for I am come heþer nowe
To knowe *and* wete þe full entent,
Whiche shaⱡ holde þis turment 8504

Within, and who shaⱡ be *with*-oute.
This is my comyng, with-oute doute."
The lady þer*with* gan so sighe,
And toward God in heven an highe
Fuⱡ petously hir Eyen did caste.
And when þat was somwhat paste,
She aforsed hir to loke vp lightly,
That hir suster shuld not espye
That in any hevynesse she were.
Wrake in no wise myght for-bere
Hir susters sothes algaţe to telle,
She thought she wolde rynge hir belle:
"Lorde God! suster, whaţ do ye mene?
Your olde maners be turned aⱡ clene.
I wote wele for love ye sorowe.
Your gladde chere of feynyng ye borowe,
Youre sighes ye murder* *with*in your breste.
Lete hem breke oute, lete hem be wiste
Of me þat am your suster dere.
Or telle me wheþer to go or where
I myghte your love verely se.

Melior sighs pitifully,

but then puts on a cheerful countenance.

Urake knows that love causes all her sorrow.

Why does she not tell her sister all her woe?

8521. murder] *MS.* borowe.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth-in, and ho shaⱡ be wyth-oute,
This ys my comyng, wyth-outen) doute."
The lady ther-wyth gan) so syght,
And toward God in heven) an) hyghe
Fuⱡ peteusly her eyn) dyd cast.
And whan) that was somwhat past,
She a-forsed her to loke vp lygh[t]ly,
That her suster shuld not asspye
That in ony hevynes She were.
Vrak in no wyse myght for-bere
Her sustres sothes algate to telle,
She thought She wold rynge her beⱡ:
"Lord God! suster, what do ye mene?
Youre old manerys be turned alle clene.
I wote wele ffor love ye sorow.
Youre glad chere of feynyng ye borow,
Your syghes ye murder wyth-in youre brest.
Late hym) brek oute, lete hem) be wyst
Of me that am) youre suster dere.
Or telle me weedyr to go or where
I myght your love veryly se.

*Rawl. MS.*

*With*-in, *and* who shaⱡ be *with*-out,
This is my comy[n]ge, *with*-out dout."
The lady þer-*with* gan sigh.
Towarde God on hevyn) on high 8508
Fuⱡ petuosly hir eyen dyde caste.
Whan) þat was somwhat paste,
She enforsyde hir to loke lightlye,
That hir syst*er* shulde not esspye 8512
That in heuynes she were.
Wrake in no wyse myght for-bere
Hir syst*er* sothis algate to teⱡ,
She þought she wolde rynge here beⱡ.
"Lorde God! syst*er*, what do ye mene?
Youre olde man*ers* be turnede clene.
I wot weⱡ for loue ye sorwe.
Youre glade chere of feyny[n]ge ye borwe, 8520
Youre sighes ye murd*er* in yo*ur* breste.
Let hem breke out, let hem be wyste
Of me, þat am yo*ur* syst*er* dere.
Ore teⱡ me wheþ*er* to goo ore where
I myght youre loue verely se. 8525

Ye can not hide þis crafte for me."
Melior repents bitterly of her cruelty towards Partonope.
"Suster," seide þis lady Melyor,
"The cause of my sorowyng long be-fore 8528
Ye know wele. What nedeth ye
This vngoodly to rehete me?
My pride I wote wele truly
Hathe brought me so, þat fayne wolde I 8532
Be dede, and oute of þis worlde be brought.
I am so fuƚƚ of hevynesse and þought
To thinke þat I did such reprefe
To my love as he hadde be a thefe, 8536
And he lowly me mercy did crie. [leaf 108]
Yite me liste not to caste vp myn Eye
To do hym grace, but despitousely
Voyded hym myn house. Allas þat I 8540
Hadde deied in þe same place,
She did not take pity on his tears,
Sith myn herte couth do no grace
To þat gentiƚƚ, þat meke, þat hardy,
That wept vpon me so tendirly, 8544
That faire, that swete above aƚƚ swetnesse,
And sawe hym for sorowe at grete distresse,
And on hym couthe I have no pite!

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye can) not hyde this craft fro me."
"Svuster," sayd this lady Meliore,
"The cause of my sorowyng long be-fore, 8528
Ye know wele. What nedyth ye
Thus vngodely to rehete me?
My pryde I wote wele truly [leaf 71, back]
Hath broght me so, that fayn) wold I
Be dede and oute of this world I-broght.
I am) so fuƚƚ [of] heuynesse and thought
To thenk that I dyd such reprefe
To my love / as he had be a theef, 8536
And he lowly me mercy dyd crye
Yet me lyst not to cast vp myn) eye
To do hym) grace, but dyspetusly
Voydyd hym) my house. Allas that I
Had dyed in the same place, 8541
Syth myn) hert cowde do no grace
To that gentyƚƚ, that meek, that harey,
That wept vpon) me so tendyrly, 8544
That fayre, that swete a-boue aƚƚ swetness,
And saw hym) for sorow at grete dystresse, 8546
And on) hym) cowde I haue no pyte!

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye can) not hyde þis crafte fro me."
¶ "Syster," seyde þis lady Melyore,
"The cause of my sorwynge longe a-fore 8528
Ye knowe weƚƚ. What nedythe ye
Thus vngoodly to rehete me?
My pryde I wot weƚƚ truly [leaf 68, back]
Hathe brought me so, þat fayne wolde I
Be dede, *and* out of þis worlde brought.
I am so fuƚƚ of heuynes *and* þought 8534
To thynke þat I dyde soyche reprefe
To my loue as he hade ben a thyfe, 8536
And he lowly me mercy dyde crye,
Yet me lyste not to caste vp myn eye
To do hym *grace*, but dysspyttuosslye
Voydyde hym) myn howse. Allas that I
Hade dyede in þat same place, 8541
Sethe myn hert couthe do no *grace*
To þat lentiƚƚ, þat meke *and* hardy,
That wepte on me so tender*ly* 8544

Grete reasone it is þat euer I be
In sorowe and care with-oute delay.
I may wele curse þat ilke day
That I into þis worlde was brought,
Sith I of my love so liteH rought
That he is loste, and I lyve in sorowe,
My care aH like boþe Even and morowe.
Therefore to dey I gretely desyre.
I wolde give dethe right grete hyre
To bryng me oute of care at ones!
Yite for me to deye but ones
It were not rightfuH Iugement
Sith þrowe me þus is shente
That gentiH, worthy Partonope.
Therfor my rightfuH Iudgment shuld be
Ofte* to dey and neuer fuH dede."
Therwith piteously she wagged hir hede:
"Allas, faire suster, good Wrake,
Hadde I youre good counseylle take,
I hadde not loste my Partonope!"
And with þat worde in swone feH she.

and therefore deserves to die,

not once, but many times.

She falls in a swoon,

8563. Ofte] *MS.* Efte.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Grete reson) hyt ys that euer I be 8548
In sorow and care with-outen) delay.
I may weH curse that ylk day
That I in-to this world was broght,
Syth I of my love So lyteH rought 8552
That he ys lost, and I leve in sorow.
My care aH lyke both even) and morow.
There-for to dye I gretely desyre.
I wold gyf deth ryght grete here 8556
To bryng me oute of care at ones!
Yet for me to dye but ones
Hit were not ryght-fuH Iugement,
Syth thorw me thus ys shent 8560
That gentyH, worthe Partanope.
There-for my ryght-fuH Iugement shuld be
Ofte to dye and neuer fuH dede."
Ther-wyth peteusly She wagged her hede: 8564
"Alas, fayre suster, goode Vrak,
Had I youre goode counsayle take,
I had not lost my Partanope!"
And wyth that word in sowun) fyH She. 8568

*Rawl. MS.*

In sorwe *and* care *with*-out delay. 8549
I may weH corse *þat* ilke day
That I in-to þis worlde was brought,
Seth I of my loue so lytiH rought. 8552

Allas, feyre syster Wrake, 8565
Hade I youre counceH take,
I hade not loste my *Par*tonope!"
*With* þat worde in swone fiH she. 8568

When Wrake sawe hir swone for woo,
She was in poynte for pite þo
To give hir comforte of Partonope.
but Urake does not cease tormenting her. And she be-thought hir and lete be, 8572
Thinkyng: "Of aH þis she shaH* be hayle,
She shaH not knowe yite my counseyle,
For I thinke, or we departe a-two,
A fytte or tweyn she shaH haue moo [leaf 108, back] 8576
Of þis pley for Partonopes sake."
To þis lady þen seide Wrake.
"Medame," she seide, "how fare ye?
Be your diseace I can wele se 8580
This grete sekenesse is aH for love,
And I fele wele, be God a-bove,
AH þis fayne ye wolde holde fro me,
And ofte ye speke of Partonope 8584
To make me weene it were for hym,
And yite your herte is on a-noþer pyn.
Ye haue chose some new thinge,
And wolde put me in wenyng 8588
That it were for good Partonope.

8573. shaH] *MS.* hadde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

WHan) Vrak saw her sowun) for wo,
She was in poynt for pyte doo
A gyf her comfort of Partanope. [leaf 72]
And She be-thought her and late be,
Thenkyng: "Of aH this She shaH be hayle, 8573
She shaH not know yt my counseyH,*
For I thenk, or we departe a-two,
A fytt or tweyn) She shaH haue more
Of this pley for Partanopes sake." 8577
To this lady than) sayd Vrak:
"Madame," She Sayd, "how fare ye?
Be youre desese I can) weH see 8580
This grete Sykenes ys aH for love,
And I feele wele, be God a-bove,
Alle this fayne ye wold hold fro me,
And ofte ye speke of Partanope 8584
To make me wern) yt were for hym),
And yet youre hert ys on a-nother pynne.
And haue chose som) new thing
And wold put me in wenyng 8588
That hit were for good Partanope,

ll. 8574-75 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Wrake sawe hir swone for wo,
She was in poynt for pete þo
A gyf hir comfort of Partonope,
And she be-þought hire *and* let it be,
Thynkynge: "Of aH þis she shaH be heyaH, 8573
She shaH not knowe yet my counseH,
For I thynke, ore I departe atwo,
A fytte ore two she shaH haue mo 8576
Of þis play for Partonope sake."
To þis lady þen seyde Wrake:
"Madam," she seyde, "howe fare ye?
Be youre desseyse I can) weH see 8580

AH þis ye wolde holde fro me, 8583
And ofte ye speke of Partonope 8584
To make me wene it were for hym,
And your hert is on anoþer pynne.
[1 leaf 69]
Ye haue chose som newe thynke,
[1] And wiH put me in weny[n]ge 8588
That it were for good Partonope.

Medame, lete aꝺ̄ þes Iapes be."
"Iapes, allas!" seide Meliore,
"My sorowe encreseth more and more,
Sith I fayne of you wolde haue comforte,
And me semeth it is your disporte
To se me deye with þis turnement.
Of you I am litiꝺ̄ be-ment.
Fuꝺ̄ liteꝺ̄ haue ye deled *with* love.
A man myght in þat wele prove,
Sith, suster, þat ye wote wele
For love aꝺ̄ þis wo now I fele,
And in þis matere so rude ye be,
Ye cane no *mercy* now haue on me,
Therfore in you it is wele sene
That in þis daunce ye haue not bene.
But yite it may here-aft*er* happe
Love in his daungere may so you clappe,
That my diseace shaꝺ̄ ye wele fele,
Though youre herte be now as stele.
Then shuꝺ̄ ye fele in your mode
Where suche Iapes may do you good.

Melior complains that her sister has no compassion.

Love has need of comfort.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Madame, late aꝺ̄ these Iapys be."
"IApes allas," sayd Meliore,
"My sorrow increseth more and more, 8592
Syth I fayne of you wold haue comfort,
And me semeth hit ys youre dysport
To se me dye wyth this turment.
Of yow am I lyteꝺ̄ be-ment, 8596
Fuꝺ̄ lyteꝺ̄ haue ye dalyed *with* love.
A man) myght in that wele prove,
Syth, Suster, that ye wote wele
For love aꝺ̄ this wo now I feele, 8600
And in this mater so rude ye be,
Ye can) none *mercy* now haue on me,
There-fore in yow hit ys wele seen)e
That in this daunce ye haue not been), 8604
But yt may here-after after happe
Love in his daunger may so yow clappe, [1 leaf 72, back]
That my dyssese shuꝺ̄ ye welle felee,
Thogh your hert be now as stele. 8608
[1] Than) saꝺ̄ yow fele in youre moode
Where such Iapes may do yow goode.

*Rawl. MS.*

Madam, let aꝺ̄ þis Iapis be."—
"Iapis allas!" seyde Melyore.
"My sorwe encreseth more *and* more,
Sethe I of you fayne wolde haue comforte, 8593
And me semyth it is youre dyssporte
To se me dye *with* þis turment.
Of you am I lytiꝺ̄ be-ment. 8596
Fuꝺ̄ lytiꝺ̄ haue you delyde *with* loue.
A man) myght in þat weꝺ̄ proue,

And in þis mat*er* so rude ye be, 8601
Ye can no *mercy* haue on me.
There-fore in you is weꝺ̄ sene
That in þis dance ye haue not bene.

But yet may here-aft*er* hape 8605
Loue in his dang*er* so may you clape,

That my dysseyse ye shaꝺ̄ weꝺ̄ fele,
Though your*e* hert be nowe as steꝺ̄.
Then) shaꝺ̄ ye fele in your*e* mode 8609
Where soyche Iapis shaꝺ̄ do you goode.

For and euer ye love as wele as I,
Ye shaH wele wete fuH sikerly
Ye shaH haue nede of good comforte.
Now me to scorne is your desporte.
Of o þing, suster, I make you be-heste,
That God of love to such a feste
Can you bryng as I now haue. [leaf 109]
As wisly God my soule save,
I wolde neuer dey, tiH I myght se
You in such plite as ye se me."

Urake only means to say that it is no use thinking on Partonope,

" MEdame," þen seide faire Wrake,
" My wordes I pray you ye ne take
In EviH, for truly I meene not so.
But þis is my menyng, medame, lo :
For you to þinke on Partonope,
I holde it but foly and vanyte.

for he is dead,

For he is dede, with-outen fayle,
And it is ordeyned be your counseyle,
And ye agreed be eke þerto,

and Melior is obliged to

That who in turnement best happe to do,
Hym shaH ye haue þen to lorde.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For and euer ye love as weH as I,
Ye shuH wele wete fuH sykerly
Ye shuH haue nede of good comfort,
Now to me scorn) ys youre dysport,
Of o thing, suster, I mak yow be-heste,
That God of love to such a fest
Canne now bryng as I now haue.
As wyssely God my soule save,
I wold neuer dye, tyH I might see
Yow in such plyte as ye se me."
" MAdame," than) sayde fayre Vrak,
" My wordes I pray yow ye me take
In eveH, for truly I mene not so,
But this ys my menyng, madame, loo :
For yow to thenk of Partanope,
I hold hit but foly and vanyte.
For he ys dede, wythouten) fayle,
And yt ys ordeyned be youre counsayH,
And ye a-greed be eke ther-to,
That who in turment best happe to do,
Hym) shaH ye haue than) to lord,

*Harl. MS.*

For *and* ye loue as weH as I,
Ye shaH weH wete fuH sekerly
Ye shaH haue nede of grete comforte,
Nowe me to skorne is youre dyssporte.
Of on thynke, syster, I make you a be[he]ste,
That Good of loue to soyche a feste
Can) you brynge as I nowe haue.
As wysly God my soule saue,
I wolde neuer dye, tiH I myght se
You in soyche plit as ye se me."
¶ " Madam," þen seyde fayre Wrake,
" My wordes I praye you not take

In eviH, for truly I mene not so.
This is my menyng, madam, lo :

For you to thynke on Partonope,
I holde but foly and vanyte.
For he is dede, without faiH,
[1] And it is ordeynede be youre counseH
And ye a-greede eke þerto, [1 leaf 69, back]
That who in turment haþe beste do,

Hym) shaH ye haue to lorde

This is of your counseylle þe fuƚƚ acorde,
And aƚƚ þis fully agreede ye be.
It shaƚƚ [not] be interrept for me."
This lady answerde sore wepyng:
"I may make semblaunce to hym, wenyng
Be her counseylle I wole take a lorde.
But I may not for aƚƚ þe worlde
My love yove fro Partonope.
And yite þis turnement moste I se,
And as hem luste a lorde me chese,
And lete hem aƚƚ her travayle lese.
For hote fyre to colde asshes me brenne,
If eiþer counseylle or my kynne
Make a lorde or housbonde me take,
Sith for euer now is loste my make.
For wele I wote my Partonope
Fuƚƚ harde dethe hath suffred for me.
I haue hym slayne, I wole hym quyte,
If I may fynde a knyfe wole bite
Throwe-oute my breste into my herte.
I shaƚƚ not spare for no smerte
To sle my-self, be God a-bove,

marry the victor of the tournament.

The tournament may take place, but Melior will never accept any husband,

now that Partonope is dead.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

This ys of your counsayƚƚ the fuƚƚ a-corde, 8632
And all this fully a-greed ye be,
Hit shaƚƚ be intrarupt for me."
THis lady answerid sore wepyng
"I may make semblant to hym), wenyng 8636
Be her counsayƚƚ I woƚƚ take a lord
But I may not for aƚƚ the world
My love yove for Partanope.
And yet this turment must I see, 8640
And as hem lust a lord me chese,
And late hem) aƚƚ her travayle lese.
For hote fyre to cold asshes me brenne,
Yf eyther counsayƚƚ or ony kynne 8644
Make lord or hosbond me to take,
Syth for euer now ys lost my make.
For wele I wote my Partanope 8647
[1] Fuƚƚ hard deth hath sufferd for me.
I haue hym) slayn), I woƚƚ hym quyte,
Yf I may fynde a knyfe woƚƚ byte
Throw-oute my brest in-to my hert.
I shaƚƚ not spare for no smert 8652
To sle my-self, be God a-bove, [1 leaf 73]

*Rawl. MS.*

This is of youre counseƚƚ þe acorde.

To þis fully agrede ye be, 8633
Hit shaƚƚ not be interipte for me."
¶ This lady answerde sore wepynge:
"I may make hym) semblande, wen-y[n]ge 8636
Be þer counseƚƚ I wiƚƚ take a lorde.
But I may not for aƚƚ þe worde
My loue yeue fro Partonope.
And yet þis turment most I se, 8640
And as hem lyste a lorde me chese,
And let hem aƚƚ þer traveƚƚ lese.
Hote fyre to colde asshes me bryne,
Yef oþer counseƚƚ ore ony kynne 8644
Make lorde ore hosbonde me to take,
Sethe for euer is loste my make.
For weƚƚ I wot my Partonope 8647
Fuƚƚ harde dethe hathe sufferde fore me.
I haue hym) slayn, I wiƚƚ hym quyte,
Yef I may fynde a knyfe wiƚƚ byte
Thorwe my breste in-to my hert.
I shaƚƚ not spare for no smert 8652
To sle my-selfe, be God aboue,

Sith he is dede þus for my love,
She once more falls in a swoon. Er euer any oþer to housbonde I take." [leaf 109, back]
Hir ffresshe coloure þerwith gan slake. 8656
In swone efte sones she felle anoone,
And lay as dede as any stone.
For sothe Wrake, as þinketh me,
Was gretely to blame, when þat she 8660
Se hir suster so grete sorowe take,
And wolde no better chere hir make,
Ne gife her comforte of Partonope.
Ayein hir suster grete wraþe bare she, 8664
As though fell and angry she hadde be,
That sethe a woman in suche degree,
þat love hath brought in grete diseace,
And knoweth how she may hir eace, 8668
And lust not. Lorde God! what herte hadde she?
The Poet pities such unhappy ladies. Truly and god I sey now for me,
And I knew any in that degre,
On suchone couthe I haue grete pite. 8672
I not what hertes oþer folkes haue.
For me I sey, so God me save,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Syth he ys dede thus for my love,
Ere euer eny other to housbond I take." 8655
Her fressh color ther-wyth ganne slake.
In swonne efte sones She fyll a-non),
And lay as dede as ony stone.
For soth Vrak, as thenketh me, 8659
Was gretely to blame, whan) that She
Sygh her suster so grete sorow take,
And wold no better chere her make,
Ne gyf her comfort of Partanope,
A-yen) her suster grete wrath bare She, 8664
As though fell and angry she had be,
That seeth a woman) in such degree,
That love hath brought in grete dyssese,

And knoweth how she may her ese,
And lust not / lord God what hert hath she? 8669
Trewly and god I sey now for me,
And I knew ony in that degree, 8671
Of such one cowde I haue grete pyte.
I wath neuer what hertes other folkes haue,
For me I sey, so God me save,

*Rawl. MS.*

Sethe he is dede þus for my loue,
Ore euer ony oþer husbonde I take."

Here freshe coloure þer-*with* gan slake.
In swone efte sonys she fill anone 8657
And lay as dede as ony stone.

Hir syster sigh here grete sorwe take,
And wolde no beter chere hir make,
Ne gyf hir comfort of Partonope.
Ayen here syster grete wrathe bare she,

As fell *and* angry she hade be, 8665
That sigh a woman in þat degre,
That loue hathe brought in grete dysstres, 8667
[1] And knoweth howe she may here eyse,
[1 leaf 70]

I not what hert oþer folkes haue 8673

For me I sey, so God me saue,

And I knewe any in þat plite,
Hir to comforte were my delite.
For God made euery creature,
Man and woman, be nature
To love, and eke to loved be.
To women beaute *per*fore gave he,
And of vertues grete habundaunce,
Curtesy, fredome goodly in dalyaunce,
Therfore in soþe, as þinketh me,
Women in herte gretely hath he.*
God loved hem gretly *with*-outen nay,
And so do I, nyght and day.
For and tho creatures þat so faire be,
Come neu*er* in heven, I holde me
Quyte of paradise. What shall I do?
But then Wrake knew wele þo
Hir suster for love hadde grete diseace.
Grete [pite] she hadde, and yite hir to pleace
Wolde she not, ne of hir counseylle
Make hir privey for all þat a dele. [leaf 110]
But seide: "Medame, I crye you mercy.

God gave ladies beauty and all excellent qualities.

Urake still torments her sister.

8684. he] *MS.* be.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And I knew eny in that plyte,
Her to comfort were my delyte. 8676
For God made eu*er*y creature,
Man) and woman), be nature
To love, and eke to loved be.
To women) beaute I ther-for gafe he,
And of vertws grete haboundans, 8681
Curtesy, fredam) goodely in daliaunce.
Therfor in soth, as thenketh me,
Women) in hert gretely hath he. 8684
God loued hem) hyghly wyth-outen) nay,
And so do I, nyght and day.
For and tho creatures that so fayr*e* be, [leaf 73, back]
Come neu*er* in heuen), I hold me 8688
Quytte In paradyse, what shall I do?
But than) Vrak knew well tho
Her suster for love had grete dyssese.
Grete she had, and yet her to plese 8692
Wold she not, ne of her counsayll
Make her prevee for all that a dele.
But sayd: "Mad[am]e, I yow crye mercy.

*Rawl. MS.*

And I knewe ony in þat plyte,
Here to comfort were my delyte. 8676
For God made eu*er*y creture,
Man) *and* woman), by nature
To loue, *and* eke to louyde be.
To women) beute þ*er*-for gafe he, 8680
And of vertues grete abundaunce,
Curtesy, fredom goodly in dalyaunce,
There-for*e* in sothe, as thynkethe me,
Women) in hert gretly hathe he. 8684
God louyde hym hyle *with*-out nay,
And so do I, nyght *and* day. 8686

Why be ye turmented so gretely ? 8696
My counseylle is þat neuer ye
Thinke þat þing þat may not be,
But lette it passe, it is þe beste,
And sette your herte in eace and reste." 8700

Love will have its own way.

"Nay suster," she seide, "it was neuer sene
One that loveth in eace to bene,
Ne in peace, ne in Reste, [for] in soþe resone,
With hote lovers neuer acorde moone 8704
Ne right counseylle, witte ne skiłł.
Save only to haue her owne wiłł.
Ałł þe witte of þe worlde they sett at nought,
But fully a-greeth hem to her owne thought. 8708
Therfore þis is a fuł olde sawe :
Who may give to a lovere lawe ?
For þough reasone wolde make a lovere se
That ał his foly, yite can not he 8712
The wofuł bondes wele vnbynde.
In my-self now ał þis I fynde.
Therfore to love may I not chese,
Though I my wittes þerfore lese. 8716

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Why be ye turmented So gretly ? 8696
My counsayłł ys now that neuer ye
Thenk on) that tyme that may not be,
But late hit passe, hyt ys the best,
And sett youre hert in ease and rest." 8700
"Nay, suster," She sayd, "hit was neuer seen)
One that loved in ease to bene,
Ne in peas, ne in rest, for in soth reson), 8703
Wyth oute lovers neuer a-cord mown)
Ne ryght / counsayłł wytte ne skylle,
Saue onely to haue her own) wyłł.
Ał the wytte of the world they sett at noght,
But fully a-greeth hem) to her own) thoght. 8708
Ther-for this ys a fuł old sawe :
Who may gyfe to a louer lawe ?
For thoght reson) wold make a louer se
That ał his foly, yet came not he 8712
Thoo wofuł bondes weł on)-bynde.
In my-self now ał thys I fynd.
Ther-for to love may I not chese,
Thogh I my wyttes ther-for lese. 8716

*Rawl. MS.*

But let it passe, it is the beste, 8699
And set youre hert in eyse *and* reste."—
"Nay syster," she seyde, "it was neuer sene
On þat louyth in eyes to ben),
Ne in pese, ne reste, for in soyche resoun 8703
*With* hote louers neuer acorde mone
Ne right counseł, wyte ne skił,
Safe only to haue þer owne wił.
Ał þe wyt of þe worlde þey set at nought.
But fully agrethe hem to þer owne þought. 8708
There-fore þis is a fuł olde sawe :
Who may gyf to louer lawe ?

There-fore to loue may I not chese,
Though I my wytes þer-fore lese. 8716

These wordes be soþe as I you say,
No wondere þough lovers be in foly ay."
Wrake hir suster answerde þo:
"Evill is he at eace þat lyveth so,
For who so make love his Iustice
He may not a-vaunte hym of no ffraunchise,
But raþer of bondage, as þinketh me.
In þat servise kepe I neuer to be.
But of þis matere speke we no more.
I pray you, medame, telle me afore:
When shall be-gyn þis turnement,
And which lordes shall gife Iugement,
And which be within, and which with-oute.
All to wete with-oute doute
I come hidder, and you also to se,
And to wete whedir þat ye
At þis tyme any knyghtis make." [leaf 110, back]
This lady sate still, for full a-wake
Oute of þis traunse was she not yite.
Overecome be feyntnesse still she sette,
Till longe and late, and atte laste

Urake asks particulars about the tournament, and whether any new knights are to be created.

Having recovered a little,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

These wordes be soth that I yow say,
No wondyr thoght louers be in foly ay."
VRak, her suster, answeryd tho:
"Eveth ys he at ese that leveth so. 8720
For who so make love his Iustice,
He may not abaunt hem) of no fraunchese,
But rather of bondage, as thenketh me.
In that servyse kepe I neuer be. 8724
But of this mater speke we no more.
[1] I pray yow, Madame, telle me a-fore:
Whan shall be-gynne this turment,

And which be wyth-in and who wyth-oute, [1 leaf 74] 8729
All to wytte wyth-oute doute
I come hedyr, and yow also to se,
And to wytte wedyr that ye 8732
At this tyme ony knyghtes make."
This lady sate styll, for full a-wake
Cut of this traunse was she not yit.
Ouer-come be feyntenes styll she sytt,
Tyll long and late, and atte last 8737

*Rawl. MS.*

This wordes be sothe þat I you sey,
No wonder þough louers be in foly ay."

¶ Wrake, here syster, answerde þo:
"Evill is he at eyse þat louyth so. 8720

For who so make loue his Iustyse,
He may not avaunce hym of fraunchyse,
But rathir of boundage, as thynketh me. 8723
[1] In þat seruyse kepe I neuer to be.
But of þis mater speke we no more.
I pray you, madam, tell me afore:
When) shall be-gyn) þis turment,
And whiche lordes shall gefe Iugement
And whiche be with-in and who with out. [1 leaf 70, back] 8729
All to wyte without doute
I come heþer and you also to se,
And wete wheþer þat ye 8732
At þis tyme ony knyghtes make."
This lady sat still, for full awake
Out of þis trance was she not yet.
Ouer-come be feyntnes still she syte,
Till longe and late, and at the laste

A piteouse sighe from hir she caste.
Somwhat hir hert is comen ayein.
Melior relates what Ernoul has told her.
Pitously tho spake þe queene. 8740
With voyce fuƚƚ feble she tolde hir reasone,
As thoughe she hadde be come from prisone.
"Suster," she seide, "þis Ermulus
Of Merbien, þat wiked Ar[c]ous, 8744
Be whome þis turnement ordeyned is,
Fourtene nyght a-go he tolde me ywisse
Of aƚƚ þe kynges þat shuld be þere,
And of her loggyng aƚƚ þe manere. 8748
The Sultan of Persia will come, accompanied by twenty-five heathen kings,
He seide here shaƚƚ be þe sawden of Perce,
That to Cristes lawe is aduerse,
And levith on Mahounde and Appollony.
With hym cometh a comberouse meany. 8752
I sawe in his rolles he hąth also
xv. kynges hethen and mo,
That for my love aƚƚ cristen wole be.
To herborowe in his rolles also hath he 8756
and twenty-three Christian princes.
Of Emperoures and kynges of Cristes lay
xxiii$^{ti}$., that wiƚƚ þat day

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A petevs sygh from) her she cast,
Somwath her hert ys come a-yen).
Peteusly tho spak the queen), 8740
Wyth voyse fuƚƚ feble She told her reson),
As thogh she had be come fro preson).
"Suster," she sayd, "this Ermulus
Of Merbyen), that wikked arcus, 8744
But whom) this turment ordeyned ys,
Fourtene nyght a-go, he told me I-wysse
Of aƚƚ the kynges that shuld be there,
And of her loggyng aƚƚ the manere.
He sayd here shaƚƚ be the sawdan) of prece, 8749
That to Crystes lawe ys aduerse,
And leeveth on) Machoun) and Appoloni, 8751
Wyth hym) cometh a comborus meyni.
I saw in his rollis he hath also
XV kynges hethen) and mo,
That for my love all crysten) woƚƚ be.
To herborwre in his rolles also hath he 8756
Of emperours and kynges of Crystes lay
XX and iij that wyƚƚ that day

*Rawl. MS.*

A petuouse sigh fro here she caste,
Som-what here hert was come agayne.
Petuously þo spake þe quene 8740
With voyse febiƚƚ she tolde hir reson),
As þough she hade come fro preson).
¶ "Syster," she seyde, "þis Armelus
Of Merben, þat wykkede arcus, 8744
Be whom þis turnment ordeynede is,
Fortnyght agoo he tolde me I-wyse
Of the kynges þat shulde be þere,
And of here logynge aƚƚ the maner. 8748
He seyde here shaƚƚ be þe soudan of Perse,
That to Crystes lawe is aduerse,
And leuyth on Mahombe and Appolony,
With hym comyth a comberus mayne.
I sawe in his roƚƚes he hathe also 8753
xv kynges hethyn moo,
That for my loue aƚƚ crystyn weƚƚ be.
To herberwe in his roƚƚes also hathe he
Of emperores of crystyn lay 8757
xx$^{ti}$ *and* thre þat wiƚƚ þat day

Be at þis turnement with her powere.
Of aȝȝ her lordshippes boþe ferre and nere
Many oone in mariage þen wole be here,
And many oone þat hathe no fere
Wolde be gladde to se þat day
To wynne worshipp̄ if þat he may.
Then is ordeyned by þis Ermulus,
That þis turnement hath ordeyned þus,
AȝȝCristen on þis syde herborowed shaȝȝ be,
The heþen on þe toþere side, and so may we
Be in suerte, what so euȩr be-falle.
For when þes peple bene gedred aȝȝ,
Fuȝȝ grete Envy amonge hem shaȝȝ arise.
It semed better at my devyse
To bene a bataylle þen a turnement. [leaf 111]
þerfore, suster, I haue fuȝȝ ment
To haue on oure side þe cheveteyne,
þe grete Emperour of Almayne,
And with hym they of Denmarke,
þat grete werre held in þe marche
On sklaueyns, þat perilous men bene.

On one side will be the Emperor of Germany, with many Christian kings.

8778. held] e *like* o.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Be at this turment wyth her powere.
Of aȝȝ the lordshippes both ferre and nere 8760
Many one in mariage than) woȝȝ be here,
And many one that hath no fere
Wold be glad to se that day
To wynne worshipp̄ yf that he may. 8764
Than) ys ordeyned be this Ermulus,
[1] That this turnement hat arayed thus,
AȝȝCrysten on) this Syde herboured shuȝȝ be, [1 leaf 74, back]
The heten) on) that other syde, and so may we 8768
Be in sewirtee, wath so euer be-falle.
For whom) this peple bene gadred aȝȝ,
Fuȝȝ grete envy a-mong hem shaȝȝ ryse.
Hit semed better at my devyse 8772
To bene a batay at my turnement.
There-for, suster, I haue fuȝȝ ment
To haue on) oure syde the Cheventeyn),
The grete emperoure of Almayn), 8776
And wyth hym) they of Denmarch
That grete werre heeld in the March
On) Sklaueyns, that perlous men) bene.

*Rawl. MS.*

Be at þis turment with here poure.
Of aȝȝ here lordchipus ferre *and* nere
Many on in maryage woȝȝ be here,
And mayne on þat hathe no fere. 8762
[leaf 71]
AȝȝCrystyn) on þis syde herberwede shaȝȝ be, 8767
The hethyn on þat oþer syde *and* so may we
Be in suerte, what so euer faȝȝ.
For when þis pepiȝȝ be gaderde aȝȝ,
Fuȝȝ grete envye amonge hem ryse.
Hit semyde beter at myne devyse 8772
To be a bataiȝȝ þen a turment.
Ther-fore, syster, I haue fuȝȝ ment
To haue on youre syde the cheffeteyne,
The grete emperoure of Almayne, 8776
And with hym þey of Denmarche,
That grete warre holde in þe marche,
And sklaynes þat perlus men ben).

8761. (?) woȝȝ, weȝȝ, wiȝȝ (*vowel blotted*).

The kyng of Poyle and Sisile fulle kene
Shulle with þe Emperour be in þis towne,
And alle þat longe to my regione.
Now haue ye herde of cristyans;
On the other side the Sultan and the Saracens. Now shalle I telle of saresynes:
Hedir shalle come þe sauden of Perce,
The kyng of Ynde, which is perverce
To Cristes lawe, and eke shalle be
The kyng of Mede and Parte, parde,
And eke the faire kyng of Sire,
That so gretely me dope desire.
Yite of hym haue I no deynte.
The kyng of Ermony here shalle be,
þat hath a contre fulle delectable:
The planettes þeron be fulle stable.
þe dayes ben euer clere and mery,
The feldes florisshed fresshly.
In þat rested þe ship of Noy,
When þe flode had done þe worlde noye.
Hidder comeþ the kyng of Palest
With grete power arrayed fulle honest,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng of Poyle and Sysile fulle kenne
Shulle wyth this emperoure be in this towne,
And alle that long to my region).
Now haue ye herd of crysteans;
Now shalle I telle of Sajasyns:
Hedyr shalle come the Soudan) of Perce,
The kyng of Inde, which ys peruerse
To Crystes law, and eke shalle be
The kyng of Mede and Parte, parde,
And eke the fayre kyng of Syre
That so gretly me doth desyre.
Yet of hym) I haue no deynte.
The kyng of Ermony here shalle be,
That hath a contre full delectable;
The planettes ther-of be so stable,
The dayes bene euer chere and mery,
The feeldes florysshed fresshly.
In that rested the Shiꝑ of Noye,
Whan) the fold had done the world noye.
Hedyr Cometh the kyng of Palest
Wyth grete powre arayed fulle honest,

*Rawl. MS.*

The kynge of Poitle *and* Syselle fulle kene
Shalle *with* þe emperoure be in þis towne,
And alle þat longe to my Regyon).
Nowe haue ye herde of crystyans;
Nowe shalle I telle you of sarsons:
Heþer shalle come þe soudan) of Perse,
The kynge of Inde whiche is peru[er]se
To Crystes lawe, *and* eke shalle be
The kynge of Mede *and* Parce, parde,
And eke þe fayre kynge of Cyre,
That me so gretly dothe desyre.
Yet of hym haue I no deynte.
The kynge of Ermony þer shalle be,
That hathe a contre full delectabille:
The planetes þer ouer be fulle stabille.
The dayes be euer clere *and* merye,
The feldes florysshede freshly.
In þat restyde þe shipe of Noye,
When) þe flode hade don þe worde noye.

Heþer comyth þe kynge of Paleste,
With grete poure arrayde fulle honeste,

8794. of *crossed out before* ouer.

And lordes of Egipte and Libye,
Then can mych crafte of astronomy.
The kyng of Fraunce, *with*-oute doute,
He cometh to govern hem *with*-oute. 8804
He wole not haue me to wife.
But if *þer* rise debate or strife
Fuƚƚ but he wole be ayeinst me.
The cause is, he seith, for Partonope 8808
Þrow me is loste, þat was his cousyne.
Of his comyng now þis is þe fyne
If he may be venged on me.
But I hope to be strenger þen he. [leaf 111, back] 8812
He hath done his men to vnderstonde
How his comyng into my londe
Is not to venquysshe þe turnement,
And to wedde me is not his entent." 8816
But when she named Partonopes name,
What for sorowe and what for shame,
She had no power it ones to sowne,
But feƚƚ in a new sodeyn swone. 8820
When to hir-self she come ayein,
And wolde haue seide Partonope fayne,

The King of France comes to take vengeance for Partonope.

Melior falters in pronouncing Partonope's name, and falls again in a swoon.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And lord*es* of Egipte and Libye,
Than) can) moche craft of astronomye.
The king of Fraunce wyth-oute doute,
He cometh to govern) hem) wyth-oute. 8804
He woƚƚ not haue me to wyfe. [leaf 75]
But yf ther ryse debate and st[r]yfe,
Fuƚƚ but he woƚƚ be a-yenst me. 8807
The cause ys, he seyth, for Partanope
Thorow me ys lost. that was his cosyn).
Of his comyng this ys the fyne
Yf he may be v[e]nged of me.
But I hope to be strenger than) he 8812
He hath done hys men) to vnder-stond,
His comyng now in-to my lond
Ys not to venqwyshe the turnement,
And to wedde me ys not hys entent."
Buth whan) She named Partanopes name, 8817
What for sorow and what for shame,
She had no powere hit ones to sowne,
But fyƚƚ in a new soden) sowun). 8820
Whan) to her-self She come a-yen),
And wolld haue seyd Partanope fayn),

*Rawl. MS.*

And lord*es* of Egypte *and* of Lebye
They con meche crafte of megremonsy.
[1] The kynge of Frau*n*ce, w*ith*-out doute,
He comyth to gou*er*ne hem w*ith*-out.
[1 leaf 71, back]
He wolde not haue me to wyfe. 8805
But yef *þer* debate ore stryffe,
Fuƚƚ but he wiƚƚ be ayenste me,
The cause is, he seyth, P*ar*tonope 8808
Thorwe me is loste, *þat* was his cossyn).
Of his comy[n]ge þis is the fyne
Yef he may be veingede on me.
But I hope be strenger *þen* he. 8812
He hathe don) his men) to vnd*er*stande,
His comy[n]ge nowe to þis londe
Ys not to vynquyshe þis turment,
And to wede me is not his entent. 8816
But when) she namyde P*ar*tonope,

What for sorwe *and* for shame,
She hade no poure it onys to sowne,
But fiƚƚ in a newe soden swoun*e*. 8820
When) to here-sylfe she come ayen,
And wolde haue seyde P*ar*tonope,

"Parto—Parto—" she seide at ones,
And fuⱨ febly she seide efte sones:
"Nopee," þat with voyce tremblyng.
And *þer*with anoone feⱨ in swonyng
Vpon hir bedde, and lay fuⱨ stiⱨ.
And atte laste, as was Goddis wiⱨ,
From hir disese she rose ayein.
Fuⱨ piteously þen seide þis queen:
"In wraþe comeþ hidder þe kyng of Fraunce,
And with hym bryngeth his allyaunce,
Grete noumbre of Erles and barons,
Folke of Payto and aⱨ þe Gascoignes.
The kings of Brittany and of England will come to the tournament.
The kyng of Bretayne eke *þer* shaⱨ be.
He is not right riche, but yite shaⱨ he
Bryng with hym many a worthy knyght.
They haue be proved in many a fight.
The kyng of Englonde, þough he be ferre,
Wole be as sone here as he þat is nerre.
He is a rightwise man and fuⱨ sage;
Somewhat he is cropen in age.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Parto. Parto," She sayd at ones,
And fuⱨ febyly She sayd efte sones:
"Nopee" / that wyth voys tremelyng.
And ther-wyth a-none fyⱨ in sownnyng
Apon her bed, and lay fuⱨ stylle.
And at the last, as was Godd*es* wylle,
From her dyssesse She rose a-yen.
Full peteusly than sayd this queen:
"In wrath cometh hedyr the kyng of Fraunse,
And wyth hym brynged his aliaunse,
Grete nombr*e* of Erl*es* and barons,
Folk of Payto and aⱨ the Gascoyns.
The kyng of Brethen eke there shaⱨ be.
He ys not ryght ryche, but yet shaⱨ he
Bryng wyth hym many a worthy knyght.
They haue be proved in many a fyght.
THe kyng of Ingelond, thow he be ferr*e*,
Woⱨ be as son*e* here as he that ys nerr*e*.
He ys a ryghtwos man and fuⱨ sage;
Somewhat he his cropen in age.

*Rawl. MS.*

"P*a*rto-P*a*rto—" she seyde at onys,
And febiⱨy she seyde efte sonys:
"Nope," þat w*ith* voyse tremblynge.
And þer-w*ith* she fiⱨ in swony[n]ge
Vppon hir bede, *and* lay fuⱨ stiⱨ.
And at þe laste, as was Goddes wiⱨ,
Fro hir dysseyse she rose ayen.
Fuⱨ pettusly þen seyde þis quene:
"In wrethe comyth þe kynge of Fraunce,
And w*ith* hym bryngyth his alyaunce,
Grete nombere of erlis *and* barouns,
For of Peyte *and* aⱨ þe gascoynes.
The kynge of Breteyne eke here shaⱨ be.
He is not right ryche, but yet shaⱨ he
Brynge w*ith* hym many a worthy knyght.
They haue be prouyde in many a fight.
¶ The kynge of Englonde, þough he be ferre,
Woⱨ be as sone here as he þat is nerre.
He right a wyse man *and* a sage;
Som-what he is crope in age.

Many a knyght hider wole he brynge,
That wele in chambre can daunse and singe.
And as þe lyone ferse in the felde
Wele dare they feght vnder shelde,
Semely men, curteyse and plesaunt,
Though they of hem-self make none avaunte.
There shall be eke þe Emperour
Of Spayne, þe noble turneour,
That worthy is and full of beaute.
His heþen lay he wole leve for me. [leaf 112]
Many knyghtis come in his company,
And many good hors þat be lusty.
The kyng of Navern, þe kyng of Valens,
The kyng of Garnat with hem of Palens,
And moche folke þat take no wage,
And many moo kynges þat ben sage,
Of whome I can not wele þe name,
But Ermulus hem all tell can).
But suster, ye asked also of me
If any knyghtis made shuld be
A-fore þe turnement, and þat ordre take

as well as the Emperor of Spain, and many other knights and kings.

Melior will to-morrow create more than a hundred knights.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Many a knyght hedyr wolt he bryng,
That wyll in chamber both daunse and syng. [leaf 75, back]
And as the lyon) feerse in the feld
Wele dare they fyght vndyr Sheeld.
Semely men), curteys and plesaunt,
Thow they of self make non abaunt.

HEre shall be eke the emperoure
Of Spayn), the noble turneoure,
That worthe ys and full of beaute.
His hethen) hay he wold leve for me.
Many knyghtes come in his company,
And many goode hors that be lusty.
The kynge of Nauare, the kyng of Valens.
The kyng of Granat wyth hem) of Palens,
And moch folk that take no wage,
And many mo knyges that bene sage,
Of whom) I can) not well the name,
But Ermulus hem) all tell cane.
But suster ye asked also of me
Yf ony knyghtes made shuld be
A-fore the turnement, and that ordre take

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Many a knyght heþer he will brynge,
That well in chambure can daunce *and* synge. [1 leaf 74]
And as þe lyon) fers in fight *and* felde
Well dare þey fight vnder shelde.
Symly, courtesy *and* plesaunce,
Though þey of hem-selfe make non avant.
Here shall be eke þe emperore
Of Spayne, þe nobill conqueroure,
That worthy is *and* full of beute.
His hethyn lay he will leue for me.
Many knyghtes come in his company,
And many a good hors þat is lusty.
The kynge of Nauerne, þe kynge of Valennce,
The kynge of Garmat with hem of Palennce,
And moche folke þat take no wage,
And many mo kynges þat beth sage,
Of whom I can not well þe name,
But Ermulus hem all tell can).
Syster, ye askede also of me
Yef ony knyght made shulde be
Afore þat turment *and* þat order take

Of myn hande. To-morowe I shall make 8864
Be tyme an hundred and many moo,
So I am avised þat it shall be do.
There shall be seven judges. And who shall be Iuges of þe turnement,
Thes lordes are chosen be myn assent: 8868
The first is þe kyng of Affrike,
For his grete witte and his retorik.
He is wele lirned, and can many science,
He moste nede gyve good sentence. 8872
And what euer he speke, it moste be
Shewed in faire termes, for certeynly he
Hath witte ynow and grete discrec[i]on),
[And fayre endyted shall be his reson)] 8876
The toþer shall be [þe] kyng of Cartage,
A rightwise man, for gretely in age
He is ronne; and anoþer shall be
Kyng Clarins; grete werre hath he 8880
Vpon þe saresynes yere be yere.
Bernard of Grece shall be his pere

8874. *perhaps* showed.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of myn) hond / to-morow I shall make 8864
Be tyme an) hundred and many moo,
So am) I avysed that hit shall be doo.
And who shall be Iuges of the turnement,
These lordes are chosyn) be myn) assent:
The fyrst ys the kyng of Affryke, 8869
For his grete wytte and his retoryke.
He ys well lerned and can) many sciens,
He must nedes gyfe goode sentens. 8872
And what euer he spek hit must be
Shewed in fayre termes, for certaynly he
Hath wytt I-now and grete dyscrescion)

And fayre endyted shall be his reson), 8876
THe other shall be kyng of Cartage,
A ryghtwes man), for gretly in age
He ys ronne; and a-nother shall be
Kyng Claryns; grete werre hath he 8880
Vpon) the saȝaȝyns yere be yere,
Bernard of Grece shall be his feere,

*Rawl. MS.*

Of myne hond. To-morwe I shall make 8864
Be tyme an honderde *and* many mo,
So am I avysede it shall be do.
And who shall be Iugges of þat turment,
These lordes are chosyn) be myn assent:
The firste is þe kynge of Aufreke, 8869
For his grete wyte *and* his reteryke.
He is well lernede in many syennce,
He moste nedes gyfe good sentence.
What euer he speke, it moste be 8873
Shewyde in fayre termes, for sertenly he
Hathe wyte I-nowe *and* grete dysscression),
And fayre endytyde shall be his reson), 8876
¶ The toþer þe kynge of Targage,
A Right-wyse man), gretly in age

He is rone; anoþer shall be
Kynge Claryns; grete warre holdyth he 8880
[1 leaf 74, back]
[1] Vppon) the sarsons yere by yere.
Barnarde of Gryse shall be his fere,

He is now named þe þrid kyng;
Of aⱡⱡ lawes he can moche þing. 8884
The fourte shaⱡⱡ be olde Genors,
The wise, þe hardy kyng of mors.
The v. shal be kyng Corsabre,
That hath þe kyngdome of Notabre. 8888
The vj shaⱡⱡ be of Getule kyng.
In his contre is fuⱡⱡ wonder þing:
It is fuⱡⱡ of apes, tigres, and beres,
Serpentes, wyuers, and eke lesers. [leaf 112, back] 8892
He hath no plente of casteⱡⱡ ne toures.
He is called kyng Amforus.
The vij. kyng hette Gondrede,
And his kyngdome is called Noemede. 8896
Thes kynges shaⱡⱡ be [chyef] Iugeoure;
They shaⱡⱡ be *with* me in þe toure. They are to sit in the tower beside Melior and Ernoul.
Olde Ermulus eke shaⱡⱡ be *with* me
To take hiede who is worþi degre. 8900
Now haue I tolde you, *suster*, truly
Of þe turnement þe avise by and by."
"Now," seith Wrake, "aⱡⱡ þis is wele; Urake departs,
I can enpugne it neu*er* a dele. 8904

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

[1] He ys now namyd the thrid kyng.
Of aⱡⱡ lawes he can) mocⱡⱡ thing. 8884
The fourthⱡⱡ shaⱡⱡ be old Genors,[i leaf 76
The wyse, the hardy of king of morse.
The fyft shaⱡⱡ be kyng Sorsabre,
That holt the kyndome of Nabre. 8888
The vj shaⱡⱡ be of Getule kyng.
In his contree ys fuⱡⱡ wondyr thyng:
Hit ys fuⱡⱡ of apys, tygres, and berys,
Serpentes, wyuers, and eke leseres. 8892
He hathⱡⱡ no plente of castelle ne toures,

His ys callyd kyng Amfuors. 8894
The Seventhⱡⱡ kyng hothetⱡⱡ Gondred,
And his kyngdame ys callyd Noemed.
These kynge*s* shaⱡⱡ be chyef Iugeoure;
They shaⱡⱡ be wythⱡⱡ me in the toure.
Olde Ermulus eke shaⱡⱡ be wythⱡⱡ me
To take hede who ys worthy degre. 8900
Now haue I told yow, suster, truly
Of the turnement the avyse by and by."
"NOw," seythⱡⱡ Vrak, "aⱡⱡ this wele;
I can) empugne her neu*er* a dele. 8904

*Rawl. MS.*

He is nowe namyde the iij^te^ kynge,
Of aⱡⱡ lawis he con meche thynge. 8884
The furthe shaⱡⱡ be þe olde Gornors,
The wyse, þe hardy kynge of mors.
The fifte shaⱡⱡ be kynge Corsabir,
That hathe þe kyngdom of Netabir.
The vj^te^ shaⱡⱡ be of Getale kynge. 8889
In his contre is fuⱡⱡ worthy thynge:
Hit is fuⱡⱡ of apis, tegres, *and* beris,
Serpente*s*, wyueres, *and* eke lyseres.
He hathe no plente of casteⱡⱡes ne toures. 8893
He is callede kynge Anferus.
The vij^te^ kynge hight Gondrede,
And his kyngdome is callede Noemede.
These kynge*s* shaⱡⱡ be chyfe Iuggoure;
They shaⱡⱡ be *with* me in þe toure.
Olde Ermelus eke shaⱡⱡ be *with* me
To take hede who is worthy degre. 8900
¶ Here haue I tolde you, syste*r*, truly
Of þe turment þe vyse by *and* by."—
"Nowe," seyth Wrake, "aⱡⱡ þis is weⱡⱡ;
I can enpyngne it neuer a deⱡⱡ. 8904

promising to come back the next morning.

Now slepe I *pray* you hertly,
For I wole go now fuⁿ prively
To shipp vnwetyng of any wight.
Home I shaⁿ come vpon þe nyght,
And if it like you, to-morow tyme
I wole be *with* you hardely or pryme."—
"I pray you, *suster*," þo seide þe queen),
"Be tyme to-morowe þat ye bene."
In þis wise hath Wrak take her leve.
Persewise anoone she toke [be] þe sleve,
And into shipp̄e to-gedre they gone,
And to her casteⁿ they come anoone.
Then mette they with Partonope.
With Ioyfuⁿ herte he[m] welcomeþ he.
And Wrake hym [tolde] aⁿ þe entent
Of þe Emp*e*resse and of þe turnement,
And how she shuld on þe morow make
Knyghtes; and *þer*fore faire Wrake
That nyght of slepe toke liteⁿ hiede.
For besy she was, with-outen drede,

Urake brings Partonope with her,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Now slepe I pray yow hertyly,
For I woⁿ go now fuⁿ prevyly
To Ship̄ vn-wething of ony wyght.
Home I shaⁿ come a-pon) the nyght,
And yf yt lyke yow, to-morow tyme
I wole be wyth yow hardyly or pryme."

"I p[r]ey you, suster," tho sayd the queen),
"Be tyme to-morow here that ye bene."
In this wyse hath Vrak take her leve.
Persewyse a-none She toke be the sleve,
And in-to Ship̄ to-gedyr they gone,
And to her casteⁿ they come a-non).
Than mett they wyth Partanope.
Wyth Ioyfuⁿ hert hem) welcometh be.
And Vrak hym) told aⁿ the entent
Of the emp*e*resse and of the turnement,
And how she shuld on) the morow make
[1] Knyght*es*; and ther-for fayre Vrak
That nyght of slep toke lyteⁿ heede.
For besy She was, wyth-outen drede

[1] leaf 76, back]

*Rawl. MS.*

Nowe slepe I *praye* you hertly,
For I wiⁿ goo nowe fuⁿ preuely
To shipe vn-wyttynge of ony wigⁿt.
Home I shaⁿ come on þe nygⁿt.
And yef it lyke you, to-morwe be tyme
I wiⁿ be *with* yo[u] hardly ore pryme."—
"I *praye* you, *syster*," seyde þe quene,
"Be tyme to-morwe here þat ye bene."
In þis vyse hathe Wrake here leue,
*Per*cewyse anone she toke be þe sleve,

And to shipe toge*der* þey gon),
And to *þer* casteⁿ þey come anon).
Then) met þey *with* *Par*tonope.
*With* Ioyfuⁿ hert welcomede hem he.
Wrake hym tolde aⁿ þe entent
[1] Of þe emp*eres* *and* of þe turment,

And howe she shulde on þe morwe make
Knyght*es*; *and* *þer*-for feyre Wrake
That nyght of slepe toke lytiⁿ hede.
For besy she was, *with*-out drede,

[1] leaf 75]

To arme hym in þe fresshiste wise.
And longe or þe sonne gan rise,
To courte she brought Partonope,
[Her-self and Persewyse, and no mo meyne. 8928
And in-to a chambre where as she
Was wont to be herboured, Partonope] and hides him in a chamber.
Vnwetyng of any wight they hym lede.
And þere fuƕ prively vpon a bedde 8932
They made hym rest tiƕ it was day.
And right sone after, with-outen nay, [leaf 113]
The sonne hir beames oute fresshe spredde.
It made þe vnluste to leve his bedde, 8936
And rise and cloþe hym fresshe and gay
For Ioy of þat Ioyfuƕ, mery day.
To courte þo come ridyng fuƕ bright The young men who are to receive the order of knighthood arrive.
Wele Iarmed þo þat ordre of knyght 8940
Shuld take of þis fayre Meliore.
And aƕ they light anoone atte dore
Of þe chambre where as Partonope

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To *arme hym) in the best wyse.
And long or the Sonne gan) aryse,
To Courte she broth Partanope,
Her-self, and Persewyse, and no mo meyne, 8928
And in-to a chambre where as she
Was wont to be herboured, Partanope
Vn-wetyng of ony* wyght they hym) ledde. 8931
And there fuƕ pryvyly vpon) a bedde
They made hym) rest tyƕ yt was day.
And ryght sone after, wyth-outen) nay,
The sonne her bemes oute fresch spered.
Hit made the vnlust to leve his bedd, 8936
And ryse and cloth hym) fresch and gay
For Ioy of that Ioyfuƕ, mery day.
TO Court tho come rydyng fuƕ bryght
Weƕ I-armed tho that ordre of knyght 8940
Shuld take of This fayre Melioure.
And aƕ they lyght a-none atte dore
Of the chambre where as Partanope

8925. *MS. adds* ll *before* arme.
8931. ony] *MS.* my.

*Rawl. MS.*

To arme hym in þe freshe wyse.
And longe ore þe son gan) ryse,
To Courte she brought Partonope,
Her-selfe *and* Percewyse, *and* no mo meyne. 8928
And in-to chombir where þat she
Was wont to herberwe, Partonope
Vnwetynge of ony wight þey hym lede.
And *þer* fuƕ prevely vppon) a bede 8932
They made hym reste tiƕ þe day.
And right sone after with-out nay,
The sone here bemys out freshe sprede.

Hit made þe vnlustly to leue his bede, 8936
And ryse *and* clothe hym freshe *and* gay
For Ioye of þat Ioyfuƕ day.
¶ To courte come rydynge bright

Weƕ I-armede þat þe ordir of knyght

Shulde take of þis Melyore. 8941
And aƕ þey light anone at þe dore
Of þe chambir where as Partonope

Was herborowed, and faste a-slepe was he, 8944
For þrow þat chamber lieth þe wey.
Wrake anoone brought forthe the key,
And þerwith she wakened Partonope.
To opyn þe dore streight gope she. 8948

Partonope goes with them.

In come they all, with-outen lese.
Partonope prively in þis prese
She maketh go with-outen more,
There as þis queen, faire Meliore, 8952
In hir estate stonte full Royally.

At that time it was the custom to appear all in arms.

Then was þe custome sikerly,
Who so euer shuld take þe ordre of knyght,
In stele he moste be armed bright, 8956
Bothe hede and fote and all in feere.

The sword should hang round the neck till the ceremony of knighting take place.

Also þat tyme þis was þe manere,
His swerde aboute his neke shuld honge,
Were it shorte or were it longe, 8960
Till they it fro hym shuld take
That þerwith hym knyght shuld make.
þerfore all þes yonge men bene

Partonope stands

Fresshe yarmed be-fore þe queen. 8964

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Was herbourid, and fast a-slepe was he, 8944
For thorow that chambre lyeth her wey.
Vrak a-non brought forth the key,
And ther-wyth She waked Partanope.
To opyn) the dore streyght goth She.
In come they all, wyth-outen) lese.
Partanope pryvyly in this prese 8950
She maketh go wyth-outen) more,
There as this queen), fayre Melioure 8952
In her Estate stont full ryally.
Than) was the custome sykerly,
Who so euer shulld take the ordyr of knyght,* 8955
In steele he must be armed bryght
Both hede and fote and all in feere.
Also that tyme this was the manere,
His swerd a-boute his neke shulld honge,
Where hit short or were hit longe, 8960
[1] Tyll they hit fro hym) shuld take
That ther-wyth hym) knyght shuld make. [1 leaf 77]
There-fore all this yong men) been)
Fressh I-armed be-fore the queen). 8964

ll. 8955–56 *are inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Was herberwede, *and* faste on slepe was he, 8944
For þorwe þe chambir lyth her wey.
Wrake anone brought furthe þe key,
Ther-*with* she wakede Partonope.
To oppyn þe dore streight gothe she.
In come þey all *with*-out lesse. 8949
Partonope preuely in þis prese
She maketh goo *with*-out more,
Ther as þis quene, feyre Melyore, 8952
In hir esstate stont Royally.
Then was þe costum sekerly,
Who so euer shulde take þe order of knyght, 8955
In stell he moste be armede bright,
Bothe hede *and* foote *and* all in fere.
[1] Also þat tyme þis þe manere,
His swerde aboute his nyke shulde honge, [1 leaf 75, back]
Were it shorte ore were it longe, 8960
Till þey it fro hym shulde it take,
And þer-*with* hym) knyght shulde make.
There-fore all þis yonge men bene
Freshe I-armede be-fore þe quene. 8964

Amonge hem stonte Partonope.
Fuƚƚ hevy and thoughtfuƚƚ is he,
Be-holdyng þe beaute of his lady,
So fayre, so fresshe, and so semely,
Stondyng be-fore hym gay arrayed.
No wonder þough he were dismayed
To þinke how lovyng to hym she had be,
And þrow his deffaute aƚƚ loste had he.
His heere gan warpe, his colour gan chaunge, [leaf 113, back]
Seyng his lady to hym so straunge,
That at his wiƚƚ was wonte to be.
Sore a-basshed on hir þo loked he,
Thinkyng how he had hir be-trayed.
Gretely þerof was he dismayed.
Yite neuer þe latter, with-outen lese,
To þis lady he gan to prese
Forto haue prayde hir of mercy and grace
Before aƚƚ folke in þat place.
Wrake aspied wele be his manere
And be þe chaungyng of his chere,
He was a-boute to play foly.

among the others before the Queen, thoughtful and sad.

He is on the point of asking his Lady's pardon publicly,

in spite of Urake's warning.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A-monge hem) stont Partanope.
Fuƚƚ hevy and thoughtfuƚƚ ys he,
Be-holdyng the beaute of this lady,
So fayre, so fressch, and so semely, 8968
Stonding be-fore hym) gay a-rayed.
No wondyr thought he were dysmayed
To thenk how loveng to hym) she had be,
And throw his defaunte aƚƚ lost had he. 8972
His hert gan) qwappe, his coloure gan) change,
Seeyng his lady to hym) so straunge,
That atte hys wyƚƚ was wont to be,
Sore a-basshed on) her loked he, 8976
Thenkyng how he had her be-trayed.

Gretely there-of was he dysmayed.
Yet neuer the latter, wyth-outen) lese,
To this lady he gan) to prees 8980
For to a prayed her of mercy and grace
Be-fore aƚƚ folk in that place.
Vrak aspyed weƚƚ be hys manere
And be the chaungyng of his chere,
He was aboute to play foly. 8985

*Rawl. MS.*

Amonge hem stont Partonope.
Fuƚƚ heuy *and* þoughtfuƚƚ is he,
Be-holdynge þe beute of his lady,
So feyre, so freshe, *and* so symly, 8968
Stondynge be-fore hym gay arrayde.
No wonder þough he were dyssmayde
To thynke howe louy*n*ge to hym s..e hade be,
And þorwe his defaute aƚƚ loste hade he. 8972
His hert gan whape, his coloure chau*n*ge,
Seynge his lady to hym so stronge
That at his wiƚƚ was wont to be.
Sore abasshede on here lokede he, 8976
Thynkynge howe he hade here be-*tray*ede.
Gretly þer-of he was dysmayde.
Yet neuer the later, with-out lese,
To þis lady he gan) to prese 8980
To *pray*e here of mercy *and grace*
Before aƚƚ folke in þat place.
Wrake aspyde in his manere
And be þe changynge of his chere, 8984
He was aboute to pley folye.

8984. *or* chongynge.

Vpon a stole she dressed hir hye,
And hoved ascaunse: "Take heede of me,
And þinke what I haue charged þe." 8988
But aH for nought he toke noone heede
Of hir counseylle, ne of hir rede,
But was in purpose his lady fully
Of his trespase *þer* to aske *mercy*, 8992
And openly þere to haue know be.
But he cannot press through the crowd.
But yite it happed þat lette was he:
Hir beaute so highle gan encrese
In aH þe sight of þis grete prese, 8996
That they so þikk a-boute hir stode,
þoughe Partonope for love had ben wode,
He myght not hir come to in no wise.
His felawes hir beaute gan so devise, 9000
Takyng grete heede of hir semely-hede,
Vpon a benche an highe as she stode,
Euen þere vp right atte deyse,
That aH men þat were in þe paleyse, 9004
Of hir myght haue fuH þe sight,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Vpon a stoole She dressed here hygh.
And hoved a-scaunse: "Take hede of me, 8987
And thenk what I haue charge[d] the."
But aH for noght he toke none hede
Of her counsayH, ne of her rede,
But was in purpose hys lady fully
Of his trespas there to aske *mercy*, 8992
And openly there to haue know be.
But yet hit happed that lett was he:
Her beaute so hyghly ganne enorese
In aH the syght of this grete prese, 8996
That they so Thykke a-boute her stote
Thoght Partanope for love had bene wode,
He myght not here come to [in] no wyse.
His felaws her beaute So gan devyse,*
Takyng grete hede of her semely-hode, [leaf 77, back] 9001
Vpon a bench an hygh as she stoode,
Even there vp ryght at the deyse,
That aH men that were in the paleys,
Of her myght haue fuH the syght, 9005

ll. 9000–01 *inverted in MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Vppon a stole she dressede hir hye,
And houyde as-scaunce: "Take hede of me, 8987
And thynke what I haue chargyde the."
But aH for nought he toke none hede
Of here counseH, ne of here rede,
But was in purpose his lady fully
Of his trespas *þer* to aske *mercy*, 8992
And oppynly *þer* to haue knowe be.
But yet it happyde *þat* let was he:
Here beute so highly gan encrese
In aH þe sight of þis grete prese 8996
[1] That þey so thyke aboute here stode

Though Partonope for loue hade be wode [1 leaf 76]
He myght here come to [in] no wyse.
His felowis here beute so gan devyse,
Takenge grete hede of here symlyhede,

Vppon a benche an hye she stode 9002
Evyn vpright at þe doyse
That aH men *þat* were in þe plase
Of her myght haue fuH þe sight, 9005

Erle, baron), squyer, and knyght.
Clopes of golde a-boute hir were sprede ;
Hir to be-holde eiche man was gladde.
Now wole I teH you how she was cladde :
A mantiH honerable vpon she hadde
Of rede satyn fuH good cremesyn),
Furred wele with fyne Ermyne. [leaf 114]
A kyrtiH of þe same she hadde vndre.
Hir to be-holde was grete wondre,
That with beaute euer nature
Wolde so enbelice ony oo creature.
For þat euer longed to fuH beaute,
In hir persone a man myght se.
It nedeth not of array more to teH,
When þat of beaute she was þe beH.
In myrrour to loke hadde she no nede
Ne of ffresshe atyre, with-outen drede.
For were she slepyng or elles a-wake,
Of beaute had she no make.
AH þis while stant Partonope,
Of his lady be-holdyng þe beaute.

The Queen is wonderfully dressed,

and her beauty has no equal.

Partonope is so agitated

9025. *or* stont ?

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Erle, baron), Squyer, and knygH,
Clothis of gold a-boute her were spredde ;
Her to be-hold eche man) was gladd.
Now woH I telle yow how She was cladde :
A manteH honerable vpon) she had,
Of red saten) fuH good cremesyn),
Furred weH wyth fyne Ermyn),
A kyrtyH of the same She had vndre.
Hyr to be-hold was grete wondre,
That wyth beaute euer nature
Wold so enbelyce ony oo creature.
For that euer longed to fuH beaute,
In her persone a man myght see.
Hit nedyth [n]ot of aray more to telle,
Whan) that of beaute She was the beH.
In merrour to love had She none nede,
Ne of fressh a-tyre, wyth-outen) drede.
For were She slepyng or elles a-wake,
Of beaute had she no make.
Alle this while stont Partanope,
Of his lady be-holdyng the beaute.

*Rawl. MS.*

Erle, baron), Squyre, *and* knygHt.
Clothis of golde aboute her were sperde ;
Her to be-holde iche man) was glade.
I wiH teH you howe she was clade :
A mantiH honorabiH on here she hade
Of rede satyn fuH good crymsyne,
Furrede weH *with* fyne Ermyne.
A kertiH of þe same she hade vnder.
Hir to be-holde was grete wonder,
That *with* beute euer nature
Wolde so enbesiH ony o creture.
For þat euer longyde to fuH beute,
In here persone a man) myght see.
Hit nedyth not of array more to teH,
When) þat of beute she was the beH.
In myrrour to loke hade she no nede,
Ne of freshe atyre *with*-out drede.
For were she slepynge ore elles awake,
Of beute hade she no make.
AH þis while stont Partonope,
Of his lady be-holdynge þe beute.

No new love but olde remembraunce
Maketh hym stonde in such a traunce, 9028
That sodenly he was brought in such a case,
He wist not wele where he was.
And of þis haue ye no mervaylle.
For all his felawes, with-outen fayle, 9032
Were so highely caught with hir beaute,
That nye in þe same plite were he.
What for shame and basshednes
that he scarcely dares approach the Queen. Partonope darre not þrow the prees 9036
Passe to his lady þe ordre to take.
Who was þen wo but good Wrake?
So with grete feere atte laste
A-shamed to þe grounde his hede he caste, 9040
That Melior in no wise shuld se
How he, þat false Partonope,
What with shame and with grete fere,
To his lady he neghed nere. 9044
She takes the sword from his neck and girds him with it. From his nekke she toke his swerde,
A-boute his medle þo it gyrde,
And in suche a wise hir girdyng he felte,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

No new love but old remenbraunse
Make hym) stond in such a traunse
That sodenly he was brought in such
case, 9029
He wyst not wele where he was.
And of this haue ye no mervayle,
For all his felaws, wyth-outen) nay, 9032
Were so highly caught wyth her beaute,

That nye in the same plyte were he.
What for shame and basshednes
Partanope dare not throw the prees 9036
Passe to his ladydy the ordy to take,
Who was than) who but goode Vrak?
So wyth grete fere att laste [leaf 78]
A-shamed to the ground his face he
cast, 9040
That Melioure in no wyse shuld see
How he, that false Partanope,
What wyth shame and wyth grete feere,
To his lady he neyghed nere. 9044
From) his nek she to[ke] his swerd.
A-boute his meddyll tho hit gerd.
And in such a wyse her gyrdyng he
felt,

*Rawl. MS.*

No newe loue but olde remembraunce
Maketh me stonde in soyche straunce.
So sodenly he was brought in soyche
cas* 9029
He wyste not well where he was.
Of þis haue ye no marvell.
For all hys felowis, *with*-out faill, 9032
Were so highly caught *with* here
beuute, [leaf 76, back]
That nye to þe same plyte were heye.
What for shame *and* basshedenes
Partonope dare not þorwe the prese
Passe to his lady þe order to take. 9037
Who was þen) wo but good Wrake?
So *with* grete fere at þe laste
Ashamyde to þe grounde his face he
caste, 9040
That Melyore in no wyse shulde se
Howe he, þat false Partonope,
What *with* shame *and* grete fere,
To his lady he nyghede nere. 9044
Fro his nyke she toke his swerde,
Abut his myddill she it gyrde.
And in soyche wyse his gyrdynge he
felt,

ll. 9029–30 *inverted in MS.*

His herte as metalle þen gan melte.
When from hir departe shuld [he],
And þough[t] it myght none oþer wise be,
His Eyen on hir sorowfuH he caste,
And oute of hir presence he hiede faste. [leaf 114, back]
This ladye toke heede of his chere.
She thought his porte and his manere
Likened moche to Partonope.
But ayeinward þen thought she :
"To þinke þis I haue grete wronge,
For sith he deyed it is go longe."
And þerwith she turned hir to Wrake.
"Suster," she seide, "be Goddes sake,
This knyght truly, as þinketh me,
Resembleth of stature and beaute
That worthy, þat semely—" and þerwith she
Of speche stinted, for in no degre
His name to sowne had she no myght.
Hir herte so gretely was of þe sight
Of hym distraught, þat as a lefe
With wynde yshake, so quoke * hir brethe,

Partonope goes away sorrowful.

The Queen thinks the knight resembles Partonope.

In mentioning it to Urake she is so troubled that she cannot even pronounce his name.

9068. *MS.* quake.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

His hert as metaH thaD gaD melt. 9048
WhaD froD her departe shulde,
And thogHt hit myght noD other-wyse be,
His eyD oD her sorowfuHy he cast, 9051
And oute of her presens he hyed fast.
THis lady toke hede of his chere.
She thogHt his port and his manere
Lekened mocH to Partanope.
But a-yeD-ward thaD thogHt She : 9056
"To thenk this I haue grete wrong,
For sytH he dyed hit ys go long."
And there-wytH she turned her to Vrak.
"Suster," she sayd, "be Goddes sake,
This knygHt truly, as thenketH me,
Resembleth of stature and of beaute
That worthey, that semely—" and ther-wytH she
Of speke stynted, for in no degree 9064
His name to sowne had She no mygHt.
Her hert so gretely was of the sygHt
Of hymD dystraugHt that as a lefe
WytH wynde I-sake / so quoke her breth. 9068

*Rawl. MS.*

His hert as metaH þen gaD mylte. 9048
WheD from hir departe shulde he,
And þought it myght none oþer be,
His eyeD on hir sodenly he caste, 9051
And out of hire presence he hyede faste.
¶ This lady toke hede of his chere.
She þought his port and his maner
Lykenede moche to Partonope.
But ayen-warde þeD þought she : 9056
"To thynke þis I haue grete wronge,
For sethe he dyede it is goo longe."
There-with she turnede here to Wrake.
"Syster," she seyde, "be Goddes sake,
This knyght truly, as thynketh me,
Resemblyth of stature and of beute
That worthy, þat symly," and ther-with she
Of speche styntyde, for in no degre 9064
His name to sowne hade she no mygHt.
Here hert so gretly was of þe sight
Of hym dysstraught þat at a lefe
With wynde Ishake, so quoke here brethe. 9068

Hir herte, hir lymmes eke so tremeled,
His name in no wise coupe she rede.
Thus stode* þis lady amonge hem aH.
Ofte was she in wiH hym to caH,
But o þing made hir stonde in drede :
It hadde ben ayeinst hir womanhede.

Partonope is now gone to his chamber.

Now is Partonope, þis new knyght,
Gone to his chambre, and haþ þe sight
Of hir loste þat he now loveth beste.
His herte is sette in lytiH reste.
For olde love and new desyre
Hath sette his herte so hote on fyre,
That aH his sprites with hym be
So troubled þat to bedde goþe he,
And leyth hym downe þer to reste.
Now may he þinke whaţ hym liste.

He longs for the tournament,

Many mervelouse þought þinketh he.
" Now, lorde God," seide he, " when shaH be
This turnement, þere as I myght
Prefe my-self to be a knyght?
Lorde, wheþer I shaH lyve to þat day

9071. *MS.* This seide.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Her hert, her lymmes eke so tremeled,
His name in [no] wyse cowde she rede.
Thus stode this lady a-monge hem) aH.
Ofte was She in wyH hym caH, 9072
But oo thing made her stond in drede :

Hit had bene a-yenst her woman-hede
NOw ys Partanope, this new knyght,
Gone to his chambre, and hath the syght 9076
Of her lost that he now loveth best,
[1] His hert ys sett in lyteH rest,
For old love and new desyre [1 leaf 78, back]
HatH sett his hert so hote on fyre, 9080
That aH his spyrytes wytH hym) be
So troble‹ that to bedde goth he,
And lyetH hym) doune there to rest.
Now may he thenk whatH hym) lyst.
Many mervayles thought thenketH he.
" Now, lord God," sayd he, " whan) shaH be 9086
This turnement, There a[s] I myght
Preve my-self to be a knyght? 9088
Lord, wedyr I shaH leve tyH that day,

*Rawl. MS.*

Here hert, her lymes eke so tremblyde,
His name in no wyse couthe she rede.
[1] Thus stode þis lady amonge hem aH.
Ofte was she in wiH hym to caH, 9072
But o thynge made here stonde in drede : [1 leaf 77]
Hit hade ben ayen here womanhede.
¶ Nowe is Partonope, þis newe knyght,
Gon to his chambir, *and* hathe sight

Of here þat he louyth beste. 9077
His hert is set in lytiH reste.
For olde loue *and* newe desyre
Hathe set his hert so sore a fyre, 9080
That aH his sper[it]is wit*h* hym be
So trublede þat to bede goth he,
And leyde hym downe þer to reste.
Nowe may he thynke what he lyste.
Many a mervelus þough thynketh he.
" Nowe, lorde God," seyde he, " when shaH be
This turment, þer as I myght
Prese my-selfe to be a knyght? 9088
Lorde, where I shaH leue to þat day,

Then wote I wele, *with*-outen nay,
I shaH be at þat Turnement. [leaf 115]
For herte and strength, þat God haþ lente 9092
To me, I shaH spende, be I neu*er* so sore
Hurte; for wele I wote and knowe a-fore,
I shaH þere se my sou*ereyn* leche.
And hir beaute shaH so me refresshe, 9096
That in armes me shaH teche,
Thoughe my stroke be harde or nesshe,
Of myn enemeys I wole not settę a risshe."
Thus lieth this knyght Partonope, 9100
Hym-self avauntyng faire and fre,
And in presumpc[i]on falleth sore,
He weneth to haue þe degre þ*er*fore.
AH þis made love, I vndertake. 9104
To hym þ*er*with come Wrake,
And to a privere chamber hym ledde,
And þere hym made reste on a bedde.
There was he saufe and oute of sight, 9108
And þere a-bode tiH it was nyght.
Oute of þe halle gothe Meliore.

where he will see Melior.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Than) wote I wele, wyth-outen) nay,
I shaH be at that turnement.
For hert and strength that God hath lent 9092
To me, be I neu*er* so sore, I shaH spend

Hurt; for weH I wote and know a-fore,
I shaH there see my sou*erayn* leche.
And her beaute shaH so me refresch,
That in armys me shaH teche, 9097
Thought my stroke be hard or nasshe,
Of myn) Enmys this knyght woH not
not sett a rych."
Thus lyeth this knyght Partanope, 9100
Hym-sellf a-vauntyng fayre and free,
And in presumpcion) falyth sore,
He weneth to haue the gree there-fore.
AH this made love, I vndyr-take, 9104
To hym) ther-wyth come Vrak,
And to a pryvyer chambere hym) ledde,
And there hym) made reste on) a bedde.
There was he safe and out of syght, 9108
And there he a-bode tyH hit was derke
nyght.
Out of the haH goth Melior,

*Rawl. MS.*

Then) wot I weH, *with*-out nay,
I shaH be at þis turment,
For hert *and* strenght, þat God hathe
lent 9092
To me, I shaH spende, be I neu*er* so
sore
Hurt; for weH I wot *and* knowe afore,
I shaH þ*er* se my sou*erayne* leche.
And here beute shaH so me refreshe,
That in armes me shaH teche, 9097
Though my stroke be harde ore nesshe,
Of myne enemys I wiH not set a
russhe." 9099
¶ Thus lyeth þis knyght P*ar*tonope
Hym-selfe avantynge feyre *and* fre,
And in p*ro*sumpcion) fallyth sore,
He wenyth to haue the gre þ*er*-fore.
AH þis made loue, I vnd*er*take. 9104
To hym þ*er*-*with* come Wrake,
And to a preuyere chambir hym lede,
And made hym reste vppon a bede.
[1] Ther was he safe *and* out of sight,
And þ*er* abode tiH it was nyght. 9109
[1 leaf 77, back]
But of þe haH gothe Melyore.

Hir hede, she seide, oke fuⱨ sore,
Melior leaves the hall, lovesick and afflicted. With hem myght she no leng*er* bide. 9112
She seide: "Wele mote ye aⱨ be-tyde."
And toke hir leve in curteyse wise,
Bett*er* þen I can teⱨ or devise.
Love-seke she was, with-outen doute, 9116
Grete grefe she felt aⱨ a-boute.
The fyres darte of love so smerte
So þrilled hadde hir meke herte,
That flesshe and blode, bode and veyne 9120
Was fullfilled with grete peyne.
Therfore myght wele fayre Meliore
Sey hir hede oke þan fuⱨ sore.
Urake and Partonope go on board, The day is paste, and now cometh Eve. 9124
Of hir suste*r* Wrake toke hir leve.
Hir meany metith with hir anoone.
Partonope she Cleped, and forþe they gone
To þe haven, where as þe shipp of flote 9128
Was she founde redy, and þen a bote
Hir meany calle, and þat in haste. [leaf 115, back]
The bote to hir they rowed faste.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Her hede, she sayd, ooke fuⱨ sore.
Wyth hem) myght she no lenger a-byde. 9112
She sayd: "Wele mote ye aⱨ be-tyde,"
And toke her leve in curteys wyse,
Better than) I can) telle or devyse.
Love-syke She was, wyth-outen) doute,
Grete greef She felt aⱨ a-boute. [leaf 79]
The fyres dart of love so smert 9118
So threlled hadd her meke hert,
That flesch and blood, bone and veyne

Was fuⱨ-fyⱨed wyth grete payne.
There-fore myght fayre Melior 9122
Sey her hede ooke fuⱨ sore.
THe day ys past, now cometh eve.
Of her suster Vrak taketh leve.
Her meyne meteth wyth her a-none.
Partanope She clepyth, and forth they gone 9127
To the haven), where as the ship aflote
Was She fonde redy, and than) a bote
Her meyne caⱨ, and that in hast, 9130
The bote to her they Rowed fast.

*Rawl. MS.*

Here hede, she seyde, oke fuⱨ sore.
*With* hem myght she no leng*er* abyde.

She seyde "aⱨ mot ye weⱨ be-tyde."
And toke her leue fuⱨ courtesly, 9114
Bett*er* þen I con teⱨ in fey.
Loue-seke she was, *with*-out doute,
Grete grefe she felt aⱨ aboute. 9117
The fers dart of loue so smerte
So thrillede hade here meke herte,
That fleshe *and* blode, senewe *and* veyne
Was fuⱨ-fillede *with* grete payne. 9121
There-fore myght weⱨ feyre Melyore
Sey here hede þen oke sore.
¶ The day is paste, *and* come is eve,
Of hir syst*er* Wrake taketh leue. 9125
Hir meyne metyth *with* here anone.
Partonope she clepyth, *and* furth þey gone
To þe hauyn), where as þe schipe aflote
Was she foun*de* redy, *and* þen a bote
Here meyne caⱨ, *and* þat in haste. 9130
The bote to hir þey rowdie faste.

The shipmen hir heylen *with* good chere,
To shippe they rowe aH in fere.
The shipp when they were entred aH,
The maist*er* maryn*er* his men did caH
And bade hem faste þe ankere vp hale.
The saile *þer*with they made avale,
And forþe they sayle afore þe wynde.
A bett*er* saylere can no man fynde,
Then was þat shipp at my devise.
With Wrake *þer* was Persewise,
That loved some folke *þer* fuH wele.
But so frowarde turned fortune his whele,
That was not be-loved agayne,
þanked be fortune, so may we seyne.
For she þat I love with aH my herte,
Gifeth liteH forse how sore I smerte.
The shipp I spake of, was fuH good.
FuH faste he sayleth þrow þe flode,
So þat *with*in a liteH while
They be come save into þe Ile
Of Salence with-oute any affray,
On morowe be þan it was day.

accompanied by poor Persevis,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The shyppemen) here heylyn) wyth good chere, 9132
To Shipp they Row aH in feere.
The shipp whan) they were entred aH,
The mayst*er* marener hys men) dyd caH,
And bad hem) fast the anker vp hale.
The sayle ther-wyth they made a-vale,
And forth the sayle a-fore the wynde.
A better sayler can) no man) fynde
That was that Ship at my devyse. 9140

That loved som) folk there ryght wele,
But so froward turned fortune his whele,
That was not be-loved ayen), 9144
Thanked be fortune so may whe seyn),
For she that I love wyth aH my hert,
Gyfeth lyteH forse how sore I smert.
The Ship I spak of, was fuH goode.
FuH fast he sayleth thorow the flode,
So that wyth-yn) a lyteH while 9150
They be come safe in-to the yle
Of Salence wyth-outen) ony affray,
On) morow be than) hit was day. 9153

*Rawl. MS.*

The shipmen her haiH *with* good chere. 9132
To shipe þey rowe aH in fere.
The schipe when) þey were entyrde aH,
The mast*er* maren*er* his men dyde caH,
And bade hem faste þe ankere vp hale,
The saiH *þer-with* þey dyde avale. 9137
Forthe þey saiH afore þe wynde.
A bett*er* saylere can) no man) fynde,
Than) was þat shipe at my devyse. 9140
*With* Wrake *þer* was Percewyse,
That louyde som folke *þer* right weH.
For so frowarde turnede fortune his while,
That was not be-louyde agayne, 9144
Thankede be fortune, so may we seyne,
For she þat I loue *with* aH my herte,
[1] Geuyth lytiH fors, þought I sore smert
The shipe I spake of, was fuH goode.
FuH faste she saylede þorwe þe flode,
So þat *with*-in a lytiH while [1 leaf 78]
They be come faste in-to þe Ile
Of Salence *with*-out ony fray, 9152
On morwe be þat it was day.

Oute gothe þe ankere, downe goþe þe saile.
Wrake hath ouercome wele hir travaylle.
and return to Salence. To bote they gone and streight to londe. 9156
The maryners they leve on þe stronde.
Wrake bade hem ofte fare wele,
And forþe she gothe to hir casteƕ.
With aƕ hir meany þere she mette. 9160
On knees louly they hir grete,
And of hir comyng were fuƕ gladde.
To stonde vp-right hem aƕ she bade,
And into hir chambre streight she gothe. 9164
In shorte tyme after borde and cloþe
Was leide, for it drew faste to pryme.
Sone after Wrake come in to dyne,
And with hir brought Partonope; 9168
Of mete þere laked no deynte. [leaf 116]
Thus day be day they fare right wele.
But Partonope makeþ grete dole,
So longe comyng is þe day. 9172
His armes ofte doþe he assay.
One day Partonope Vpon a day, soone after þe asscenc[i]on),

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Oute goth the anker, doun goth the Sayle.
Vrak hath ouer-come wele her travayle.
To bote they gone and streyght to lond. [1 leaf 79, back] 9156
[1]The mareners they leve on the strond.
Vrak bad hym ofte fare wele,
And forth She goth to her casteƕ.
Wyth alle her meyne there she mett.
On kneys lowly the her grete, 9161
And of her comyng were fuƕ glad.
To stond vp-ryght hem aƕ She bad,
And to her chamber streyght She goth. 9164
In short tyme after boord and cloth
Was leyd, for hit drew fast to pryme.
Sone after Vrak come in to dyne,
And wyth her brought Partanope;
Of mete ther lakked no deynte. 9169
Thus day by day they fare ryght wele,
But Partanope maketh moche dele,
So long Comyng ys the day. 9172
His Armys ofte doth he assay.
VPon a day, sone after the assencion).

*Rawl. MS.*

Out goth þe ankere, downe goth þe saiƕ.
Wrake hath ouer-come her travaiƕ.
To bot þey gon *and* streight to londe.
The mareners þey leue on þe stronde.
Wrake bade hem ofte fare weƕ, 9158
And furthe she gothe to here casteƕ.
With aƕ here meyne þer she mete.
On knees lowly þey here grete, 9161
And of here comy[n]ge were fuƕ glade.
To stonde vpright she hem bade.
In-to here chambir streight she gothe.
In short tyme after borde *and* clothe
Was leyde, for it drewe faste to prime.
Sone after Wrake come in to dyne,
And with here brought Partonope;
Of mete þer lakede no deynte. 9169
Thus day be day þey fere right weƕ.
But Partonope maketh meche deƕ
So longe comy[n]ge is þe day. 9172
His armour ofte dothe he assay.
¶ Vppon a day, sone after þe assencion),

When þe sonnes light hath foysone
Of hete, after dynere faire Wrake
Yode to hir chambre, and þought to take
Her reste, tiłł þe hote were a-go,
And toke Persewise with hir and no mo.
But so did not good Partonope.
Of any reste litiłł heede toke he.
Were it be desteny or be sorte,
Vnwetyng of Wrake him to disporte
To þe see went, and toke a bote.
The see was fayre, þe weder was hote.
And forþe he sayleth vp in the see
A-fore þe wynde ; but when þat he
Homward wolde a turned ayein,
The wynde was contrarie, it wolde not bene.
And þerto it blew so sturdely,
That perisshe hym dredde fułł hugely.
Shipmen seide they couthe not se
But þat they moste serve þe see.
So hidously þo the wynde gan blowe,

goes alone down to the sea-shore.

There he takes a boat.

A violent wind carries him off to the isle of Tenedon.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Whan) the Sonnes lyght hath foyson),
Ofte hete, after dyner fayre Vrak 9176
Yode to her chambere, and thought to take
Her rest, tyłł the hete were a-goo,
And toke Persewyse with her and no moo.
But so dyd not good Partanope 9180
Of ony rest lyteł goode he toke heede
Were hit be dystyny or be sort,
Vrak vn-wetyng of Vrak hym) to dysport
To the see went, and toke a bote. 9184
The see was fayre, the wedyr was hote.
And forth he sayleth vp in the see
A-for the wynd ; but whan) that he
Homward wold a tvrned a-yen), 9188
The wynde was contrayre, hit wold not bene.
And therto hit blew so sturdely,
That perysch he hym) drad fułł hugely.

Syp̄men) sayd they cowde not see 9192
But they must serve the se.
So hidously tho the wynd gan) blow,

*Rawl. MS.*

When) þe son-light hathe foyson)
Of hete, after dyner fayre Wrake 9176
Yede to here chambir, *and* þought to take
Here reste, tiłł þe hete were goo,
And toke Percewyse with here *and* no mo.
But so dyde not gode Partonope. 9180
Of ony reste lytiłł hede toke he.
Where it be desteny ore be sorte,*
Vn-wytynge of Wrake hym to dys-sporte
To þe se went, *and* toke a bote. 9184
[1] The se was feyre, þe weder was hote.
Furthe he saylyth vppon) þe se
Afore þe wynde ; but when þat he
Homwarde wolde a turnede ayen), 9188
The wynde was contrary, it wolde not bene. [1 leaf 78, back]
And þer-to it blewe so stordyle,
Then þer to be perisshede he wende verelye.
Schipmen) seyde þey couth not se 9192
But þat þey moste serue þe se.
So hedyusly þe wynde gan blowe,

9182. *MS.* forte.

The coste on no side coupe they knowe.
So within a lityH while, 9196
Magre her hede, into an Ile
They were dryve, where as they moste
Aryve, or elles they ben but loste.
This Ile was named Tenodoen, 9200
Where they aH arryved bene.

There lives Armaunt, a fierce tyraunt, who has pleasure in slaying and imprisoning other knights.

The lorde þerof hight Armaunt,
A deviH and a cursed tyraunt.
Large was he of body and a worthy knyght. 9204
His moste Ioy was euer to fight;
To Iust and turney was aH his play.
Grete Ioy hadde he þen to assay
To sle or mayme whom euer he myght [leaf 116, back] 9208
And if it happed hym a worthy knyght
To hurte or sle or elles mayme,
þerat wolde he laughe, and was fuH fayne.
And if he put any man in prisone, 9212
Oute shuld he neuer for no Raunsone.

Partonope and his men are arrested and shut up in a tower.

When Partonope and his meany were
In þat londe aryved for grete feere
Of þe hidouse tempest on þe see, 9216

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The cost on no syde cowde they know.
So wyth-in a lytell while, [leaf 80] 9196
Magre her hede, in-to an yle
They were dryve, where as they must
A-ryve or elles they bene but lost.
This Ile was named Tenodoen), 9200
Where they aH aryved bene.
The lord there-of hygHt Armaunt,
A devyH and acused tyraunt.
Large was he of body and worthey knyght. 9204
His most Ioy was euer to fygHt,
To Iust and turney was aH his play.
Grete Ioy had he than) to assay
To sle or mayne whom) euer he mygHt.
And yf that hit happed hym) a worthey knygHt 9209
To hurt or sle or elles mayne,
There-at wold he law, and was fayne.
And yf he put ony may in pryson),
Out shuld he neuer for no raunson).
Whan) Partanope had his meyne were
In that lond a-ryved for grete feere
Of the hydous tempest or the see, 9216

*Rawl. MS.*

The coste in no wyse couthe þey knowe.
So with-in a lytiH while, 9196
Magre here hede in-to an Ile
They were dreve, where þey moste
Aryue, ore eHes þey be but loste.
This Ile was namyde Tenodone, 9200
Where þey aH aryuede ben).
The lorde þer-of hight Armant,
A deviH *and* a coursede tyraunt.
Large he was *and* a worthy knygHt.

His moste Ioye was euer to fiHt. 9205
To Iuste *and* turney was his play.
Grete Ioye hade he to assay
To sle ore mayme whom he mygHt.
And yef it hapede hym a worthy knygHt 9209
To hurt ore sle ore eHes manye
Ther-at wolde he laugH *and* be fayne.
And yef he put ony man) in preson),
Out shulde he neuer for no raunson).
When Partonope *and* his men) were
In þat londe aryuyde for grete fere
Of the hedyus tempeste of the se, 9216

And anoone in haste they arested be
Of men of þe contre, and forþe ladde
To þis Tyraunt; and þen fuⱡ gladde
Of hem was he; and fuⱡ despitousely
On hem he loked; and þen fuⱡ sodenly
With-oute talkyng or speche more
Into a toure, where as fuⱡ sore
They were fetered and stoked faste.
On hem the dorres were shitte in haste.
Lo! how sodenly fortune her whele
Hath * fro hym turned *euery* dele,
And chaunged wele into sorowe.
Lytle wende he þat day be þe morowe
To haue sowped in prisone of þat tiraunte.
Lyteⱡ ought a man to make a-vaunte
Of wordly prosp*er*ite or þ*er*of Ioy have,
For he þat is destyned to be a knave,
Lyveth more in suerte þen doþe a lorde.
This is sene aⱡ day, and so gothe þe worlde.

Fortune is inconstant.

9227. Hath] *MS.* and.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And a-non) in hast they a-rested be
Of men) of the contre, and forthⁿ ladde
To this tyraunt; and than) fuⱡ gladde
Of hem) was he / and fuⱡ dyspeteusly
On) hym) he loked, and than) fuⱡ sodenly 9221
Wyth-oute talkyng or specⁿ more
In-to a toure were as fuⱡ sore
They were and stokked fast, 9224
On) hem) the dores were shett in fast.
Lo! How sodenly fortune her whele
Hathⁿ fro hym) turned euery dele,
And chaunged wele in-to sorow. 9228
Lyteⱡ wend he that day be the morow
To haue sooped in pryson) of that tyraunt.
Lytyⱡ ought a man) to make a vanyte
Of wordely prosp[er]ite or ther-of Ioy haue. 9232
For he that ys desteyned to be a knowe,
Leveⱡⁿ more in sewirte than) doth a lord.
This ys seen) aⱡ day, and so gothⁿ the world [leaf 80, back]

9219 *MS.* tyraṁt.

*Rawl. MS.*

Anone in haste þey arestede be
Of men) of þe contre, *and* furthe lede
To þis tyrant; *and* þen fuⱡ glade 9219
Of hem was he; *and* fuⱡ sputtuosly
On) hem he lokede; *and* þen sodenly
*With*-out talkynge ore speche more
In-to a toure, *and* þen fuⱡ sore [leaf 79]
They were stokkede *and* fetterde faste.
On hym þe dores were barrede in haste.
Lo! howe fortune sodenly here while
Hathe fro hym turnede euery deⱡe,
And changyde weⱡ in-to sorwe. 9228
Lytiⱡ wende he þat day be þe morwe.

O*per* prosp*er*ite ore Ioye þey haue. 9232

For he þat is dysstaynede to be a knaue,
Leuyth more in suerte þen dothe a lorde.
This is sene aⱡ day, *and* so gothe þe worde.

Urake and Persevis are in despair when they find that Partonope has disappeared.

But now wole I tell of good Wrake
And of Persewy, þat now bene a-wake
Fro slepe, and faste after Partonope
Calle and clepe; but where þat he
Is become can no man sey.
Wrake for sorowe is poynte to dey,
And Persewise also maketh moche moone.
Hym forto seke is eiche man gone;
But aⱡ for nought it wole not be.
Loste fro hem is now Partonope.
With hem is boþe Eve and morowe
Wepyng and wayling and moche sorowe
For þis knyght þat þus is loste.
This life they endure vnto Pentecoste. [leaf 117]

At Melior's bidding the two ladies repair to the court.

This lady queen Melior
Wrake hir suster haþe sent fore
With hir to be at þis grete feste.
Hir commaundment ne her heste
Wiⱡ she not breke, but maketh hir redy.
And forþe she gothe, and also Persewy
Taketh with, and forþe they wente,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

But now woⱡ I telle of goode Vrak
And of Persewy, that now ben a-wake
Fro slepe, and fast after Partanope
Caⱡ and clepe, but where that he
Ys be-come can) no man) sey. 9240
Vrak for sorow ys poynte to dey,
And Persewys also maketh moche mone.
Hym) for to seke ys eche man) gone;
But aⱡ for noght, hit woⱡ not be. 9244
Lost fro hem) ys now Partanope.
Wyth hem) ys both even) and morow
Wepyng and waylyng and moch sorow

For this knyght that thus ys lost. 9248
This lyfe they endure vn-to pentecost.
¶ This lady queen) Melior
Vrak her suster hath sent fore
Wyth her to be at this grete fest. 9252
Her comaundement ne her hest
Woⱡ she not breke, but maketh her redy.
Forth She goth, and also Persewy 9255
Taketh wyth, and forth they went,

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ But nowe wiⱡ I teⱡ of good Wrake
And of Percewyse, þat ben awake 9237
From slepe, *and* after Partonope
Caⱡe *and* clepe; but where þat he
Ys be-come can) no man) seye. 9240
Wrake for sorwe is poynt to dye,
And Percewyse maketh meche mone.

Hym) for to seke is iche man) gon);
But aⱡ fore nought, it wiⱡ not be. 9244
Loste fro hem is nowe Partonope.
*With* hem is bothe euyn) *and* morwe
Wepynge *and* weylynge *and* moche sorwe
For þis knyght, þat is þus loste. 9248
This lyfe þey endure vnto pentycoste.
¶ This lady quene Melyore
Wrake here syster hathe sent fore
*With* here to be at þis grete feste. 9252
Hir commondement ne here heste
Wiⱡ she not breke, but makyth redy

And furthe she gothe, *and* alsoPercewy
Takyth *with* here *and* furthe she went,

Partonope gretely euer be-ment.
Hevy they were and duƕ of chere.
Meliore sawe wele be hir manere
They were in hevynesse, and þen þought she : 9260
" Aƕ þis sorowe is now for me."
Therfore wole she make no question)
Of hir diseace, ne wete þe enchesone.
Fro þat day vnto þe turnement 9264
In wo her lyfe euer they despent.
Armaunt þat þus hath' in prisone
Partonope, and þinketh for no Raunsone
He shaƕ neuer be delyuered oute, 9268
Faste maketh hym redy, with-outen doute,
To se þis turnement, þis grete feste.
And for he wole know atte leste
With hym he taketh speres xv^en^ 9272
To gete hym prise, if it wole bene.
To shipp̄ he gothe, as I writen fynde.
The tide is fayre ; atte wiƕ he hath þe wynde.
In prisone feterid lieth Partonope. 9276
Armauntes wife grete haste haþ she

Armant leaves to take part in the tournament.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope gretely euer be-ment 9257
Hevy they were and duƕ of chere.
Melioure saw wele be here manere
They were in hevynesse, and than) thoght she : 9260
" Aƕ this sorow ys now for me."
There-fore woƕ She make no question)
Of her dyssesse, ne wyth the echoson).
Fro that day vn-to the turnement
In wo her lyfe euer they dyspent. 9265
ARmaunt that thus hath in preson) Partanope, and thenketh for no raunson)
He shaƕ neuer be delyuered oute, 9268
Fast maketh hym) redy, wyth-outen) doute,
To se this turnement, this grete fest.
And for he woƕ know at lest 9271
Wyth him) he taketh speres fyftene
To gete hym) prise, yf yt woƕ beene.
[1] To Ship he goth, as I wryten) fynde.
þe tyde ys fayre, at wylle he hath the wynd. [1 leaf 81] 9275
In prisone fetered lyeth Partanope.
Armauntes wyfe grete hast hath she

*Rawl. MS.*

*Partonope* gretely euer be-ment. 9257
Heuy þey were *and* duƕ of chere.
Melyore sawe weƕ be *þer* manere
They were in heuynes, *and* þen þought she : 9260
" Aƕ þis sorwe is nowe for me."
[1] Ther-for wolde she make no questyon)
Of here desseyse ne the encheson).
From þat day vnto þe turment 9264
In wo *þer* lyues euer þey spent.
¶ Armant þatt þus hathe in *preson*)
*Partonope, and* thynketh for no raunson) [1 leaf 79, back]
He shaƕ neuer be delyuerde oute,
Faste makyth hym redy, *with*-out doute, 9269
To se þis turment, þis grete feste.
And for he wiƕ knowe at þe leste,
*With* hym) he takyth speres xv 9272
To get hym pryse, yef it woƕ bene.
To schipe he goth as wretyn fynde.
The tyde is fayre, at wiƕ hathe wynde.
In *preson*) feterde lyth *Partonope*. 9276
Armant*es* wyfe grete haste hathe she

His wife goes to see the prisoners.

Tiłł þes prisoners she haue sey.
The Iayler she biddeth bryng þe key,
And in she gothe hym forto se.
She prayeth þen faste to Partonope
To be of good comforte and of chere.
To hir answerith þis prisonere:
"Gladde in herte shałł I neuer be,
Sith þis turnement I may not se."

She pities Partonope, and is willing to let him out of prison on bail.

This Gentiłł lady hadde grete pite
Of his hevynesse, and þen seide she:
"My faire frende, ye wote wele how
Armaunt in prisone haþe put you,
And gif in charge highly to me [leaf 117, back]
That ye be put in such suerte
That when he is come home ayein,
In his prisone ye founde bene.
Therfore I darre not lette you go
In no wise, but it wer' so
Ye myght me fynde good suerte,
Fro shame and harme to save me."—

Partonope pledges his faith to

"Medame," he seide, "I wole you swere
Be þe ordre of knyghthode þat I bere,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Tylle thise prisoner she haue sey.
The Iayler she byddyth bryng the key
And In She goth hym) for to se. 9280

To be of good comfort and of chere
To her answeryth this prisonere:
"Gladde in hert shałł I neuer be, 9284
Syth this turnement I may not se."
THis gentełł lady had grete pyte
Of his hevynes, and than) sayd she: 9287
"My fayre frend, yee wote wele how
Armant in pryson) hath put yow,
And gyf in charg hyghly to me
That ye be putt in such swert[e] 9291
That whan) he ys come home ayen),
In his pre presen) yee found been).
There-for I dare not late yow goo
In no wyse, but hit were soo
Ye myght me fynd good sewyrte, 9296
Fro shame and harme to saue me."—
"Madame," he sayd, "I wołł yow swere
Be the ordyr of knyght-hod that I bere,

*Rawl. MS.*

Tiłł þis preson she haue sey.
The laylour she byddyth brynge þe key,
And in she goth hem to se. 9280
She preyseth faste Partonope
To be of good comfort *and* of chere.
To here answerde þis presonere:
"Glade in hert shałł I neuer be, 9284
Seythe þis turment I may not se."
¶ This Ientiłł lady hade grete pete
Of his heuynes, *and* þen) seyde she:

"My fayre frende, ye wot wełł howe
Armant in preson hathe put you, 9289
And gyf in charge highly to me
That ye be put in soyche suerte
That when) he is come home ayen), 9292
In his presen) ye founde bene.
Ther-for I dare not let you goo
In no wyse, but it were so
Ye myght me fynde good suerte, 9296
Fro shame *and* harme to saue me."—
"Madam," he seyde, "I wiłł you swere
Be þe order of knyghthode þat I bere

Gife I scape from þens on lyve,
Ayein to prisone I shaⱡⱡ come as blyve.
Oþer hostage fynde I ne can,
But swere here to be your liege man."
And with þat worde he feⱡⱡ on kne.
The lady of hym hadde grete pite,
And wept fuⱡⱡ tendirly, and seide þo:
"Sir, rise vp, for ye shuⱡⱡ go
With-oute othe makyng or suerte.
For ye seme truly forto be
A gentiⱡⱡ man, whens euer ye come.
Be your semelyhode a man may deme
Your comyng ayein as my suerte.
I put aⱡⱡ in you. And if so be
To prisone ye yelde you not ayein,
Come Armaunt home, þen shaⱡⱡ I bene
To-drawe or brente or elles slayne.
And siþ that I am now so fayne
To do for you þat you may pleace,
Do so agayne þat I haue no diseace,
Ne lese me life; for in his cruelte

return to prison, when the tournament is over.

Armant's wife trusts him.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Gyff I scape fro thens on lyve,
A-yen to pryson I shaⱡⱡ come as blyfe.
Osther hostage fynd I ne canne,
But swere here to be yure leegemann)."

And wyth that word he fyⱡⱡ on knee.
The lady of hym had grete pyte,
And wept fuⱡⱡ tendyrly, and seyd tho:
"Syre, ryse vp, for ye shuⱡⱡ goo
Wyth-oute othe makyng or sewerte.
For ye seme trewly for to be
A gentyⱡⱡ man, whens euer ye come.
Be youre semely-hode a man may deme
Youre comyng a-yen as my sewerte.
In putt aⱡⱡ in yow, and yf so be
[1] To pryson ye yeld yow not a-yen),
Come armed home, than shaⱡⱡ I bene
To-drawe or brent or elles slayne.
And syth that I am now so fayne
To do for yow that yow may please,
Do so a-geyn that I haue no dyssese,
Ne lese my lyffe / ffor in his cruelte

[1 leaf 81, back]

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Gyf I skape fro þens on lyue,
Ayen to preson I shaⱡⱡ come blyue.
Othir osstage fynde I ne can),
But swere here to be your leyge man)."

[1 leaf 80]

And with þat worde he fiⱡⱡ on kne,
The lady of hym) hade grete pete,
And wepte tenderly, *and* seyde þo:

"Sir, ryse vpe, for ye shaⱡⱡ goo
With-out othe makynge ore suerte,
For ye seme truly for to be
A Ientiⱡⱡ man), whens euer ye come.
Be your symlyhede a man) may deme

Youre comy[n]ge ayen is my suerte.
I put aⱡⱡ in you. *And* yef so be
To preson you yelde you not agayne,
Come Armant home, þen shaⱡⱡ I bene

To-drawe ore brent ore elles slayne.
And sethe þat I am nowe so fayne
To do for you þat may you plese,
Do so ayen þat I haue no dysseyse,
Ne lese my lyfe; ffor in þis crewelte

He rekketh lityȝ þough I slayne be.
At þis tyme for you þis wole I do.
and provides him with a steed, a silver shield and good arms. Arme you right wele, and lette you go.
A stede ye shaȝ haue þat is so wight. 9324
Be then ye knowe hym, grete delite
Wiȝ ye haue on hym to ride.
A better stede may no man [stride].
A sadyȝ to hym he shaȝ haue mete, 9328
The brideȝ and þe croper with golde ybete.
Of bright syluer shaȝ be your shelde,
A better shaȝ noone come in þe felde. [leaf 118]
A spere shaȝ ye haue, and þeron a getone, 9332
Wele I-bete with siluer, þat passeth þe arsone.
It shaȝ hange of þe sadiȝ þat ye in ride.
A swerde ye shaȝ haue be your side,
And for your love I wole [you] it lene, 9336
Harde and pliaunte and eke right kene.
And if God sende you þat grace
If Partonope does not Fro þe turnement on lyve into þis place

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He rekketh lyteȝ thogh I slayn) be.
At this tyme for yow this woȝ I do.
Arme yow ryght weȝ, and late yow goo.
A steede ye shaȝ haue that ys so wyght. 9324
Be than) ye knowe hym), in grete delyte
While ye haue on) hym) to ryde.
A better steede may no man) stryde.
A sadyȝ to hym) he shaȝ haue mete,
The Brydeȝ and the Cropor wyth gold I-bete. 9329
Of bryght seluer shaȝ be your sheld,
A better shaȝ none come in the feeld.
A spere shaȝ ye haue, and there-on) a geton), 9332
Wele I-bete wyth syluer, that passith the arson).
Hit shaȝ hang / of the Sadyȝ that ye in ryde.
A swerd ye shaȝ haue be youre syde,
And for youre love I woȝ yow hit lene,
Hard and pliant and ryght kene. 9337

And yf God send yow that grace
Fro the turnement on) lyve in-to this place

*Rawl. MS.*

He rekketh lytiȝ þough I slayne be.
At þis tyme for you þis wiȝ I do. 9322
Arme you right weȝ, *and* let you goo.
A stede ye shaȝ haue þat is wight.

Be þen ye knowe hym, grete delyte

Wiȝ ye haue on hym to ryde. 9326
A better stede may no man stryde.
A sadiȝ to hym ye shaȝ haue mete,
The brydiȝ *and* cropere with golde bete. 9329
Of bright syluer shaȝ be your shelde,
A better shaȝ none come in þe felde.
A spere ye shaȝ haue *and* þer-on gytton, 9332
Weȝ bete with syluer, þt passethe þe arson).
Hit shaȝ honge in sadiȝ þat ye in ryde.
A swerde ye shaȝ have be youre syde,
For youre loue I wiȝ it you lene, 9336
Harde *and* pliaunt *and* eke right kene.
[1] And yef God sende you þat grace
Fro þe turment alyue in-to þis place
[1 leaf 80, back]

Saufe and sounde to Retourne ayein,
In my kepyng þen shaⱡⱡ ye bene.
And be ye ones in disposic[i]on),
I hope to gete you oute of prisone.
And if in turnement ye happe to deye,
My Ioy is gone, þen may I sey,
And Armaunt come home ayein,
With his swerde he wole me slene.
Thinketh what I do for your love nowe.
My life, my dethe lieth aⱡⱡ in you."
Highly hir thanked þen Partonope
But I can not wele sey where she
Hath wisely done, or as elles a fole.
Sith he is þus passed þe Iayle
His armour to hym delyuered hath she.
In þe nyght to shipp streight goþe he,
And to Chiefdoiere, where as þe turnement
Shuld be holde, þidder hath he ment
To sayle; he was lothe to be by-hynde
But wele with hym was not þe wynde,
Whereof hym-self gan faste dismay.
The shipmen seide they wolde assay

return in time, Armant is sure to kill her.

Partonope sails to Chef d'Oire,

but the wind being unfavourable,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Saue a sonne to retorne a-yen),
In my kepyng than) shaⱡⱡ ye been).
And be ye onys in dysposicion),
I hope to gete yow oute of *prison*).
And yf in turnement ye happe to dye,
My Ioy ys gone, than) may I sey,
And arment come home ayen),
Wyth this Swerd he wold me slene.
Thenketh what I do for your*e* love now.
My lyfe, my deth lyeth aⱡⱡ in yow."
Hyghly her thanketh than) Partanope.
But I can) not wele sey where she
Hath wysely done, or as elles a fole.
[1]Syth he ys thus passed the Iaole,
His armed to dyliu*e*red hath she,
In the nyght to Ship streyght goth he,
And to Chyef doyr*e*, were as the turnement [1 leaf 82]
Shuld be hold, thedyr hath he ment
To sayle; he was loth to be by-hynde.
But wele wyth hym) was not the wynd,
Where-of hym-self ganne fast dysmaye.
The Shipmen) sayde they wold assay

*Rawl. MS.*

Safe *and* sounde to retorne ayen),
In my kepynge þen) shaⱡⱡ ye ben.
And be ye onys in dyssposicion).
I hope to gete you out of *pre*son).
And yef in turment ye hape to dye,
My Ioye is gon, þen shaⱡⱡ I sey,
And Armant come home ayen,
*With* his swerde he wiⱡⱡ me slene.
Thynketh what I do for you nowe.
My-selfe, my deth lyeth in you."
Highly hir thankede Partonope.
But I can) not weⱡⱡ sey where she
Hathe wysly don), ore eⱡⱡ*es* as a fole.
Sethe he þus passede þe gaioeⱡⱡ,
His arm*our* hym delyu*er*de hathe she.
In þe nyght streight gothe he,
And to Chife doyre, where þe turment
Shulde be holde, dethir hathe he ment
To saiⱡⱡ; he is lothe to be by-hynde.
But weⱡⱡ *with* hym was not þe wynde,
Where-of he gan) sore dysmay.
The shipmen) seyde þey wolde assay

To Chief-doiere right wele hym bryng.
And if the wynde wolde for no þing
Serve hem wele to bryng hem þere,
They wolde aryve then elles where
Fro þe turnement but x. myle,
Where he on londe in shorte while
He myght it ride, and þen Partonope
Prayde hem all it myght so be.
Of the lady hath he take leve;
His hye trouþe now wole she prove.
He sayled forþe, and or mydnyght [leaf 113, back]
To þat porte he come full right,
Where as nedes he moste aryve.
He maketh no tarying, but as blyve
Gothe to londe, and armeth hym bright.
Into his sadile he lepeth full light.
The shipmen all he biddeth fare wele,
And forþe he rideth armed in stele.
To* Chief-doire he hath ten myle.
Be then he hadde riden but a while,
He was entred into þe foreste,

he lands ten miles from the town.

As he rides through the forest which he knows so well,

9380. To] *MS.* The.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To Chyfe doyre ryght wele hym̄ bryng
And yf the wynd wold for no thing 9363
Serve hem̄ wele to bryng hem̄ there
They wold a-ryfe thanne elles where
Fro the turnement by x myle, 9366
Where he in lond in short while
He myght hit ryde / and than̄ Partanope 9368
Prayed hym̄ all hit myght so be.
Off the lady hath̄ he take leve;
His high̄ troghth̄ now woll she preve.
He sayleth̄ forth̄, and or mydnyght
To that port he came full ryght, 9373
Where as nedys he muste a-ryve.
He maketh̄ a tarying, but as bylyve
Goth̄ to lond, and armed hym̄ bryght,
In-to his sadyll he lepeth̄ full ryght.
The Shīp-men̄ all he byddeth̄ fare wele,
Forth̄ he rydeth̄ armed in steele. 9379
To Chyef doyre he hath̄ ten̄ myle.
But than̄ he had ryden̄ but a while,
He was entred in-to the forest

*Rawl. MS.*

To Chyfe deoyre hym to brynge.
And yef þe wynde for nothynge
Serue hym to brynge hym þere, 9364
They wolde arryue elles where
Fro þe turment but x myle,
"Were ye on londe in short whyle
Ye myght it ryde," *and* þen Partonope
Prayede hem all it myght so be. 9369
¶ Of hir he hathe take leue;
His trouthe nowe with she preue.
[1] [leaf 81]
He saylede furth, *and* ore mydnyght
To þat port he come full right, 9373
Where as nedes he moste aryue
He makyth no tarynge, but as blyue
Gothe to londe, *and* armede hym right.
In-to his sadill he lepyth light. 9377
The shipmen all he byddyth fare well,
[1] And furthe he rydyth armede in stell.
Then to Chyfe doyre he hathe x myle.
Be þen̄ he hathe redyn but a wyle, 9381
He was enteryde in-to þe foreste,

Where as he fuƕ many a beste
Was fuƕ wilde he hadde made tame.
There-in to hunte was aƕ his game.
Aƕ þat was, it is go fuƕ yore.
Therein he hath sley many a bore.
The wey to þe casteƕ he knew þo wele.
Yit hadde he in his herte boþe care and dole,
Thinkyng of þat was passed to-fore,
Which þrow his lewdnesse he hath lore.
Forth on his wey rideth Partonope,
Hangyng his hede, as þough þat he
Of wordely Ioy had yove right nought.
And as he rode þus in a thought,
A knyght þat was fuƕ large of body,
His ly*mm*es wele shape and þat passyngly,
His heere was bloy, I-medled some dele
With white heeres, þat wonder wele
Be-come his visage, and þen he hadde
A Rody berde and Eyen right gladde,
There as the way was somwhat turnyng,

he is overtaken by an elderly knight,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Where as he se fuƕ many a best
Was fuƕ wyld he had made tame. 9384
There In to hunt was aƕ his game.
Aƕ that was / hit ys go fuƕ youre.
Thers-yn) he hatƕ slayn) many a bore.
The wey in-to the casteƕ he knew tho wele, 9388

Thenkyng of that was past a-fore,
Whicƕ thorow his lewdenes he hatƕ lore,
FOrtƕ on) his way rydetƕ Partanope,
Hangyng his hede, as thogƕ tha[t] he [leaf 82, back] 9393
Of wordely Ioy had yove ryght noght.
And as he rod thus in a thogƕt,
A knygƕt that was fuƕ large of body,
His lymmes weƕ shape and that passyngly, 9397
His here was bloy, I-medeled som) dele
Wytƕ whytte heres that wondyr wele
Be-come his vysage / and than) he hadde 9400
A rody berd and yen) rygƕt gladde,
There as the way was som-what turnyng,

*Rawl. MS.*

Where as he fuƕ many a beste,
That was wylde he made tame. 9384
There-on to hunt was his game.
Aƕ þat was agoo fuƕ yore. [leaf 81]
Ther-in he hathe slayne many a bore.
The wey to þe casteƕ he knewe weƕ.

Yet hade he in his hert bothe care *and* doþe, 9389
Thynkynge on þat was paste afore,
Which þorwe his folye he hathe lore.

¶ Furthe on his wey rydyth P*ar*tonope,
Hangynge his hede, as þough þat he

Of worldly Ioye hade gyf right nought.
And as he rode þus in a þought,
A knyght þat was fuƕ large of body,
His lymes weƕ shape *and* þat passyngly, 9397
His here was bloy, I-medellede somdeƕ
W*i*th grete heris, þat wonder weƕ
Be-come his vesage, *and* þen he hade

A rody berde *and* eyen) glade, 9401
Ther as he was som-what turny[n]ge,

On a gray stede he come fresshe ryding.
In þis maner wise arrayed is he,
As he come coursyng with his meany,
On stedes trapped fuⱨ fressh and gay.
Eiche hadde in honde, with-outen nay,
A spere aⱨ rede depeynted wele,
A getone þeron of rede sendele,
Wele beten with golde of his devise.
accompanied by his squires. After hem came ridyng squyers of prise,
Fyve, and eiche man bare a shelde, [leaf 119]
So fresshly depeynted þat aⱨ þe felde
Enlymed was of þis fresshe array.
Thus rideth þis knyght toward this tournay.
So ffresshe in his wey forþe rideth he,
Tiⱨ atte laste he had of Partonope
A sight and goodly he seide
The knight comes up with Partonope. To his squyers: "Ye moste a-byde,
And ride softely; for yonder I se
A man Iarmed, what so euer he be.
If I hym knowe wete wole I.
Loke ye come after fuⱨ softely."
From his meany he prikked faste,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

On a grey steede he come fresch rydyng.
In this maner of wyse a-rayed ys he,
As he came coursyng wyth his meyne,
On stedes trapped fuⱨ frescⱨ and gay.
Eche had in hond, wythⱨ-outen nay,
A spere aⱨ redy depeynted wele, 9408
A geton there of rede sendele,
Wele beten wythⱨ gold of his devyse.
After hym came rydyng Squyers of prise,
Fyve, and eche man bare a sheeld, 9412
So freshly de-paynted that aⱨ the feld
Enleymed was of this frescⱨ a-ray.
Thus rydethⱨ this knyghⱨ toward the turney.
So fresshⱨ in his wey forthⱨ rydethⱨ he,
Tyⱨ att laste he had of Partanope 9417
A syghⱨ, and goodely he sayd
To his Squyers "Ye must a-byde,
And ryde softely; for yonde I see 9420
A man I-armed, what so euer he be,
Yf I hym knowe wytte woⱨ I.
Loke ye come after fuⱨ softely."
From his meyne he pryked in hast,

*Rawl. MS.*

On a grey stede he come rydynge.
In þis maner wyse arrayde was he, 9404
As he come coursynge with his meyne,
On stedes trappede freshe *and* gay.
Eche hade in honde, with-out nay,
A spere aⱨ rede depentyde weⱨ, 9408
A gytton þeron of rede sendeⱨ,
Weⱨ betyn with golde of his devyse.
After hym come rydynge squyeres of prise,
Fyve, *and* iche man bare a shelde 9412
So freshe depentyde þat aⱨ þe felde
Enlemyde was of þe freshe array.
Thus rydyth þe knyght towarde the turney. [1 leaf 81, back]
So freshe in his wey rydyth he, 9416
Tiⱨ at þe laste he had of Partonope
A sighⱨ, *and* þen goodly he seyde,
[1] To his squyeres he seyde: "Abyde,
And ryde softly; for yender I se 9420
A man I-armede, what euer he be.
Yef I hym knowe wyte wiⱨ I.
Loke ye come after fuⱨ softly."
Fro his meyne he prekede in haste, 9424

And to Partonope he come in haste. — He salutes him, and asks him who he is.
He be-helde his persone right wele
But he knewe hym neuer a dele,
And then he seide: "Sir, wele ouertake!
And he þat aⱡⱡ þis worlde did make
Of nought þe save! and sir, teⱡⱡ me
Whens ye come, and whedir wole ye,
What man ye be, and what is your name?"
Therof, thought Partono[p]e, myght rise grame, — Partonope gives an evasive answer,
My name to discouer now so hastely.
And forþe he rideth fuⱡⱡ soberly,
And eke he thought "right loþe were me
To make a lesyng," and þen seide he:
"Sire, of ferre contre borne am I,
But þens þat I come is faste by
A place, where as I purchased me
Hors and hareneys, as ye may se.
Thow I be not fresshe and gay,
Yite fayne wolde I se þis toureney.
My name is cleped Partonope. — but discloses his name.
What is your name now telleth me."

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And to Partanope he come as fast.
He be-held his persone ryght wele,
But he knew him) neuer a dele.
And than) he seyd: "Syr, wele a-take!
And he that aⱡⱡ this wrold dyd make
Of noght, the save! and syr, telle me
Whens ye come, and wedyr woⱡⱡ yee,
What man) ye be, and what ys youre mane." [leaf 83]
There-of, thoght Partanope, myght ryse grame,
My name to dyscouer now so hastely.
And forth he rydeth fuⱡⱡ soberly,
And eke he though[t] "ryght loth were me
To make a lesyng," and than) sayd he:
"Sir, of ferre contre borne am) I,
But thens that I come ys fast by
A place, whe[r] as I purchased me
Horse and harneys, as ye may see.
Thow I be not fressh and gay,
Yet fayne wold I see this turnay.
My name ys cleped Partanope.
What his youre name now teⱡⱡ me."

*Rawl. MS.*

And to Partonope he faste.
He be-helde his persone right weⱡⱡ,
But he knewe hym neuer a deⱡⱡ.
And þen) he seyde: "Sir, weⱡⱡ atake!
And he þat aⱡⱡ þis worlde dyde make
Of nought, þe saue! *and sir*, teⱡⱡ me
Whens ye come, *and* wheþer woⱡⱡ ye,
What man) ye be, what is youre name."
Ther-of, þought Partonope, myght ryse grame,
My name to dyscouer so hastely.
And furthe he rydyth fuⱡⱡ soburly,
And eke he þought "lothe were me

To make a lesynge," *and* þen) seyde he
"Sir, of ferre contre borne am I,
But þens þat I come is faste by
A place, where as I pporchasede me
Hors *and* harnes, as ye may se.
Though I be not freshe *and* gay
Yet fayne wolde I se þe turney.
My name is clepyde Partonope.
What is your name tellyth me."

The stranger knight says his name is Gaudin le Blois.

"Sir," seide the knyght, "truly
Gaudyns le Bloys called am I.
Of huntyng and hawkyng I can skiłł.
Amonge lordes and knyghtes I am know wele.

He was born in Spain.

Borne am I of Spayne and of Castile,
That is hens fułł many a myle,
Sone I am, *with*-outen nay, [leaf 119, back]
To a Riche man, but on Cristes lay

His father was a heathen;

He leveth not, and gone it is
More þen xxx wynt*er* Iwisse
That I toke þe ordre of knyght.
And streight into Fraunce þo I me dight,
For þere was werre þat tyme so stronge,
There was I a sawdioure longe.

but he himself was christened at Tours.

At Toures, in þe mynster of seynt Martyn),
Ther fore-soke I Mahounde and Appollyne,
And Cristendome toke in þe fonte stone!
Of my kynnes men there made I my foone.
And sith I haue lyved as a sawdeoure,
A pore man, but no purchasoure.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Sir," sayd the kyng, "truly
Gaudyns the bloys called am) I,
Of huntyng and hauking I can) skylle,
A-mong lord*es* and knyght*es* I am) know wele.
Borne am) I of Spayne and of Castyle,
That ys hen*s* fułł many a myłle.
Sone I am), wyth-outen) naye,
To a rych man) / but on) Crystes lay
He leveth not / and gone hit ys
More than) xxx wentyr I-wysse
That I toke the ordr*e* of knyght.
And streyght in-to Fraunse tho I me dyght,
For there was werr*e* that tyme stronge.
There was I a Sowdyor*e* long.
At Toure*s*, in the mynstyr of seynt Martyn),
There fore-sooke I Mahown) and Apollyon),
And crysten-dome toke in the fonte stone.
Of my kynnes-men) ther made I my feon.
And syth I haue lyved as a sowdyor,
A poure man), but no purchasoure.

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ "S*ir*," seyde þe knyght, "truly,
Gaudens le bloys callede am I.
Of huntynge, hawkynge can) I skiłł.
Amonge lord*es* I am knowe weł. 9449

Borne am I of Spayne *and* of Casteł,
That is hens many a myle.
Son*ne* I am, w*ith*-out nay,
To a Cryche man), but on Cryst*es* lay
He leuyth not, *and* agon it is
More þen xxx$^{ti}$ wynt*er* I-wis
That I toke ord*er* of knyght.
And streight in-to Frau*n*ce I me dight,

[1] For þ*er* was warre þ*at* tyme stronge,
Ther was I a sowdvre longe.
At Toreyn, þe mynst*er* of sent Martyn,

Ther fore-soke I Mahombe *and* Apolyn), [1 leaf 82]
And crystyndom toke of þe fontestone.

Of my kennysemen) þ*er* made I my foun*e*.
And sethe I haue leuyde as a sowdyre,
A pour*e* man), but no p*or*chasoure.

And now am I toward þis turney,
Here be-hynde comes myn array.
With aⱡ myn herte I am gladde nowe
That I haue ouertaken you.
For mery it is to haue company,
And it semeth to me fuⱡ truly
That ye be a man of worshipp̄ ;
þerfore of you wole I take kepe.
I haue a pore house here faste by
There as shaⱡ be holde þe turney
þerfore I pray you, sir, þat ye
Wole now herborowe with me,
And I wole be your bachelere,
With aⱡ myn hert to do you pleasire,
And be your servaunt day be day,
As longe as shaⱡ laste þis turney."—
TO hym tho answerd Partonope :
" With aⱡ myn hert I thanke the
And eke þat lorde þat made vs mete.
Your Company in no wise wole I lete.
Youre knyght to be is myn entent,
I am at your commaundment."

He is now on his way to the tournament.

He has a house near-by, where he will be pleased to show Partonope hospitality, at the same time offering to be his bachelor.

Partonope thanks him,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And now am) I toward this turney.
Here be-hynd comes myn) a-ray.
Wyth aⱡ myn) hert I am) glad now
That I haue ouer-taken) yow. 9469
For mery hit ys to haue Company,
[1] And hit semyth to me fuⱡ truly
That ye be a man) of worship̄ ; 9472
Ther-fore of yow woⱡ I take kepe.
I haue a powere hous here fast by,
There as shaⱡ be hold the turney.
There-fore I pray yow, syr, that ye
Woⱡ now herborow wyth me.
And I wol be youre bachelere, 9478
Wyth aⱡ myn) hert do yow plesure,
And be youre seruaunt day by day,
As longe as shaⱡ last this turnay."
TO hym) tho answeryth Partanope :
" Wyth aⱡ myn) hert I thank thee, [1 leaf 83, back] 9483
And eke that lord that made vs meete.
Youre company in no wyse wole I lete.
Youre knyght to be is myn) entent,
I am) at youre comaundement."

*Rawl. MS.*

And nowe am I towarde þis turney.
Here be-hynde comyth myn array.
With aⱡ my hert I am glade nowe 9468
That I haue ouer-take you."

¶ To hym answerde Partonope :
" With aⱡ my hert I thanke the 9483

And eke þat lorde þat made vs mete.
Youre company no wyse will I lete.
To be your knyght is myne entent,
I am at youre comondement." 9487

and they ride forth.

Then forþe to-gedre they ride in fere,
Eiche to oþer maketh good chere,
TiH they come in a right fayre vale,
Fayre with floures to make shorte tale,
There as they boþe herborowed shaH be. [leaf 120]
From hors þen lighteth Partonope.
They wolde not herborowe in house ne towne.

Their men pitch a pavilion.

Her men pyght vp a pavylone
Enbrowded with golde boþe fresshe and gay,
Right faste be the felde þere as the turney
Shuld be holde, with-outen faile.
They hadde plente of good vytaile,
Her men were besy hem to glade,
And eiche to oþer good chere made.
To sopere they gone and sitte to reste.

Early the next morning they hear mass,

On morow when þe sonne in þe easte
Hir gan shew as rede as fyre,
Thes two knyghtis þat had desyre
To se worshipp and grete manhede,
Risen, and in þe ffreshest wede

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thanne forth they ryde to-gedyr in feere,
Eche to other maketh good chere,
TyH they come in a ryght fayre vale,
Fayre wyth floures to make Short tale,
There as they both herboured shaH be.
From) hors than) lyghteth Partanope.
They wold not herboure in hous ne town).
Her men) plyght vp a pavelon),
Enbrowdyd wyth gold both fressh and gay,
Ryght fast by the feld there as the turney
Shuld be hold, wyth-outen) fayle.
They had plente of goode vytayle,
Her men) were besy hem) to glade,
And eche to other goode cheyre made.
To soper they gone, and sett to rest.
On) morow, whan) the sonne in the east
Here gan) shew as rede as fyre,
These two knyghtes that had desyre
To se worshipp and grete manhede,
Rysen), and in the fresshest wede

9498. Shuld] ul *illegible*.

*Rawl. MS.*

Then furthe þey ryde in fere,
Eche to oþer maketh good chere,
Till þey come in a feyre vale,
Feyre with floures to make short tale,
Ther as þey bothe herberwe shaH.
Fro hors þen) light Partonope.
They wolde herberwe in house ne towne.
Hire men pight vp a pavelyon),
Enbrowderde with golde freshe *and* gay,
Right faste be þe felde where þe turney
Shulde be holde, *with*-out faiH.
They hade plente of good vetaiH,
Her men) were besy hem to glade,
And iche to oþer good chere made.
To supper þey gon *and* sethe to reste.
On þe morowe, when) þe son in þe este
Hir gan) shewe rede as fere,
This ij knyghtes þat hade desyre
To se worchipe *and* manhode
Resyn, *and* in þer fresheste wede

That longeth to armes they ben dight. 9508
And forþe they yede anoone right
Masse to here with good entent.
Her oþer meany þere whiles went
To make redy all her array. 9512
When masse was done, þe soþe to say,
Toward þe turnement they ride, and then ride towards the place of tournament.
Fresshe y-armed at þat tide.
Her squyers be-fore hem he sente 9516
Into þe place of þe turnement,
Ledyng her stedes trapped wele
In mayle made of fyne stele.
Grete speres they bere and helmes bright. 9520
Of hem it was a good sight.
After come þes knyghtis softly ridyng,
And of þis tur[ne]ment prively talkyng,
Where they with-oute shuld first be gynn), 9524
Or elles they þat be with-in.
Vpon the toure of Chief-deoire Melior sits in the tower, with Urake and Persevis.
Ouere þe brigge sitteth Meliore,
The fayre, the ffresshe, þe goodliest 9528
That was in hir tyme, and eke þe beste,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That longeth to armes they bene dyght. 9508
And forth they yode a-non ryght
[1] Masse to here with goode Entent.
Her other meynee there whiles went
To make redy all her aray, 9512
Whan) masse was done, the soth to say,
Toward the turnement they ryde.
Fressh and armed at that tyde.
Her squyers be-fore hem they sent
In-to the place of the turnement, 9517
Ledyng her steedes trapped wele
In mayle made of fyne steele. [1 leaf 84]
Grete speres they and helmes bryght.
Of hem) hit were a good syght. 9521
A-fter come this knyghtes softely rydyng,
And of this turnement pryvely talkyng,
Where they with-oute shuld fyrst be-gynne, 9524
Or elles they that be with-Inne.
Vpon) the toure of Chief deore
Ouer the brygge sytteth Meliore,
The fayre, the fresch, the goodelyest
That was in her tyme and eke the best

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] That longyth to harnes þey be dight. [1 leaf 82, back]
And furthe þey rede anone right
Messe to here in good entent.
Here oþer meyne þer-whiles went
To make redy all þer array, 9512
When) messe was don, þe sothe to sey,
Towarde þe turment þey ryde,
Freshe I-armede at þat tyde.
Hir squyeres be-fore þey sent, 9516
Into þe plase of þe turment,
Ledynge þer stedes trappede well
In maill made of fyne steel.
Grete speres þey bere *and* helmus bright,
Of hem) it was a good sight. 9521
After come þese knyghtes rydynge,
And of þis turment prevely talkeynge,
Where þey with-out shulde begyne,
Ore elles þey þat be with-Inne. 9525
¶ Vppon þe toure of Chife doyre
Ouer the bryge sitte Melyore,
The feyre, þe freshe, þe goodlyeste 9528
That was in here tyme we þe beste,

And with hir Wrake and Persewise.
Of hir beaute now in no wise [leaf 120, back]
Canne I speke, for bope they be 9532
In grete sorowe for Partonope.
They haue so wept, they be aⱡⱡ pale.
Forþe wiⱡⱡ I now teⱡⱡ my tale.
With her are also the judges A-bove in the toure with Melior be 9536
The seven lordes þat þe degre
Of þis turnement moste give algate ;
Lordes they ben of grete state.
Thes be her names with-outen more : 9540
Corsoul, Gernalz, Claryns, Genor,
Cursabir, Anffrons, and Goundred,
and the old Ernoul. And olde Arcus, with-outen drede.
Thes sitte to-gedre be-holdyng þe felde, 9544
Many a bright helme and many a shelde,
Fresshly depeynted with grete bendes.
Knyghtes come ridyng with many þousandes.
Into companyes departed they be. 9548
Two fayre reynes ordeyned han he,
Wherein þes lordes shuⱡⱡ turney.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And wyth her Vrak and Persewyse.
Of her beaute in no wyse
Thanne I speke, ffor both they, be 9532
In grete Sorow for Partanope.
They haue so wept, they be aⱡⱡ pale.
Forth wyⱡⱡ I now teⱡⱡ my tale.
A-bove aⱡⱡ in the toure wyth Melior be
The seven) lordes that the degre 9537
Of this turnement most gyff aⱡⱡ-gate ;
Lordes they be of grete state.
These be here namys wyth-oute more :
Corsoul, Gernalz, Clarius, Genore, 9541
Cursabyr, Anffrons, and Goundred,
And old Arcus, wyth-outen) drede.
These sytte to-gedyr be-holding the feld, 9544
Many a bryght helme and many a sheeld,
Fresshly depeynted wyth grete bendes.
Knyghtes come rydyng wyth many thousandes, [1 leaf 84, back] 9547
In-to campaynees de-parted they be.
[1] Two fayre Reynes ordeyned haue he,
Where-in these lordys shuld turneye.

*Rawl. MS.*

And with here Wrake *and* Persewyse.
Of hir beute in no wyse
Con I speke, for bothe þey be 9532
In grete sorwe for Partonope.
They haue so wepte, þey be aⱡⱡ pale,
Furthe wiⱡⱡ I nowe teⱡⱡ my tale.
Aboue in þe toure with Melyore be
The seuyn) lordes þat þe degre 9537
Of þis turment moste gyfe algate ;
Lordes þey ben of grete esstate.
These ben þer namys without more :
Curslot, Gormake, Claryons, Gynore,
Cursabir, Anfrons, *and* Gundrede, 9541
And olde Arcus, with-out drede. 9543
These sat to-geder be-holdynge þe felde,
Many a bright helme *and* many a shelde,
Freshly depentyde with grete bendes.
Knyghtes come rydynge with þousondes. [1 leaf 83]
In ij companyes departyde they be, 9548
[1] To feyre Renges ordeynede haue he
Where-in þis lordes shaⱡⱡ turne.

Lette se who shaⱡ begynne þe play.
Now Gaudyn þat is to Partonope
Boþe servaunt and felawe, now þinkeþ he,
For who so euer þe turnement be-gynne,
Be he without or within,
They wiⱡ hym fyrst assaille,
This is Gaudyns first counseylle.
Also they thought þat they wolde bene
First in þe felde to be wele sene.
Therfore anoone her stedes they take,
On with her helmes and redy hem make.
Vp afore hem her speres borne be,
And after cometh Gaudyn and Partonope,
Into þe Reynes ridyng avisely.
Kyng Corsoul þat on þe toure an hye
Sate as a Iuge be fayre Melior,
Aspied þes knyghtis ferre afore
Or any of his felawes þat sate hym by.
And þan he seide: "Sires, truly,
Yonder I se come knyghtis tweyn [leaf 121]

9552 Gaudin says they ought to be the first in the lists.
9556
9560
9564 One of the judges, king Cursolt, notices the two knights.
9568

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Late se who shaⱡ be-gynne the playe,
Now Gaudyn) that ys to Partanope
Both felaw and seruaunt, now thynketh he, 9553
For who so euer the turnement be-gynne,
Be he wyth-oute or wyth-Inne,
They wyⱡ hym) ferst assayle, 9556
This ys Gaudyns fuⱡ counseyⱡ.
Also they thoug[ht] that they wold been)
Fyrst in the feld to be wele seen).
There-fore a-non) her steedes they toke,
On) wyth her helmes and redy hem) make. 9561
Vp a-fore hem) here speres born) be,
And after cometh Gaudyn) and Partanope
In-to the Reynes rydyng a-vysely. 9564
Kyng Corsouⱡ that on) the toure an) hye
Sate as a Iuge be fayre Meliore,
Aspyed these knyghtes ferre and fror,
Or ony of hys felaws that satt hym) by, 9568
And than) seyd: "Syres, truly,
Yonder I see come knyghtes tweyn)

*Rawl. MS.*

Let se who shaⱡ begyn þe play.
¶ Nowe Gaudyn þat is to Partonope
Bothe felowe *and* seruaunt nowe thynketh he, 9553
Who so euer the turment be-gyne,
Be he with-out ore with-Inne,
They wiⱡ hym firste assaiⱡ, 9556
This is Gaudyns counseⱡ.
Also þey þought þat þey wolde bene
Firste in þe felde to be weⱡ sene,
Ther-for anone þer stedes þey toke,
On) with þer helmes *and* redy hem make. 9561
Vpe afore hem þer speres borne be,
And after come Gaudyn *and* Partonope,
In-to þe Renges rydynge avysely. 9564
Kynge Curslot þat on þe toure on hye
Sat as a Iuge before Melyore
Asspyede þis knyghtes ferre afore
Ore ony of his felowis þat stode hym by. 9568
And þat he seyde: "Siris, truly,
Yender I se come knyghtes tweyne

That in her hareneis hem faire demene,
And better þen many oþer þat I se. 9572
Worship-fuⱡⱡ knyghtis þei seme to be.
Of hem first lette vs take hiede
In þe begynnyng how they spede.
If they do wele, þen wole we 9576
Do axe what knyghtis they be."
Now sitte they stiⱡⱡ, and sey no more,
The combat begins. But se how men fuⱡⱡ harde and sore
In þe Reynes her horse to renne assay 9580
Vnder Trappurs with golde bete fuⱡⱡ Gay.
And soone after into þe felde
Aⱡⱡ þe worlde is come in helme and shelde.
And then þe Iuges with-outen doute 9584
The outer party do not seem to be as strong as the inner. Thought þat they þat were with-oute
Were not so stronge as they within.
Harde were for hem to be-gynne.
They within, [with]oute lese, 9588
On hem with-oute faste ganne prese.
That se þei that were with-oute.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That in her harneys hem) fayre demene,
And better than) mayny other I see.

Worshipfuⱡⱡ knyghtes they seme to be.
Of hem) fyrst late vs take hede 9574
In the be-gynnyng How they spede.
Yf they do weⱡⱡ, than) woⱡⱡ we 9576
Do axe what knyghtes they be."
Now sett they styⱡⱡ, and sey no more,
But se how men) fuⱡⱡ hard and sore
In the Reynes hors to renne assay 9580
Vndyr trapures wyth gold bete fuⱡⱡ gay.
And sone after in-to the feld
Aⱡⱡ the word ys come in helme and sheeld.
And than) the Iuges, wyth-outen) doute, 9584
Thought that they that were wyth-oute
Where not so strong as they wyth-Inne,
Hard were for hem) to be-gynne. 9587
[1] They wyth-Inne, wyth-oute lees,
[1 leaf 85]
On) hem) wyth-oute fast ganne prese.
That sey they that were wyth-oute.

*Rawl. MS.*

That in þer harnes hem fayre demene,
And better þen many an oþer þat I see.
Worchipfuⱡⱡ knyghtes þey seme to be,
On) hem firste let vs take hede 9574
In þe be-gynny[n]ge howe þey spede.
Yef þey do weⱡⱡ, þen wiⱡⱡ we 9576
Do axe what knyghtes þat þey be."
Nowe sit þey still, *and* sey no more,
But se howe men fuⱡⱡ harde *and* sore
In þe renges rynne þer hors to assay
Vnder trappoures of golde betyn gay.

And sone after in-to þe felde 9582
Aⱡⱡ þe worlde is come in helme *and* shelde.
Then þe Iugges, with-out doute, 9584
Thought þat þey þat were with-oute
Were not so stronge as þey with-Inne.

[1] Harde were with hem to begyne.
They with-In, with-out lese, 9588
[1 leaf 83, back]
On hem without gan faste prese.
That sey þey þat were with-out.

They thought for aⱡⱡ þe grete route
That was *with*in, they wolde a-bide,
And fresshly to hem they ganne to ride,
And manly putt hem In a-yee,
Then seide Gaudyn to Partonope:
"Go we hens, no leng*er* wole we abide."
Into þis prese þen gan they ride
As faste as here hors myght hem bere.
Eiche hadde in honde a grete spere.
Throw the prese withoute lette
Her hors hem bare, and þen they mette
With tweyn, and Gaudyn smote þe tone,
That from his hors he voyded anoone,
And flatte feⱡⱡ vpon þe grounde.
Partonope in þe same stounde
With his felawe so sore mette,
That oute of his sadiⱡⱡ *with*oute lette
Atte spere poynte he hym smote,
That to þe grounde wele I wote [leaf 121, back]
He feⱡⱡ flatte. [What] wole ye more?
This cours he Ranne so faste and sore,
His spere brake, it myght not laste.

The two friends make an assault,

and each of them throws his adversary to the ground.

Partonope breaks his

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They thoght for aⱡⱡ the grete rowte
That was wyth-Inne they wold abyde,
And fresshly to hym) they ganne ryde,
And manly put hem) In a-yee.
Than) sayd Gaudyn) and Partanope:
"Go we hens, no lenger woⱡⱡ we a-byde."
In-to this prese than) ganne they ryde
As fast as her hors myght hem) bere.
Eche hadd in hond a grete spere.
Thorow the prese wyth-outen) lete
Her hors hem) bare and than) they mette
Wyth tweyne, and Gaudyn) smote the tone,
That from his hors he voyde a-non),
And flatt fyⱡⱡ vpon) the ground.
Partanope In the same stound
With his felaw so sore mett,
That out of his sadyⱡⱡ wyth-outen) lett
At spere poynt he hym) smote,
That to ground weⱡⱡ I wote
He fyⱡⱡ flatt. What woⱡⱡ ye more?
This course he ranne so fast and sore,
His spere brak, hit myght not last.

*Rawl. MS.*

They þought for aⱡⱡ þe grete route
That was *with*-in, þey wolde abyde.
And freshly to hem þey gon ryde,
And manly put hem in a-yee.
Then) seyde Gaudyn) to *Par*tonope:
"Goo we hens, no leng*er* we abyde."

Into þe prese þen gon þey ryde
As faste as *þer* hors myght hem bere.
Eche hade in honde a grete spere.
Thorwe þe prese *with*-out let
Here hors hem bare, *and* þen þey mete
*With* ij, *and* Gaudyn smote *þat* one,

That from his hors he voydede anone,
And flat fiⱡⱡ on þe grounde.
*Par*tonope in þe same stounde
*With* his felowe so sore he mete,
That out of his sadiⱡⱡ *with*-out let

He fiⱡⱡ flat; what wiⱡⱡ ye more?
The course he ran so faste *and* sore,
His spere brake, it myght not laste.

spear, and lays about him with his sword.

The tronchone awey from hym he caste,
And therwith he pulled oute his swerde,
And as a fiers lyon þen he ferde,
And leide on þicke hym rounde a-boute.

Partonope and Gaudin have the victory of three others.

Thre to hym assayled of þe route,
And hew on his helme and on his shelde.
But oone of hem into þe felde
Oute of his sadiłł he made lepe,
It was no tyme for hym to slepe.
The tother two on hym leide faste,
But þrowe the Reynes from hem he paste,
Gaudyn smote oone of þe þre,
That from his hede he made þan fle
His helme of stele bourned bright,
And forþe he passed þrow þe fight,
And to Partonope streight he went.
They that be-gann þis turnement,
Seide þe knyghtis hadde wele do.
And a while breþen hem tho.

Cursolt is pleased to see how well they fight.

"LO," seide Cursoule, "I wist wele
Thes two knyghtis couþe good skiłł

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The tronchon a-way fro hym he cast,
And there-wyth he pullyth oute his swerd,
And as a ferse lyon than he ferd,
And leyde on thyk hym rounde a-bouute.
Thre to hym sayled of the rowte,
And hew on his helme and in his sheeld.
But one of hem in-to the feeld
Oute of his sadyłł he made lepe,
Hit was no tyme for hym to slepe.
The todyr two on hym leyd fast,
But throw the Reynes for hem he past.
Gaudyn smote one of tho thre,
That from his hed he made than fle
His helme of steele boorned bryght,

And fforth they passed throw the fyght. [leaf 85, back]
They that be-ganne this turnement
Sayd the knightes had wele do,
And a while brethen hem tho.

"LO," said Corsuł, "I wyst wele
These two knyghtes cowde goode skyłł

*Rawl. MS.*

The trunchon awey fro hym he caste,
And þer-with he pullyde out his swerde,
And as a lyon þen he ferde,
And leyde on thyke hym aboute.

Ther to hym sayllede of þe route,
And hewe on his helme *and* on shelde.
But one of hem in-to þe felde
Out of his sadiłł he made lepe,
Hit was no tyme for hym to slepe,
The toþer ij on hym leyde faste,
But þorwe þe renges fro hem he paste.
Gaudyn smote on of þe thre,
That made his hede he made flee
His helme of stełł burnede wełł *and* bright,
And furthe he passede þorwe þe fight,

And to Partonope streight he went
They be-gan þis turment. [leaf 84]

¶ "Lo," seyde Courselot, "I wyste wełł
These ij knyghtes couthe good skiłł

On þis crafte ; so first seide I."
Tho seide þe queen : "Cousyn, truly,
So softely as they come In afore,
Now they haue hem wele ybore.
And namely he with þe silu*er* shelde
Fareth faire with his hareneis in þe felde."
She thought she sholde knowe hym wele,
But she couþe not remembre neu*er* a dele.
Thinketh she wher þis be Partonope,
With his gou*er*nance wele pleased is she.
Of turneying now gyn þey reste.
And soone after they made hem preste
The turnèment to be-gynn ayein.
The Emp*erou*r of Almayn þer myht ye sene,
A manly cheveteyn in þe felde ; [leaf 122]
With hym was many helm and sheld.
The soudan of Perce was þere also
With the Emp*erou*r, and they two do
Moche wo to hem þat be *with*-oute.
The soudan is fuƚƚ proude and stoute.

The Queen thinks much of the knight of the silver shield.

The Emperor of Germany and the Sultan of Persia do much harm to the outer party.

The Sultan is a young

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

On) this Craft ; so fyrst seyd I."
Tho sayd the queen : "Cosyn), truly,
So softely as they come In a-fore, 9636
Now they haue hem) wele I-bore.
And namely he wyth the silu*er* sheld
Fareth fayr*e* wyth his harneys in the feld."
She thoght she shuld haue know hym) wele, 9640
But she coude remenbre neu*er* a dele.
Thenketh She where this be Partanope,
Wyth his gou*er*nans wele plesyth ys she. 9643
Off turneyng gynne now they rest.
And sone after they made hym) prest
The turnement to be-gynne ayen).
The emp*erou*re of Almayn) there myght ye seen), 9647
A manly Cheventeyn) in the feeld ;
Wyth hym) was many helme and sheld.
The Soudon) of pyroq was there also
Wyth the emperore, and they twey do
Moch wo to hem) that he wyth-oute.
This soudon) ys fuƚƚ proude and stoute. 9653

*Rawl. MS.*

On) þis crafte ; so fyrste seyde I."
Tho seyde þe quene : "Cossyn, truly,
So softly as þey come In afore, 9636
Nowe þey haue hem weƚƚ I-bore.
And namly he *with* þe sylu*er* shelde
Farethe fayre *with* his harnes in þe felde."
She þought she shulde a knowe hym weƚƚ, 9640
But she couthe remembre neu*er* a deƚƚ.
Thynkethe she where þis be Partonope,
*With* his gou*er*nance weƚƚ plesede was she.
¶ Of turny[n]ge nowe gynne þey reste,
And sone after made hem preste

The turment to be-gyn agayne.
The Emp*erou*r of Almayne þer myght ye sene,
A manly chefteyne in þe felde ; 9648
*With* hym was many helme *and* shelde.
The soudan of Pers was þer also
*With* þe emp*erou*r *and* þey two do
Moche wo to hem *with*-oute. 9652
The soudan) is fuƚƚ proude *and* stoute.

and valiant knight. He loves Melior, and hopes to win her.

He is a lover,* what wole ye more?
His souerayne lady is Melyore.
On his manhede moste trusteth he,
And þerto he haþe a grete meanye,
That waiteth vpon hym euer-more.
He wenyth to wynne faire Meliore.
He is yonge, and darre wele fight,
Stronge, lusty, and a semely knyght.
Oute of noumbre richesse hath he.
He þinketh no man his felawe shuld be.

In olden days ladies were won in various ways,

And in þo dayes wele wote ye
Men wonne her ladies in dyuers degre,
Some with manhode and chevalry,
Some þrow beaute and curtesy,
Some with faire speche and richesse,
Some þrow strength, some be largesse.
AH þat is go with-outen nay,
The worlde is turned a-noþer way,
For neyþer richesse ne beaute
Ne fayre speche in no degre
May make a man his love to wynne,

9654. *MS.* bover.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He ys a lover, what wold ye more?
His souerayn lady ys Meliore.
On) his manhode moch̄ trusteth̄ he,
And there-to hath̄ a grete meyne, 9657
That vayteth̄ vpon) hym) euer-mor
He weneth̄ to wynne fayre Melior.
He ys yong, and dare wele fyght̄, 9660
Strong, lusty, a semely knyght̄.
Oute of nombre rych̄ hath̄ he.
He thenketh̄ no man) his felow shuld be.

And in t[h]o dayes wele wote ye 9664
Menne wonne her ladyes in dyverse degre,
Som) whyt manhode and chevalry,
[1] Som) Thorw beaute and Curtesy, 9667
Som) wyth̄ fayre spe[c]he and Richesse,
Som) throw streynght, som) be largesse.
AH that ys go wyth̄-outen) nay, [1 leaf 86]
The world ys turned a-nodyr way.
For neyther Rychesse ne beaute, 9672
Ne fayre spech̄ in no degre
May make a man) his love to wynne,

*Rawl. MS.*

He is a louer, what wiH ye more?
His souerayne lady is Melyore.
On Mahombe moche trustyth he. 9656
Ther-to he hathe a grete meyne,
That waytyth vppon hym euer-more.
He wenyth to wyn to fayre Melyore.
He is yonge, *and* dare weH fight̄, 9660
Stronge, lusty, *and* symly knyght̄.
Out of nombir ryches hathe he.
He thynketh no man) his felowe shuH be.
And in þo dayes weH wot ye 9664
Man) wonne her ladyes in deuerse degre,

Som *with* manhode *and* chevalrye,
Som þorwe beute and courtesye, 9667
Som *with* feyre speke *and* rychesse,
[1] Som be strenght, som be largesse.
AH þat is gon) *with*-out nay,
The worlde is turnede anoþer wey.
For noþer rychese ne beute, 9672
Ne fayre speche ne degre [1 leaf 84, back]
May make a man) his loue to wyne,

They be so sore a-ferde to synne.
Of fredame, curteisy, ne of largesse 9676
They take noone hiede; for holynesse
Hath so caught hem in his service,
Of wordly lustes now in no Wise
Take they hiede, but only to wyrche, 9680
Þat they may pleace God and his chirche.
For euery day yerly they rise.
To chirche they gone to here servise
Of God, and hardly þere they be 9684
Tiłł it be noone; for dame chastite
Governeth now hem in such wise,
From knelyng hem luste not ones to Rise. 9687
To go to her dyner haue they none haste; [leaf 122, back]
They Reke neuer how longe they faste.
Of ffresshe array take they none hiede;
They go cloþed in homely wede.
They wole not swere neuer an othe 9692
But nay or yee, it is sothe.
But in olde tyme ladies wolde
Haue mercy on lovers þat in cares colde
Loved, and for love had grete diseace. 9696

but now they are too religious and chaste.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They be so sore a-ferd to synne. 9675
Of fredam), Curteysy, ne of largesse
They take none heede; for holinesse
Hath so caught hem in his seruice,
Of wordely lustes now in no wyse 9679
Take they heede, but onely to wirch,
That they may please God and his chirch.
For euery day erly they Ryse, 9682
To cherch they gone to here seruice
Of God / and hardyly there they be
Tyłł hit be none / for dame chastyte
Gouerneth now hem) in such wyse, 9686
Fro knelyng hem) lust not ones to ryse.
To go to her dynere haue they none hast; 9688
They rekke neuer how long they fast.
Of fresch aray toke they non) heede;
They go clothed in homely weede.
They wyłł not swere neuer an) othe 9692
But nay or ye hit his soth.
But In old tyme ladyes wold
Haue mercy of louers that in cares cold
Loued, and for love had grete dyssese.

*Rawl. MS.*

They be so sore aferde to syne.
Of fredom, courtesye ne of largesse 9676
They take none hede; but holynesse
Hathe so caught hem in his seruyse
Of þe worlde þey wiłł in no wyse 9679

Some tyme ladies such folke wolde pleace ;
They will not have mercy on their lovers. But in þes dayes it is no-þing so.
For be a lovere neuer so wo,
His lady list not hym make chiere. 9700
For his compleynt þei wole not here
Neþer be speche neþer letter writyng,
They wole not rede it for no þing.
AH þat men sey they take in grief ; 9704
I trow chastite hath made hem defe.
Of þis matere speke we no more,
But I wole now of Meliore
TeH forþe aH myn entent, 9708
And of þis lusty turnement.
The Sultan jousts so well, and has such a large retinue, that nobody dares to attack him. The soudan is now in þe felde
Richely armed, þat of spere and shelde
Canne skiH ynowe, with-outen doute, 9712
His meany wele armed hym aboute.
He hath wele Iusted with-outen nay,
Many a knyght þat ilke day
And squyer eke to grounde hath caste. 9716
To mete with hym men be agaste.
Bothe feerse and crueH also is he

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Som) tyme ladyes suc̄h folk wold please ;
But in these dayes hit ys no-thing so.
For be a lou*er* neu*er* so wo, 9699
His lady lust not hym) make cher*e*.
For his complaynt they wold not here
Nether be spec̄h ne bett*er* wrytyng,
They wo*H* no rede hit for no thing.
A*H* that men) sey take they in gryef ;
I trow Chastyte hath made hem) defe.
[1] Off this mater speke we no more, 9706
But I wo*H* now of Melioure [1 leaf 86, back]
Te*H* forth aH myn) entent,
And of the lusti turnament.
The Soudan) ys now in the feld 9710
Ryo*H*ly armed, that of spere and sheeld
Canne sky*H* I-now, wyth̄outen) doute,
His meyne wele Armed that hym) a-boute. 9713
He hath̄ wele Iusted wyth̄-outen) nay,
Many a knyght that yl̄ke day
And a squyer eke to grounde hath̄ cast. 9716
To meete wyth̄ hym) men) be a-gast.
Both̄ fresc̄h and Cruel*H* also ys he.

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Of þis mat*er* speke we no more, 9706
But I wi*H* now of Melyore
Te*H* furthe a*H* myne entent 9708
Of þis lusty turment.
The soudan is nowe in þe felde
Rychly armede, þ*at* of spere *and* shelde
Can) ski*H* I-nowe, *with*-out doute, 9712
His meyne we*H* armede hym aboute.

He hathe we*H* Iustyde *with*-out nay,
Many a knyght þ*at* ilke day 4715
And squyre eke to grounde he caste.

To mete *with* hym men were agaste.
But fers *and* crewe*H* also is he.

His men a-boute hym so thicke be
A-fore and be-hynde with-oute faile, 9720
That no man hym darre wele assaile.
The lordes þat I spake of be-fore,
þat on þe toure be Meliore
Sitte to gife þe Iugement, 9724
Prayse hym gretely by one assent.
This soudan, þus lusty knyght,
Enforceth his hert with aⱡ his myght
To wyn his lady Meliore. 9728
A grete spere in hande *with*-oute more
He taketh, and in hys reste it caste. [leaf 123]
And þrowe þe Reynes he Ranne faste
As eue*r* his stede hym myght bere. 9732
Men of hym þo had such fere,
And of þe meany hym aboute,
þat þe soudan þrow þe route
Rode to and fro; no man hym mette 9736
Of his Iustyng hym ones [to] lette.
Aⱡ þis beheld Partonope,
And in his hert þo þought he:

He is highly praised by the judges.

Partonope encounters the Sultan.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

His men) a-boute hym) So thikke be
A-fore and be-hynde wyth-outen) fay[le], 9720
That no man) weele dare hym) assayle.
The lordys that I spake of be-fore,

Syth to geyf the Iugement 9724
Preyse hym) gretely be one assent.
This Soudan), the lusti knyght,
Enforceth His hert wyth aⱡ his myght
To wynne his lady Melioure. 9728
A grete spere in hond wyth wyth-outen) more
He taketh, and in rest hit cast.
And thorow the Reynes he rast fast
As eue*r* hys steede hym) myght bere.
Men) of hym) tho had she feere, 9733
And of the meyne hym) a-boute,
That the soudan) throw the Route
Rode to and fro; no man) hym) mett 9736
Of his Iustyng hym) ones to lett.
Aⱡ this be-heeld Partanope,
And in his hert than) thought he:

*Rawl. MS.*

His men aboute hym so thyke be 9719
Afore *and* be-hynde *with*-out fayⱡ,

That no man) hym dare weⱡ assaiⱡ.
The lord*es* þat I spake of afore,
That on) þe toure be Melyore
Syt to gyfe þe Iugement, 9724
Preyse hym gretly by on assent.
This soudan), þis lusty knyght,
Enforseth his hert *with* aⱡ his myght
To wyn his lady Melyore. 9728
A grete spere in honde *with*-out more

He taketh, *and* in reste it caste.
And þorwe þe reng*es* he ranne * faste
As eue*r* his stede hym myght bere.
Men) of hym) þo hade soyche fere, 9733
And of þe meyne hym aboute,
That þe soudan) þorwe þe route [leaf 85
Rode to *and* fro; no man) hym mete

Of his Iustynge hym onys to lete. 9737
¶ All þis be-holdyth Partonope,
And in his hert þo þought he:

9731. ranne] *hole in vellum for* a.

" Be thow as prowde as Lucefere,
I shaⱡⱡ assay on þe my spere
To breke anoone, if þat I may."
And forþe he rideth in þat array;
Of his course no man hym lette.
The sauden and he to-gedre mette.

Their spears break.

So fiersly on peces her speres flie,
Yite *þer* was no man couþe se
Who hadde þe bett*er*, for her bakkes did bende,
And after oþere speres anoone they sende.

They take new ones, which also break.

Ayein to-gedre now do they go.
At þat course they mette so,
Eiche gafe oþ*er* suche a stroke,
As though *þer* had ben an oke
With a Crakke had made a falle,
Such a noyse it made with-aⱡⱡ.
Her speres to-braste, and they boþe two
Kept her sadels right wele þo.
The soudan like a wilde beste
For angre Coupe haue no reste.

In the third encounter, Partonope

And *þer*with anoone in his hete
For a spere fuⱡⱡ passyng grete

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

" Be thow as prowde as Lucifer*e*, I shaⱡⱡ assay on) the my sper*e*
To brek a-non), yf that I may."
And forth̄ he rydeth̄ in that aray;
Of this course no man) hym) lett.
The sowdan) and he to-gedyr mett.
[1] So feersly / on) peesys her sper*es* fle,
Yet ther was no man) cowde see
Who had the bett*er* for her bakk*es* dyd bend, [1 leaf 87]
And after other sper*es* a-none they send.
A-yen) to-gedyr now they go.
At that Course they mette so,
Eche gafe other suche a stroke
As though̄ there had be a noke
Wyth̄ a crakke had made a faⱡⱡ.
Such̄ a noyse hit made wyth̄-aⱡⱡ.
Her sperys to-brast, and they both̄ two
Kept her Sadelles Ryght̄ wele two.
The Saudon) lyke a wyld best
For angre cow[de] haue no rest.
And there-wyth̄ a-non) in his hete
For a spere fuⱡⱡ passyng grete

*Rawl. MS.*

" Be þou as proude as Lucifere,
I shaⱡⱡ assay on þe my spere
To breke anone, yef *þat* I may."
And furthe he rydyth in *þat* array;
Of his course no man hym let.
The soudan) *and* he toged*er* met.
So fersly on peces *þer* speres fley,
Yet *þer* was no man) couthe se
Who hade þe bet*er*, for *þer* bakk*es* dyde bende,
And aft*er* oþ*er* speres anone þey sende.
Ayen to-ged*er* nowe þey goo.
At *þat* course þey met so,
Eche gaf oþ*er* soych a stroke,
As þough *þer* hade ben an oke
*With* a crake hade made faⱡⱡ,
Soyche a noyse it made *with*-aⱡⱡ.
Her speres braste, and þey bothe two
Kept *þer* sadill*es* right weⱡⱡ þo.
The soudan) lyke a wylde beste
For ang*er* couthe haue no reste.
Ther-with anone in his hete
For a spere passynge grete

He sente, and in his reste it caste. — pierces the Sultan's shield,
Partonope *þerwith* in grete haste
Of Gaudyn toke a grete spere þo. 9764
Therw*ith* þe soudan he it so
Into þe vpper of þe shelde
That tissewe and bocle into þe felde
Fley and aⁿ to peces brake. 9768
The spere a fote þrow þe shelde stake.
The Soudan hym hit tho ayein, [leaf 123, back] — but his own is flung to the ground.
þat his shelde he made flene
From his shuldre into þe layre.' 9772
Betwene hem be-gynneth a sharpe fayre.
Partonope hereof was shamefast,
The soudan gladed, and forþe passed
þrow þe reynes wele faryngly. 9776
Kyng Claryns in þe toure an hye — The two judges, Clarin and Cursolt, discuss the event.
Seide the soudan þe bett*er* hadde.
Cursolote hym answered *with* wordes sadde:
"The white shelde is now at grounde, 9780
But his maist*er* on hors is founde."
Cursolote at þat tyme seide but lite;

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He sent, and in his a-rest hit cast.
Partanope In grete hast
Of Gaudyns toke a grete spere tho. 9764
There-wythⁿ the Saudan) he hit so
In-to the vpper of the Sheld,
That tyssew and bocle in-to the feeld
Fly and aⁿ to peses brak. 9768
The spere a fote throw the Sheld stake.

The Sowdan) hym) hit so a-yen),
That this sheld he made flene
From) the shuldyr in-to the layre. 9772
Be-twen) hem) be-gynnethⁿ a sharpe fayre.
Partanope her-of was shame-fast.
The Sowdan) gladded, and forthⁿ past
Throw the Reynes wele faryngly. 9776
Kyng Claryns in the toure an) hye
Seyd the Soudan) better hadde.
Cursolot hym) answerythⁿ wythⁿ wordes sadde:
"The whitte sheld ys now at ground, 9780
But his mayster on) hors ys found."
Cursolot at that tyme sayd but lyte;

*Rawl. MS.*

He sent, *and* in his reste it caste.
Partonope þer-w*ith* in grete haste
Of Gaudyn) toke a grete spere þo. 9764
Ther-w*ith* þe soudan he hit soo
In-to þe vppere of þe shelde,
That tessewe *and* bokeⁿ in-to þe felde
Fley, *and* al to pec*es* brake. 9768
The spere as styte þorwe þe shelde stake.
The soudan) þo hym hit ayen),

That his shulder in-to þe layre. 9772
Betwene hem begynnyth a sharpe feyre.

[1] Partonope here-of was shamefaste.
The soudan) gladyde, and furthe paste
Thorwe þe renges faryngly, 9776
Kynge Claryons in the toure on hye
Seyde þe soudan þe bet*er* hade.
Courselot answerde wordes sade: 9779
[1 leaf 85, back]
"The wyte shelde is nowe at grounde,

But his maist*er* on hors is founde."
Curslot at þat tyme seyde but lyte;

For after he thought he wolde quyte
Kyng Claryns, when Partonope 9784
Hadde mette þe Soudan in such degre,
That he were quytte amyd þe felde.
Melior hym herde, and eke be-helde
The turnement and aⱡ þe route. 9788
Lyteⱡⱡ Ioy *þer*of, *with*outen doute,
She hadde, for fewe of hem she knewe.
In lovyng her hert was eu*er* trewe.

Partonope gets a new silvery shield and a spear.

Parton[op]e asked a sheld in haste 9792
Gaudyn þat on hym lokeþ faste,
Fuⱡⱡ fressh y-paynted of silu*er* bright.
It was right sure and þ*er*-to light.
A spere he toke boþe grete and fyne. 9796

He attacks Armant, and strikes him from his saddle.

Therwith he ranne to a saresyne,
Armauns he hight with-oute more,
Partonope to hym Ranne so sore,
And in þe shelde so hym hitte, 9800
That in his sadile leng*er* to sitte
Hadde he no power, but oute he flye,
And feⱡⱡ to grounde, aⱡⱡe men it se.
This Armauns was holde a worþi man. 9804

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For after he thoght he wold quyte
Kyng Clarins / whan) Partanope 9784
Had mett the Sowdan) in suche degre, [leaf 87, back] 9785
That he were quyte a-myde the feld.
Meliore hym) herd and eke be-heeld
The turnement and aⱡⱡ the rowte. 9788
Lytyⱡⱡ Ioy there-of, wyⱡⱡ-outen) dowte,
She had, for few of hem) she knew.
In loving her hert was eu*er* trew. 9791
PArtanope asked a sheld in hast
Gaudyns that on) hym) loked fast,
Fuⱡⱡ fresch I-pey[n]ted of silu*er* bryghⱡ.
Hit was ryght sure and ther-to lyghⱡ.
A spere he toke boⱡⱡ grete and fyne.
There-wyⱡⱡ he ranne to a sarasyn),
Armans he hyghⱡ wyⱡⱡ-oute more.
Partanope to hym) ranne so sore,
And in the Sheld so hym) hytt, 9800
That in his sadyⱡⱡ lengyr to sytt
Hadde he no power, but oute he flye
And fyⱡⱡ to ground ; aⱡⱡ men) hit sye.
This armys was hold a worthie man) 9804

*Rawl. MS.*

For aft*er* he þought he wolde quyte
Kynge Claryns, when Partonope 9784
Hade met þe soudan in soyⱡⱡ degre,
That he were quyte amyde þe felde.
Melyore hym herde, *and* eke be-helde
The turment *and* aⱡⱡ þe route. 9788
Lytiⱡⱡ Ioye þer-of, *with*out doute,
She hade, for fewe of hem she knewe.
In louy[n]ge hert was eu*er* trewe.
¶ Partonope askede a shelde in haste.
Gaudyn) on hym lokede faste, 9793
Fuⱡⱡ I-peyntyde of sylu*er* bright.
Hit was right sure *and* þer-to lighⱡ.
A spere he toke grete *and* fyne. 9796
There-*with* he ran) to þe sarsyn),
Armant he hit *with*-out more.
Partonope to hym ran) so sore,
And in þe shelde so hym hit, 9800
Than in his sadiⱡⱡ leng*er* to syte
Hade he no pour*e* but out he flee
And fiⱡⱡ to grounde, aⱡⱡ men it see.
Armant was a worthy man). 9804

Partonope forþe on hors-bak ranne
Throw þe Reynes right to þe soudan.
And þere he smote a knyght called Logan)
That þe soudan loved wele þan,
And to grounde gothe hors and man. [leaf 124]
Atte soudans fote aH þis was do.
The soudan was wode for angre þo,
And his spere þen toke in haste,
And to Partonope rideth as faste
þrow þe prese hym forto fynde,
And throw the ventaylle in hiś necke be-hynde
He hym smote with his spere þo,
That aH to peces it brake a-twoo.
His swerde *þer*with þo pulled he
And smote vpon þe helme of Partonope.
When he aspied þat it was he,
His swerde he pulled oute anoon Right.
On hym he leide with aH his myght,
And on his helme suche strokes gafe he,
The rede fyre *þer*-of did oute flie.
And thus they hurle þrow þe prese,

He unhorses Logan, a friend of the Sultan's.

The Sultan is furious, and rushes at Partonope.

A terrible fight ensues.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope forth a bakk ranne
Thorw the Reynes ryght to the Sowdan).
And there he smot a knyght callyth Logan),
That the sowdan) wele than), 9808
And to ground goth hors and man).
Atte Sowdan) foote aH this was doo.
The Sowdan) was wode for angre tho,
And his spere than) toke in hast, 9812
And to Partanope rydeth as fast
Thorw the prese hym) for to fynde.
And throw the ventayH in his nek behynd
He hym) smote wyth his spere tho, 9816
That aH to pesys hit brak in two.
His swerd there-wyth oute pullyth he,
And smote vpon) the helme of Partanope.
Whan) he aspyed that hit was he, 9820
His swerd he pulled oute anon) ryght.
On) hym) he leyde wyth aH his myght,
And on) his helme suche strokis gafe he,
The Rede fyre there-of dyd oute fle. [leaf 88] 9824
And thus they hurle forth throw the prese,

*Rawl. MS.*

*Par*tonope furthe on hors-bake ran*ne*
Thorwe þe reng*es* of þe soudan).
Ther he smote a knyght callede Logan),
That þe soudan) louyde weH þan). 9808
At þe soudans foote aH þis was do.
The Soudan) was wode for ang*er* þo.
And his spere þen toke in haste, 9812
And to P*ar*tonope Rydyth faste [leaf 86
Thorwe þe prese hym to fynde,
And þorwe þe ventaiH in þe nyke behynde
He hym smote w*ith* his spere þo, 9816
That aH to pec*es* it brake tho.
His swerde þer-w*ith* pullede out he,
And smote on þe helme of P*ar*tonope.
When he asspyede þat it was he, 9820
His swerde he pullede out right.
On hym he leyde w*ith* aH his myght.
And on) his helme soyche strok*es* gaf he,
That rede fyre *þer*-of dyde out fle. 9824
Thus þey hurle þorwe þe prese,

TiH Partonope, with-oute any lese,
Partonope passes through the ground of the Sultan, and is attacked from all sides.
Was passed þe Reynes of þe soudan,
So ferforth tiH þat he came 9828
To þe walles of þe toure
Wherin sate faire Meliore.
And atte laste þen Partonope
Aspied how ferre passed was he 9832
Throw þe strength of þe soudan,
Tho hym to þinke he be-gan
How he hadde folyle ydo,
For many a saresyn on hym þo 9836
Leide on right faste and blyve,
That it was wonder how he on lyve
Might passe þat grete þronge.
But Gaudin comes to his rescue.
But Gaudyn of herte fuH stronge 9840
Sawe at mysschief Partonope,
And in his reste his spere leide he,
And fiersly into þe prese he passed.
A saresyn from hors-bak he casted, 9844
Gaudin unhorses Bry and Armant.
A worþi knyght þat hight Bry.
The saresynes sette vp a deviH crye.
To þe morreis kyng he was a good poste,

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

TyH Partanope, wytH-oute ony lese,
Was passed the Reynes of the Sowdan),
So fer-forth tyH that he came 9828
To the walles of the toure,
Where-in sate fayre Meliore
And at the last than) Partanope
Aspyed how ferre past was he 9832
Throw the strynght of the Sowdan).
Tho hym) to thenk he be-ganne
How he had follyly I-do,
For many a Sarasyn) on) hym) tho 9836
Leyd on) ryght fast and by-lyve,
That hit was wondyr how he on lyve
Myght passe that grete th[r]onge
But Gaudyns of hert fuH stronge 9840
Saw at myschyf Partanope,
And in his rest hys spere lyed he,
And feershly in-to the prese he past.
A Sarasyn) fro hors-bak he cast, 9844
A worthy knyght that hyght Bry.
The Sarasyn)s sett vp on) a devyH crye,
To the morreys kyng he was a good post,

*Rawl. MS.*

TiH Partonope, with-out lese,
Was paste þe renge of þe soudan,
So ferre-furthe tiH þat he cam 9828
To þe waHes of þe toure,
Where-in sat feyre Melyore.
And at þe laste þen Partonope
Asspyede howe ferre paste was he 9832
Thorwe þe strenght of þe soudan.
To hym to thynke-he be-gan)
Howe he hade folyle do.
For many a sarson on hym þo 9836
Leyde on right faste and blyue,
That it was wonder howe he on lyue
Myght passe þat grete þronge.
But Gaudyn of hert fuH stronge 9840
Sawe at meschef Partonope,
And in his reste a spere leyde he,
And fe[r]sly in-to þe prese he paste,
A sarson fro hors-bake he caste, 9844
A worthy knyght þat hight Bry.
The sarsons set vp an deviH crye
To þe Morre Kynge was a good poste,

For he was constable of his oste. [leaf 124, back] 9848
His spere brake, oute gothe his swerde ;
As a lyon) fierse he ferde.
Armaunt he smote, anoþer knyght,
So from his hors-bak he made hym light. 9852
His helme was þe ferst þat came to grounde.
Grete strokes he yave in þat stounde.
So manly at þat tyme soþely was he,
That rescowed was good Partonope 9856
With-oute mayme or grete wounde.
Wele quytte hym Gaudyn þat stounde.
But boþe achafed were right wele,*
And many a stroke ganne þey fele.* 9860
The soudan hurte was somdele.
That kyng Corsolot * aspied wele,
And gladde is he of his declyne.
Thes wordes he seide to Claryne : 9864
" þe soudan hoveth as hevy as lede,
The toþe-ache I trow be in his hede.
Sir, be not wroþe of þat I sey,
The white shelde þinketh not to dey 9868

King Cursolt is glad that the Sultan has not got the better of the knight of the white shield.

9859. *MS.* wele right.
9860. *MS.* And grete strokes hadde many a knyght.
9862. *MS.* Corsolto.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For he was Constable of his Ost. 9848
His spere brak, oute goth his Sword ;
As a lyon) feerse he feerd.
Armaunt he smote a-nother knyght,
So fro hors-bak he made hym) lyght.
His helme was the ferst that come to ground. [1 leaf 88, back] 9853
Grete strokes he yafe in that stound.
So manly at that tyme sothly was he,
That rescowed was good Partanope 9856
Wyth-oute mayne or grete wound.
Wele quyte hym) Gaudyn) that stound,
But both a-chased were ryght wele,
And many a stroke ganne they feele. 9860
THe Sowdan) hurt was som) dele.
That kyng Cursolot aspyed wele,
[1] And glad ys he of his declyne,
These wordes he sayd to Claryng : 9864
" The Sowden) houeth as hevy as lede.
The tothe-ache I throw be in his hede.
Syr, be not wroth of that I seyē, 9867
The white Sheeld thenketh not to dye

*Rawl. MS.*

For he was counstabiłł of his oste. 9848
His spere brake, out gothe þe swerde ;
And as a lyon fers he ferde.
[1]Armant smote a-noþer knyght,
Fro his hors-bake he made hym light,
His helme was fyrste þat come to grounde. [1 leaf 86, back] 9853
Grete strokes he yaf in þat stounde.
So manly at þat tyme was he,
That rescowede was Partonope 9856
With-out mayme ore wounde.
Weł quyte hym Gaudyn þat stounde,
But bothe achafede were right weł,
And many a stroke gon þey fele. 9860
¶ The soudan) hurt was somdeł.
That kynge Courslot asspyede weł,
And glade is he of his declyne.
This wordes he seyde to Claryne : 9864
" The soudan houyth heuy as lede,
The tothe-ache I trowe be in his hede.
Sir, be not wrothe of þat I sey, 9867
The whyte shelde thynkyth not to dey

9856. rescowede] o *like* e.

At þis tyme in the soudans dette,
For skillfully with hym haþe he mette."
Gaudyn and eke Partonope
From þe turney *with*-drawen be
Vnto an haue-thorne hem to avente ;
Of gothe her helmes be one assente.
The kyng of Fraunce be-helde hem wele,
And then he knew hem neu*er* a dele.
To þe Emp*erour* of Spayne þen seide he :
"These two knyghtis fuƚƚ good men be,
And beste in þe turney haue done þis day."
Seide the Emp*erour* : "þat is an easy assay.
In the be-gynnyng they peyn to faste.
Comenly suche men mow not laste ;
Prysaunteres such folke called be.
þat allday men may soþely se
Such laste not but lytiƚƚ while.—
Therwith þe Emp*erour* gan smyle— [leaf 125]
But wole ye make a good assay,
Take [hede] of hem þe þrid day."

The King of France observes to the Emperor of Spain that the two companions have proved the best knights that day.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

At this tyme in the sowdans dette,
For Skyllefully wyth hym hath he mett."
Gaudyn and eke Partanope
From the turnay wyth-drawen be
Vn-to an haw-thron hem to a-vent ;
Of goth her helmes be one assent.
The kyng of Fraunse be-heeld them wele,
And than he knew hem neu*er* a dele.
To the emp*eroure* of Spayn than sayd he :
"These two knyghtes fuƚƚ goode men be,
And best in the turnay haue done this day."
Sayd the Emp*eroure* : "That ys an assay,
In the be-gynnyg they payn to fast,
Comenly suche men mow not last ;
Prysaunteres suche folk callyth be.
That aƚƚ day men may sothly se
Suche last not but lytyƚƚ while.—
Therewyth the emp*eroure* gan smyle.—
But wole ye make a good assay
Take of hem the thyrd day."

*Rawl. MS.*

At þis tyme in þe soudans det,
For skiƚƚfully he hathe hym met."

Þe kyng of Fraunce answerde ayee :
" On þe þrid day, how euer it be,
Of þis day they wole haue þe prise,
They moste nedes be myn avise."
Gaudyn and also Partonope
After her refresshyng boþe be
Into þes reynes turned ayein.
Fresshe and lusty yarmed they bene.
Eiche of hem toke hym his shelde,
Many a man þo hem be-helde.
Into þe Reynes they come fresshly,
Eiche hadde in hande a spere fuƕ sturdy.
They spare no man þat hem wole byde,
They were right lusty at þat tide.
Fuƕ wele they Iust þat ilke day.
Þere was no man durste hem assay,
But of hym they hadde þe victory,
So sore her aduersaries they did wry.
The day gan faste drawe to an ende,
That eiche man þought home to wende,
And turney no more as for þat nyght.
The kyng of Syre he made a fight,
Comyng in sodenly with his meanye.
A worthy and a noble knyght was he.
When eiche man wende home forto go,
He and his meany despitousely tho
On euery syde gan ley on faste.
Men toke her sheldes to hem in haste.

Partonope and Gaudin re-enter the lists and carry all before them.

The King of Syria appears suddenly with his retinue.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng of Fraunse answered a-ye :
" On) the third day, How-euer hit be,
Of this day they wyƕ haue the prise,
They must
GAudyns and also Partanope
After her refreschyng both be
In-to the reynes turneth a-yen), 9895
Fresch and lusty I-armed they bene.
Eche of hem) toke hym) his sheld,
Many a man) do hem) be-heeld.
In-to the Reynes they come freschly,
Ech had in hand a spere fuƕ sturdy.
They spare no man) that hem) woƕ
a-byde. [1 leaf 89]
[1] They were Ryght lusty atte that tyde.
Fuƕ weƕ they Iuste that ylke day.
There was no man) drust hem) assay,
But of hym) they had the victetory,
So sore her aduersaries dyd they wrey.
The day gan) fast draw to ende,
That eche man) thogƕ home to wend,
And turney no more as for that nygƕ.
The kynght of Syre he made a fyght,
Comyng In Sodenly wyth his meyne.
As worthey and noble kyng was he.
Whanne eche man) wend home for to go,
He had his meyne dyspetusly tho
On) euery syde gonne ley on) fast.
Men) toke her sheeldes to him) in hast.

Gaudyn anoone with spere and shelde
Turned ayein into þe felde.
þe duke of Loreyn anoone hym mette ;
Eiche be oþer fuH liteH they sette. 9920

He unhorses Gaudin,

Good knyghtis they were boþe two.
But yite Gaudyn myshapped þo.
For þe kyng of Syre in þat felde
So fiersly hym hitte in þe shelde, 9924
That from his hors he made hym light. [leaf 125, back]

but is in his turn unhorsed by Partonope.

When Partonope sawe þat sight,
That Gaudyn his frende was atte grounde,
With a spere boþe grete and rounde 9928
He Ranne to the kyng þan of Syre,
And hym hitte with so grete an Ire,
Oute of his sadile he made hym lepe.

Gaudin captures the king's steed,

Gaudyn *þer*-of anoone toke kepe 9932
And fresshly sesed the kynges stede.
But or he myght hym any firþer lede,
The kynges meany to hym so raught,
þat of hem many a stroke he caught. 9936

while a Saracen leaps on Gaudin's own horse.

And in þis meane while a saresyne
Is lept to þe hors of Gaudyn.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Gaudyn) a-non) wyth spere and schyeld
Turned a-yen) in-to the feeld.
The duke of Loryn) a-non) hym) mett ;
Eche be other fuH lyteH tho sett. 9920
Goode knyghtes they were both two.
But yet Gaudyns mys-happed tho,
For the kyng of Syre in that feld
So feersly hit hym) on) the Sheeld, 9924
That from) his hors he made hym) lyght.
Whan) Partanope saw that syght,
That Gaudyn) his feere was to ground,
Wyth a spere both grete and round, 9928
He ranne to the kyng than) of Syre,
And hym) hit wyth so grete an) Ire,
Oute of his sadyH he made hym) leepe.
Gaudyn) thereof a-non) toke kepe, 9932
And fresshly sesyd the kynges steede.
But or he myght hym) ony further leede,
The kynges meyne to hym) so rauth,
That of hem) many a stroke he cauth.
And in this mene while a saresyn) 9937
Ys lept on) the hors of Gaudyn).

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Gaudyn anone *with* spere and shelde
Turnede ayen in-to þe felde.
The duke of Loreyne anone hym met ;
Eche by oþer fuH lytiH þey set. 9920
Good knyghtes þey were bothe two.
But yet Gaudyn myshappyde þo.
For þe kynge of Scyre in þat felde
So fersly hit hym on þe shelde, 9924
That fro his hors he made hym light.
When Partonope sawe þat sight,
That Gaudyn) his fere was at grounde,
*With* a spere bothe grete and rounde
He Ran) to þe kynge of Scyre, 9929
And hit hym *with* so grete Ire
Out of his sadiH he made hym lepe.
Gaudyn) þer-of toke good kepe, 9932
And freshly sesede þe kynges stede.
But ore he myght hym ony forþere led,

The kynges men to hym so raught,
That of hem many a stroke caught.
In þis mene while a sarsyne 9937
Ys lepte on þe hors of Gaudyn). [leaf 87]

Partonope þat hym neu*er* fayled at nede,
[Thought to gete ayen) his stede], 9940
Leide on so faste rounde a-boute,
He hathe hym rescowed from aⱡ þe route,
That harmelesse escaped boþe they be.
For besy is aⱡ þe kynges meanye 9944
Of Syre hym þrow þe place to lede
On fote; for loste he hadde his stede.
Aⱡ folke herwith departed anoone
From þe turnement and streight gone 9948
To her loggeyng in grete haste.
The nyght falleth on hem wonder faste.
The herowdes crye: "A hosteⱡ, a hosteⱡ!"
Partonope and Gaudyn þat right weⱡ 9952
In þe turnement haue bore hem þat day,
To her loggeyng they ride in fresshe array.
Cursolote sethe hem boþe two
To her loggyng harmelesse go. 9956
He seide: "God blessed þou be
Boþe my ffrendes yonder I se

Night is coming on. The tournament is over for the day,

and the two friends ride back to their lodgings.

Cursolt says that the knight of

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope that hym) neu*er* fayled at nede,

Leyde on) so fast hym) rounde a-boute,
He hatⱡ hym) rescowed from) aⱡ the rowte, [leaf 89, back]
That harmeles scapytⱡ they be.
For besy ys aⱡ the kynges meyne 9944
Of Syr*e* hym) thogⱡt the prese to lede
On) fott; he hatⱡ for lost his steede.
Al folke her-wytⱡ departe a-non)
Fro the turnement, and streygⱡt gone
To her loggyng in grete hast. 9949
The nygⱡt falletⱡ on) hem) wondr*e* fast.
The herowd*es* crye aⱡ: "Hosteⱡ, a hosteⱡ!"
Partanope and Gaudyn) that rygⱡt weⱡ 9952
In the turnement haue bor' hem) that day,
To her loggyng they ryde in frescⱡ aray.
Cursolot setⱡ hem) botⱡ two
To her loggyng harmeles they go, 9956
He seyd: "God blessed thow be,
Botⱡ my freend*es* yonde I se

9950. nyght] *MS.* myght.

*Rawl. MS.*

P*ar*tonope hym not faillede at nede,

Thought to gete ayen) his stede, 9940
Leyde out so faste hym aboute,
He hathe hym rescowede fro þe Route

That harmeles escapede bothe þey be.
For besy is aⱡ þe kyng*es* meyne 9944
Of Scyre hym þorwe þe prese to lede
On fote for loste he hade his stede
¶ Aⱡ folke w*ith* þis dep*ar*tede anone
Fro þe turment *and* streight gone 9948
To þ*er* logynge in grete haste
The nyght fallyth on hem faste
The herauud*es* crye an hosteⱡ.

P*ar*tonope and Gaudyn) þ*at* right weⱡ

In þe turment haue bore hem þ*at* day,

To þ*er* logynge þey rede in freshe array.

Curslot sethe hem bothe two
To þ*er* logynge harmeles goo. 9956
He seyde: "God blyssede þou be,
Bothe my frend*es* yen I see.

To her herborowe go saufe and sounde.
the white shield has carried the day.
I wolde it hadde coste me an hundred pounde, 9960
Be so I wiste what they were.
But wele I wote, he þat doþe bere
The white shelde, be myn avise,
Of þis day is worthy þe prise." [leaf 126] 9964
Clarin thinks he is too rash in giving his judgment.
AH þo þat hym herde, seide not ones nay,
Save kyng Claryns ; for to his pay
In no wise þes wordes were seide.
"The þrid day shuH we knowe þe breide. 9968
Be þat tyme moche þing may falle.
Ye be to hasty now forto calle
Hym beste þat bereþ þe white shelde
Of aH þat were to-day in þe felde. 9972
FuH yore it is now ago
I haue herde sey, and oþer mo,
That who so yeveth hasty Iugement
Moste be þe first þat shaH repent." 9976
þerwith þes knyghtis boþe two
Of þes þinges more speke þei not þo.
But Partonope and gentiH Gaudyne

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To her herborw go safe and sound.
I wotld yt had cost me an hundred pound 9960
Be so I wyst waht they were,
But weH I wote he that doth bere
The whitte Sheeld, be myn awyse,
Of this day ys worthie the pryse." 9964
All do that hem herd, seyd not onys nay,
Saf kyng Claryns ; for to his pay
In no wyse these wordes were sayd.
"The thyrd day ShaH we know the brayd. 9968
Be that tyme moch thynge may faH.
He *and* ye be to hasty now for to caH
Hym best that beryth the whyte Sheld
Of aH that were to-day in the feld. 9972
Full yor now hit ys a-goo
I haue herd sey, and other moo,
That who so yeveth hasty Iugegyment
Must be the fyrst that shaH repent."
There-wyth these knyghtes both two
Of these thynges more spak they not tho. 9978
But Partanope and gentyH Gaudyn

*Rawl. MS.*

I wolde I wyste what þey were.
WeH I wot, he þat dothe here
Bere þe whyte shelde, be myne avyse,
Of þis day is worthy þe pryse." 9964
AH þat hym herde, seyde not onys nay,
Saf kynge Clarins ; for to his pay
In no wyse þis wordes were seyde.
"The iij day we shaH knowe þe brayde.

Be þat tyme meche thynge shaH faH.
Ye be to hasty nowe to caH
Hym beste þat beryth þe whyte shelde
Of aH þat were to-day in felde. 9972
FuH yore nowe it is agoo
I haue herde sey, *and* oþer mo,
That who so yevyth hasty Iugement
Moste be þe fyrste þat shaH repent."
Ther-*with* þis knyghtes bothe twoo
Of þis thynges more speke þey þo. 9978

Arne at her soper and drynke þe wyne
As fresshe as to hem may be brought.
Of her grete strokes they rekke nought.
Gaudyn beholdeth wele Partonope,
And gretely *mer*vayleth of his beaute,
How semely he was, how longe, how brode.
Hym to be-holde fuƞ longe he stode.
And he thought eu*er* in his corage:
He myght not be borne of pore lynage.
And wele he sighe þat he was pe*n*sife,
He þought his herte was in grete strife.
Of þis grete *mer*vaylle þo hadde he,
What cause or what it myght be
That made hym in suche hevynesse.
Hym thought he hadde cause of gladnesse.
Hym to comforte in his herte he caste,
And merely he brake oute atte laste,
And seide: "My ffrende Partonope,
What is þe cause þat ye mow be
In hevynesse faƞ so sodenly?
I trowe for ye haue so manly
Now borne you in þis turnement,
Ye are aferde leste þe Iugement
To haue þis lady shuld falle* on you. [leaf 126, back]
Be gladde man, loke vpp lightly nowe,
And bere þe wele þe þrid day.

Partonope and Gaudin go to supper.

Gaudin wonders why his friend looks so sad,

and tries to cheer him up.

10003. falle] *MS.* faste.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Arne at her Soper, and drynke the wynne
As fresch as to hem) may be brouth. [leaf 90]
Of her grete strokys the rek nogƞt,
Gaudyn) be-holdeth wele Partanope,
And gretely *mer*vaylet of his beawte,
How semely he was, how longe and how brode.
Hym) to be-hold fuƞ longe he stoode.
And he thoght eu*er* in his corage:
He myght not be borne of pore lynage.
And wele he sygh that he was pynsyfe,
He thoght his hert was in grete stryfe.
Of this grete *mer*vayle tho had he
What cause or what hyt myght be
That made hym) in such hevynesse.
Hym) thoght he had cause of gladnesse.
Hym) to comfort in his hert he cast
And *mer*yly brak oute at the last,
And sayd: "My frend Partanope,
What ys the cause that ye now be
In hevynes faƞ so sodenly?
I trow for ye haue so manly
Now borne yow in this turnement,
Ye are a-ferd last the Iugement
To haue this lady shuld faƞ on) yow.
Be glad man), loke vp lyghtely now,
And bere the wele the thyrd day.

And þen I darre savely say
Thou shalte haue hir and moche more."
Partonope *þer*-with sighed sore,
And seide: "I were wele, hadde I þat!"

They go to bed.

Gaudyn *þer*with on his bedde sate,
And made hym redy to take his reste.
To do þe same Partonope made hym preste.
To bedde they go for þat nyght.

At sunrise they hear mass, and then ride to the tournament.

On morrowe as sone as þe sonne bright
Ganne shewe her beames oute of her spere,
They ben rissen masse forto here.
And þen after arme hem be oone assent,
And made hem redy to þe turnement.
Thidder be they come with her squyers
Fresshly ryding vpon her dextreres.
Into þe felde they do as they mowe.

Cursolt remarks to Clarin that they are the first on the spot.

Curselote hem seeth, and then he lowe.
And Claryn seide: "Lo, yonder I se
Be the morowe now come be
Thes tweyn þat yestir-evyn fulle late
Caught þe laste stroke; and yite algate
It semeth they wole þe first wynne.
Lette se who shalle þis game be-gynne."

The Sultan and Partonope charge each other.

TO felde is come þe fierse soudan,
In his company many a lusty man,
And faire renge hem in þe felde.
Herawdes hem nombred a thousand sheld.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And than) I dare savely saye
Thow shallt haue her and moch more."
Partanope there-wyth syghed sore,
And seyd: "I were wele / had I that!"
Gaudyn) the[r]-wyth on) his bedde sate,
And made hym) redy to take his rest.
To do the same Partanope made hym) prest.
To bed they go for that nyght.
On) morow as sone as the sone sonne bryght
Ganne shew her bemes oute of her speere,
They bene rysyn) masse for to here.
And than) after arme hem) be one assent,
And made hem) redy to the turnement.
Thy therbe they come wyth her Squyers
Freschly rydyng vpon) her dextre[r]ys [leaf 90, back]
In-to the feeld they do as they mow.
Cursolot hem) seeth, and than) he lowe.
And Claryn) sayd: "Lo, yondre I se
Be the morow now come be
These twyn) that yster-even) fulle late
Caught the last stroke; and yet algate
Hyt semyth they wolle the fyrst wynne.
Late se how salle this game begynne."
To feld ys come the fresch Sawdan),
In his company many a lusty man),
And fayre Renge hem) in the feeld.
Herawdes hem) nombre a thousand sheeld,

This sawdan, þis lusty knyght,
Taketh his shelde anoone right,
Sette helme on hede, and taketh his spere.
Partonope þat hoveth from hym ferre, 10036
Was redy anoone withouten lette.
This soone to-gedre they mette
Fuƚƚ fresshly, men myght se, I trowe.
The soudan bare his spere to lowe. 10040
There he hadde wente to haue smytte Partonope
Amyddes þe shelde, it happed þat he
Smote his sadiƚƚ in þe fore arsone.
The spere so lowe dissended a-downe, [leaf 127 10044
þat it into peces fley into þe felde.
Partonope hym hitte amydde þe shelde The Sultan is overthrown.
So sturdely in aƚƚ his myght,
That fro his hors he made hym light, 10048
And leide hym flatte þen in þe mede.
Partonope *þer*with sesed his stede,
But it was not for hym* to abyde.
And þen he seide: "Who lust to ride 10052
Lepe on his bake, take hym anoone."
To þe rescowe come of þe sowdan
A thousand Knyghtes and many moo.
Who lust to laughe but Cursolote þo? 10056 Cursolt is pleased.
And þen he seide to kyng Claryne:
"This game is be-gonne wele a-fyne."
Fuƚƚ besy nowe aƚƚ þes knyghtes be

10051. *MS.* for hym not

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

This Sawdan), that lusty knyght,
Taketh hys Sheeld a-non) ryght,
Sett helme on) hede, and taketh his spere. 10035
Partanope that houeth fro hym) ferre,
Was redy a-non) wyth-outen) lett.
Thus sone to-gydyr they mett
Fuƚƚ freshly, men myght se, I trow.
The sowdan) bare hys spere to low. 10040
There he had went smyt Partanope
A-myddys The Sheeld, hit happed tha[t] he
Smote his sadyƚƚ in the fore arson,
The spere so low descendyd a-doune,
That hit on) peesis fly in-to the feld.

Partanope hym) hit a-myde the Sheeld
So sturdyly in aƚƚ his myght, 10047
That fro his hors he made hym) lyght,
And leyd hym) flatt than) in the med.
Partanope there-wyth se[s]lyth his steed,
But it was noght for hym) to abyde.
And than) he sayd: "Who lust to ryde
Lepe on) his bak, take hym) a-none."
To the rescow of the soudan)
A thousand knyghtes and many on) mo. 10055
Who lust to laugh but Cursolot tho?
And than) he sayd to kyng Claryne:
"This game ys be-gonne wele a-fyne."
Fuƚƚ besy now aƚƚ these knyghtes be [leaf 91

Her maister to rescowe, and Partonope,
Seith to þe soudan he myght no more do.
The prese was so grete a-boute hym þo.
Partonope presses bravely on, He wele be-thought hym, and atte laste
Fresshly into þe prese he þraste.
And a saresyn he yave suche a dynte,
To þe grounde he feℍ; he was but shent.
Partonope on hym no-þing a-bode,
But fiersly þrow þe prese he rode,
And manly þrow þe prese he paste.
Or he was warre, he come as faste
till at last he arrives at the tower where Melior sits. Vnto þe gate which was þe toure
Where as Meliore, þe fresshe floure,
Sate in a wyndowe and loked oute.
Anoone as Partonope with-oute doute
Aspied his lady and sawe hir þere,
He spared at þat tyme for no fere,
He salutes his Lady, and asks her mercy. But salowed* his lady fuℍ piteously,
And seide: "Of your servaunte now haue mercy,
And take þis token now of me!"
At the same time he lifts his spear and offers her the flag. And þer-with-aℍ good Partonope
Putt vp his spere and proffered his getone,
Seing þe felde and aℍ þe towne.
Vpon his getone she did loke,
The Queen takes it, and begs And fro þe spere to hir she it toke, [leaf 127, back]
And seide to hym: "Teℍ me ayein

10077. salowed] *MS.* folowed.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Her mayster to re[s]cow, and Partanope
Seyth to the Soudan) he myght no more do.
The prese was so grete about hym) tho.
He weℍ be-thought hym), and at the last
Freschely in-to the prese he tharst. 10064
And a Sarysyn) he yafe such a dent,
To the grounde he fyℍ, he was shent.
Partanope on) hym) no-thing a-bode,
But freschly throw the prese he rode,
And manly throw that prese past. 10069
Are he was ware, he come as fast
Vn-to the gate which was the toure
Where as Melioure the fresch floure, 10072
Sate in a wyndow and loked oute.
A-none as Partanope wyth-outen) doute
A-spyed his lady and saw here there,
He spared at that tyme for no fere, 10076
But salowed his lady fuℍ peteusly,
And sayd: "Of youre seruaunt now haue mercy,
And tak this token) now of me!"
And there-wyth-aℍ goode Partanope 10080
Put vp his spere and proferd his geton),
Seyng the feld and aℍ the toune.
Vpon) this geton) She dyd looke,
And fro the spere to her She hit tooke, 10084
And sayd to hym): "Teℍ me a-yen)

10078 *MS.* seruuāt.

What ye seide and what ye meane.
I vnderstonde not, and þer-fore teH me."
But at þat tyme it myght not be,
He was in grete pereH of his life sanȝ faile.
Thre men of armes did hym assayle
With grete speres on euery side.
It was for hym no lenger a-bide.
His swerde he pulled oute delyuerly,
And bete aH þre fro hym fuH manly.
And forþe into þe Reynes he þraste,
And a-boute hym leide on faste.
In pereH of his life nede moste he.
For in-myddes his Enemeyce fuH but was he,
And þrow the meany he moste nedes passe,
For aH his felawshipp̄ be-yonde hem wasse.
Gaudyn seeth Partonope in grete doute,
And boldly loketh hym a-boute,
And feersly amonge hem In gothe he
And leide on faste, Ioy it was to se,
As he that couþe wele of þat crafte.
And þus in helpe Partonope he rafte
From his Enemeyce hondes *with*-oute doute,
And harmeles are scaped þrowe þe route.
This is wele, what wole ye more?
Lete vs speke of faire Meliore,
For she hath now take his getone

him to repeat what he said.

But Partonope is now in peril of his life, being in the midst of his enemies.

Gaudin sees the danger, and helps him out of the press.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

What ye sayd and what ye mene.
I vndyr-stond not, and there-fore teH me." 10087
But at that tyme hit myght not be,
He was in grete pereH of his lyfe saunȝ fayle.
Thre men) of armes dyd hym) assayle
Wyth̄ grete sperys on) euery syde. 10091
Hit was for hym) no lenger to abyde.
His Swerd he pulleth̄ oute delyuerly,
And beete aH thre fro hym) fuH manly,
And forth̄ in-to the Reynes he tharst,
And aboute hym) leyde on) fast. 10096
In pereH of his lyfe nede must he,
For in-myddys his Enemys fuH but was he, [leaf 91, back]
And thorw the meyne he must nedys passe,
For aH his felaschip̄ be-yond hem) was. 10100
Gaudyn) seeth̄ Partanope in grete doute,
And boldely loketh̄ hym) a-boute,
And feersly a-monge hem) In goth̄ he,
And leyd on) fast, Ioy for to se, 10104
As he that coude wele on) that craft.
And thus in help Partanope hym) rafte
From) his enemys hondes wyth̄-oute doute,
And are harmeles scapyd throw the rowte. 10108
This ys wele, waht wole ye more?
Late vs speke of fayre Meliore.
For She hath̄ now take his geton)

Melior unties the flag from the spear.

Of Partonope, but what þe enchesone
Or cause he hadde it hir [to] take,
She can not wete [ne] for whose sake.
She wolde it hadde be a deviH wey
þat she so lewde was in þat aray.
On þe spere it was fastened,
And she* *þer*-fro it vndede,
Wherof men speke þan dishono*ur*,
And seide þat man was hir paramo*ur*.

The onlookers think that the man is her lover. But people are always inclined to speak ill of ladies.

Though a lady for þe best a þing do,
Men haue such Ioy to lye so,
They wole it turne aH for þe worste, [leaf 128]
They haue no Ioy to sey the beste.
Suche mennes tonges gone eu*er* on wheles.
This is þe cause, for moste *with* kelys
Is her dalyaunce and her comenyng.
And for they mowe hem lightly bryng
To be foles at her co*m*maundment,
*þer*fore they gife suche Iugement
On aH oþere, and wene they were
Of such condic*i*ons and suche manere.
Of þes ladies it fareth not so:
Chaungeable in love they be neu*er* mo,
Of troupe in stabilnes they bere þe floure,
In hem is peynted gentilnes and hono*ur*.
Therfore aH men þat be so light of tonge

10118. she] *MS.* sher.

---

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of Partanope, but what the encheson)
Or cause he had hir*e* to take
She can) not wytte, ne for whos sake.
She wold hit had be a devyH a-wey
That she so lewde was In that aray.
On) the spere hit was fastened,
And she there-fro hit vn-dede,
Where-of men) spake than) dyshon-[ou]re,
And sayd that man) was here *para*-moure.

THoght a lady for the best a thing do,
Men) haue Suche Ioy to lye So,
They wold hit turne aH for the werst,
They haue no Ioy to say þe best,
Suche mennys tonges gone eu*er* on) whelis,

This ys the cause, for must wyth kelys
Ys her dalyaunse and her comonyng,
And for they mow hem) lyghtly bryng
To be foolis at her comaundement
There-fore they gyfe suche Iugement
On) aH other, and wene they were
Of suche condycions and such manere.
Of these ladyes hit fareth not so:
Chaungeable in loue they be neu*er* mo.
Of treuth in stabyH-nesse they bere the floure,
In hym ys peynted gentylnesse and honoure.
There-for aH men)

*Univ. Coll. MS. ends with this catchword.*

That as a grete beH þat longe is ronge
Noyse her lesynges. God gife hem grace
Not amonge ladies to dweH any space.
  Now lete [us] speke of faire Meliore,
  That hath taken into þe toure
  Partonopes geton from his spere,
That into þe felde was sene fuH ferre.
And eviH tonges þerof speke faste,
And for þe worste they euer it caste,
And she wiste neuer what he was.
And if she hadde, she wolde haue percase
FuH gladde [be] to haue done hym eace.
For whome shuld a lady be glad to pleace
But hym on whome hir herte is sette?
For and they hadde be to-gedre mette,
No man wolde blame hir, as trow I,
Though she had pleased hym hertely.
For who so euer love, I you plight,
Of hym-self he hath but litiH myght.
Therfore, lordynges, as þinketh me,
In no defaute þan hadde she be,
Though she hadde shewed hym solace and game,
And he to hir do also þe same.
The emperesse Partonope not vndirstode.
But Wrake þat faste be hir abode,
Herde and wiste wele what he seide. [leaf 128, back]
And þerwith sodenly þis faire maide
Chonged hir fressh colour rede
Into pale or wanne as asshes dede.
Persewise þerof toke grete hiede.
Wrak with Persewise and no mo
Into þe batilment to-gedre go
In counsyale to haue her talkyng,
Where they spake many dyuers þing.
Atte laste seide Wrake to Persewise:
" TeH me now fully your avise,
What man þat was þat right now late
Hoved on hors-bak here atte yate,
And profered my lady his gay getone?
What suppose ye was his enchesone?

Melior does not understand who offered the flag to her.

But Urake knows.

She takes Persevis aside,

What seide he to my lady, herde not ye?
and tells her that she has recognized Partonope. Serteyn,* *Per*sewise, it was Partonope,
*Our* * ffrende, wolde God he were here
Prively, þat we myght make hym chiere.
Thanne shulde we here of new tithinge,
Sith we se hym, where his a-bidyng
Hath be, and how þat he came here."
Ye may axe me, lorde, what chere
Was with Persewise, þis faire maide,
When Wrake þes wordes hath seide,
And yite it shaH hir neu*er* avayle,
Whe þere she make it open or counsaylle.
Thus many a man his love be-sette,
To hym it were a grete dele bette
To be a recluse or elles a frere,
Or elles be dede and leide on bere,
Where he shaH dwelle for eu*er*-more,
Then hathe he an ende of his sore.
The Queen (who has joined Urake) is anxious to ascertain he truth. "Fayre suster," tho seide the queen),
"Of counseylle to I not what I meen).
My wittes be destroubled in many wise.
For in my herte I can not devise
Who or what man it myght be,
That armed atte wyndowe seide to me:
'Wo be þe tyme þat I eu*er* you sighe.'
T[h]o wordes to my herte sitte so nyghe [leaf 129]
þat be aH-myghty God sittyng above,
They made me þinke vpon my love.
And *þer*with myn olde sekenesse toke me.
Me thought be his speche it shuld be he.
And þan to me he put vp his spere,
Me thought þan I durst wele swere
It hadde bene he. Lewde fole þat I am,
And yete I knowe wele þat many a man
Wote wele he is dede, and I wote also.
Allas, good suster, what shaH I do?
I ame but dede, my peynes be so sore."
Urake pities her sister, Wrake þo hadde pite of Meliore,

10179. *MS. inserts* seide *after* Serteyn.
10180. O*ur*] *MS.* Your.

And thought þo she wolde teH euery dele,
For to hir suster she had not quytte hir wele,
And seide: "Medame, I you beseche
In louly wise and with herte meke
To forgife me þat I haue me mys-take
To you my lady, for Cristes owne sake."—
"Sey on, suster," þo seide þis queen).
"Be-twene you and me shaH be no meane
But ye your-self; what euer be mysdo,
I it you foryeve, and lette it go,
And eiche of vs lette oþer truly trust.
Ye shuH fynde it for þe beste,
For I am to you boþe suster and queen).
TeH me oute fully what ye meane."
"Medame," she seide, "not longe ago
I shope me with certeyn men to go
Vnto þe see forto disporte and play,
And to Arderne I helde the streight way,
And vnder þat forest I did aryve.
Therin I yede and þen as blyve
Amonge þe wilde bestes þere I fonde
Partonope crepyng on knees and honde,
The moste pitouse and vgly creature
That God gave to any fygure.
Herebes and grasse to seke for his levyng,
Olde, roten and torne was his cloþing.
FuH bare his body, eich man myght se [leaf 129, back]
In þat ferefuH place, whereof I hade pite.
And ofte tyme he sighed wonder sore,
And þer-with he seide: 'Allas, faire Meliore!'
And nere I come of hym to haue knowyng.
But I couthe not knowe hym for no-þing,
TiH atte laste welny dede was he,
Than me þought it shuld be
Be his persone þis Partonope.
And hadde I not seide to hym þat ye
Grete hym wele with aH your herte,
He hadde suffred elles deþes smerte.
Shorte to sey, I brought hym forþe with me
Home to Salence with fayre trete.

and asks her pardon.

Urake now confesses that she found Partonope in the Ardennes,

and took him with her to Salence.

Hym haue I kept fuƚƚ tenderly.
A Ioyfuƚƚ man hym fuƚƚ ofte made I,
Seying to hym ye grete hym ofte wele.
That made his sorowe fro hym go euerydele,
And so was lusty as he euer was be-fore.
Fayrere was he neuer sith he was bore.

She brought him to court, and Melior herself girded him with his sword.

Into your courte I brought hym prively,
And bade hym prese to you boldly
To be gyrde of you as oþer were.
Fuƚƚ ofte tyme chaunged þen his chere.
Amonge oþer with swerde ye hym girde,
And þerwith me thought ye ferde
As thoughe ye hadde not be wele at eace.
And þen truly, with-outen leace,
I voyded hym soone from your presence,
And he with me into Salence
Yode ayein, where as he come fro.

Afterwards he was lost.

IX dayes a-fore þe Assenc[i]on þan happed þo
He yede his way, where he be-come I nyste,
Wherfore I wepte fuƚƚ ofte, and wronge my fiste.
And sith I swere you be my fey,

Now she recognized his voice.

I sawe hym neuer tiƚƚ þis same day
Ne whether to go him to seche.
And now I knew hym be his speche.
For hym fuƚƚ ofte I haue wrought you wo,
Now lieth in you mercy hym do.
I haue bore you on honde þe cowe was wode, [leaf 130]
His peyn to avenge it did me good."
Lorde, and many a man hadde be þere,
And of þese ladies sene þe manere,
As longe as I haue tolde my tale,
Some of hir colour should haue wex pale,
Hir wryngyng, hir grete wepyng.
They couþe no place fynde of restyng,
But euer wandryng to and fro,
And many a sighyng euer put þer-to.
For trusteth as siker as any day
In hote lovyng is but liteƚƚ play.

Melior dares scarcely believe it is Partonope.

And when Meliore shuld yeve answere,
She couþe in no wise for-bere

But wept and sighed to and to,
And seide: "Suster, grace ye me do!
Teꝺ me truly if he it were,
þat at a windowe proffered his spere,
And me with his getone mercy asked so?" *
Then seide Wrake: "Medame, so mote I go,
It was he, it nedeth not to swere þerfore."—
"A lorde!" seide þis queen, faire Meliore,
"What he is hardy, gentiꝺ, and meke,
þat þrowe his Enemeyce þus wolde me seke.
The lorde above merveyles cań wele done,
That can herborowe so in oo persone
A lyons herte and a lambęs also.
How louly cried he mercy me to
Of þat I haue to hym foule mysdo,
And put his life in pereꝺ þer-to.
Who euer thinketh his lady to conquere,
Go to my love; for he can hym lere
How forto love; myn herte can acorde,
For he hath conquered many a lorde.
O good God in heven! where þat Partonope
Of þis turnement shaꝺ haue þe degre!
Trewly as yete he is not in þe felde
Proved so worthy vnder helme and shelde.
So seide kyng Cursolote yester-day,
And troupe þerof he may wele say.
Go we, suster, to hym and that anoone, [leaf 130, back]
He canne wele telle how aꝺ shaꝺ gone."
Now is þis lady risen from þe place
Where as she sate, for in trouble case
Be hir wittes, and in hevynesse
Stondeth hir herte and grete distresse.
Place she can none fynde in to a-byde.
Hir trouble in no wise can she hide,
But to and fro she goþe and sometyme sitte,
In moche dyuersete stonde hir witte.
No wonder it is, for in grete dispayre
Hath she be* longe of hir loves repayre.
For she wende fully dede þat he were,

How courageous and gentle he is!

Would God the prize were awarded him.

She rises, troubled at heart,

10300. *MS.* And gife me his getone with mercy asked so.
10333. be] *MS.* had.

And now on lyve she may hym here.
Wetith wele * þat many a dyuers þought
The sight of hym hath in hir herte brought.
Atte laste to hir hir suster she toke
Be the hande, as seith þe frenssh boke,
and goes to ask the opinion of the judges. And forþe they yode boþe in fere,
TiH they [were] þere þe kynges were.
And right anoone, with-oute any more lettyng,
Be kyng Cursolote þis lady was sittyng,
For he was goodly, somwhat to hir entent.
Anoone she asked hym of the turnement,
Who turneth beste and who shaH haue þe prise.
Cursolt holds that the knight of the white shield is the best. "For soþe," seide Cursolote, "as be myn avise,
He þat armed is vnder þe white shelde
Hath borne hym beste yite in þe felde.
Se how manly he doþe tournay,
And in [the] prese how brode he maketh wey.
Se how many he proweth to grounde,
Se what strokes he leyeth a-boute hym rounde.
Me thinketh grete [Ioy] it is hym to se."
Clarin is for the Sultan, Claryns sate stiH as he hadde be
Defe, or þat he hadde no luste to here
Cursolote þis prise, it semed to be his chere.
But þen seide Claryns: "I se be þe Soudan,
Amonge þe barbarens how he takeþ on).
but admits that the other fights well. Neuer þe lattere I sey he with þe white shelde
Dothe Inly wele amonge aH þe felde." [leaf 131]
This faire queen, lady Meliore,
Of her talkyng toke hiede no more,
But fully purposeth to be-holde and se
How wele hir love dothe, Partonope.
Hym to be-holde was aH hir Ioy.
Now lete vs speke of Gaudyn le Bloy,
That euer was redy in aH degre
To waite wele vpon Partonope,
And he on hym with aH his myghtes.
Boþe they were fuH noble knyghtes.
Now cometh on faste þe þrid day

10336. *MS.* wole.
*After* 10360. *catchword* Doþe Inly wele.

That degre shuld be yeve of þis turney.
The kyng of Fraunce his spere hathe take.
Fresshe Iustes þinketh he to make,
He wolde make hem of hym to speke.
Many a faire spere þo did he breke.
The Emperour of Almayne þis be-helde,
And in grete haste henge on his shelde,
And charged a certeyn of his men,
Were it a dosen, twenty or ten,
That on her feithe and her liegeaunce
They shuⱡ sette on þe ƙyng of Fraunce,
And þrowe hym to grounde, if they myght.
The Emperour hym-self anone right
Vpon the kyng of Fraunce dope prese
With aⱡ his meany in þat rese.
From hors they þrew hym on þe grounde,
Grete strokes on hym they leide rounde.
His state Royaⱡ wolde they not spare.
Anoone hereof Partonope was ware,
He cried Moun-Ioy with aⱡ his herte.
His spores made his stede to smerte.
Angre his herte so sette on fyre,
That to þe Emperour in grete Ire
He ranne, and with his spere hym hitte,
That in his sadiⱡ he couthe not sitte,
But from his hors he voyded anoone.
There was not þanne a lyteⱡ to done,
And Meliore þe queen þis wele be-helde. [leaf 131, back]
There myght men se a besy felde
Of ffrensshe, Bretons, and eke normans,
Was besy to rescowe þe kyng of Fraunce.
After þes contrees made her assemble,
Perelous and sharpe was þe medle.
The prese wes grete, men myght not se
Who was the beste in no degre.
But yite Partonope bare hym so,
That aⱡ men knew wele þo
That he was cause of þe kyng of Fraunce
Rescowe, where as in ballaunce
Lay his worshipp̄ ; wherfore þat he

The King of France is now running courses.

The Emperor of Germany assails him with his retinue,

and throws him off his horse.

Partonope sets up the war-cry of the French. He spurs his steed,

and unhorses the Emperor.

The King thanks him,

Thanked fuH ofte Partonope,
And seide fuH ofte: "Sir, gramercy!
For þrow youre helpe rescowed am I."
but Partonope will not make himself known. And fuH softely answerd Partonope: 10416
"Ofter þan þis tyme so haue I be."
What he seide þe kyng Right wittȩrly
Vnderstode [not], for he so softely
Tho wordes seide, þat noone shuld here, 10420
The ffrenssh-men to hym gan prese nere
Hym to be-holde, and aH eichone
Preised hym for a semely persone,
And seide a ffrensshe man myght [he] wele be. 10424
In grekes tonge þo * answered he,
For he wolde þat they hym not knewe.
Gaudin urges Partonope to continue fighting, instead of lingering with the French. Gaudyn le Bloyse, þat was fuH trewe
To Partonope, þan he come anoone: 10428
"Me mȩrvayleth gretely, be Seynt Ioħn,
Why with þis folke ye hove here.
It were your worshipp̄ to be elles-where.
What hove ye þus? What is your entent? 10432
Thinke ye to holde here a parlement?
It were more worshipp̄ to you, I gesse,
To aspie where any worþinesse
Were on handlyng, and þer to be."— 10436
"Ye sey me sothe," seide Partonope.
Gaudyn wolde not lette hym reste,
But into þe turnement amonge þe beste [leaf 132]
Made hym to go hye worshipp to wynne. 10440
He loved hym þo as he had be of his kynne,
For if he a-life wele wiste he
Might from þe turnement scape, shuld be
Chosen of aH persones oone of þe beste, 10444
The prise for to bere of þat feste.
The Kings discuss the combat. Thes Iugeours, the kynges two,
AH þis doyng be-helde wele þo,
How þat rescowed was þe kyng of Fraunce, 10448
There as his worshipp̄ lay in ballaunce,
And how cause hereof was Partonope.
Euȩry wight þat myght wele se.

10425. þo] *MS.* þe.

Tho seide Cursolote to kyng Claryne :
" þis white knyght þat I caⱡ myne,
Bereth hym wele. How þinketh ye?"
Then seide Claryn : " Right wele haþe he
Borne hym truly at þis rescowes,
For þis medle was right perilous.
But yite I shaⱡ it not sey
That he is beste of this tourney."
Meliore to þis fayne wolde haue spoke.
Her herte for hete was on a smoke,
That Claryn liste not bette*r* to say
Of Partonope at þat day.
His wordes made dede hir herte,
Love fuⱡ sore maketh her smerte.
Who chaunged colours but Meliore þo?
She durst not answere fuⱡ þerto
Aⱡ as she þought, for womanhede.
For Eviⱡ tonges hadde she drede.
Yite to hem seide þis lady þo :
" Sires, me þinketh, so mote I go,
Who so hath do beste doþe right wele.
Liteⱡ wote we what they fele.
The white shelde haþe do wele þis day,
No man hym like, it is noo nay."
The kyng of Fraunce is right anguysshous,
With Partonope to speke eke desyrous.
But Gaudyn wolde not lette hym soiourne, [leaf 132, back]
But into þe turney made hym retourne,
Where as he leide on so on eue*ry* side,
His Enemeyce dare not hym a-bide.
What shuⱡ we of hym more sey :
Throwe þe thikest he maketh suche a wey,
þat where were hundre[d]s he made pleyne.
Here-of despite hath þe Emp*erour* of Almayne,
And þought he wolde take vengeaunce.
He sette his men first in ordenaunce,
And hadde hem into a place of þe felde.
A stronge man was he with spere and shelde.
Gaudyn toke hiede of þis assemble.
" Be-holde," he seide, " my herte doþe tremble.

Clarin's indifference gives Melior pain.

Gaudin and Partonope are again carrying all before them.

The Emperor of Germany thinks to take vengeance, and gathers his men around him.

Yondre men þinketh to make array.
On hem * þou maiste þi-self wele assay."
Partonope, þis yonge lusty knyght,
Is so reioysed of þat faire sight,
And of his lady in þe hye toure,
That þere is neþer duke ne Emperoure
But þat he dare myghtely assaylle,
Be it in turnement or in bataylle.
The allmayns herewith made a crie,
They challenge the French, and drive them from their ground.
And all þe ffrensshe with a voice defye,
And on hem at ones with a grete hete,
So oute of þe Reynes [þe] frensshe-men bete.
Anoone with þis sawe Partonope
And Gaudyn his felawe, anoone they be
With-drawe a-side and toke her grounde.
Her meany aboute hem drowe full rounde.
Nowe is Gaudyn and Partonope
Faire bataylled in þe felde with her meanye.
Anoone as the Ermyns euer redy were,
Where þat þey sene þe frensshe banere,
With all her myght hem wolde assaile.
Partonope overthrows the Duke of Bavaria and Beson,
The duke of Bauoire þen wolde not faylle
Hem to helpe with all his myght.
Partonope sette on hem anoone right,
And with þe duke so sore he mette,
With a grete spere on hym he sette, [leaf 138]
That to þe grounde he leide hors and man.
þat he lefte hym and forþe he ranne,
And with þe same course he hit Besone,
That of his sadill he voyded þe arsone.
Nevew he was to the Emperour,
He hadde be þat day in many a shoure,
And bore hym wele and eke manly.
while Gaudin unhorses Frank le Grant.
Gaudyn le Bloys sette on þo fiersly.
He mette with oone hight Franke le graunt.
He gafe hym a stroke þat made hym avaunt.
Fro hors to grounde he made hym light;
His helme fley fro hym in all her sight.
This Gaudyn and þis Partonope

10493. hem] *MS.* hen.

Leide a-boute hem, Ioy it was to se.
Now cometh þe Soudan *with* aH his route
*With* many a gay shelde and spere stoute.
He a-voweth to Mahounde and Appollyne
Of þis medelere he wole make a fyne.
And forto holde his grete suerte
In þe reste anoone his spere caste he.
To Gaudyn so fiersly he ranne þo,
And in þe shelde hym hit so,
He made hym voyde in haste his sete,
And leide hym at Partonopes fete *
Shamefaste, sory, and aH dismayed.
Partonope here-of was not wele paide.
He shope hym fiersly to þe Soudan ride,
And with his spere amydde þe side
He hym hitt, with-outen faille,
That oute of his sadiH he made hym saile
Amyddes his felowes * and þat eichone.
But they on hors-bake hym helpe anoone,
And Gaudyn despitously they haue take,
And fiersly ledde hym toward þe stake
Or to þe stondarte, where eu*er* it be,
That men wiste descomfite was he.
That is statute of þe turnemente.
Partonope aH þis sore lemente,
For neu*er* in oo day sith he was bore, [leaf 133, back]
Was he so hevy neu*er* be-fore,
Ne neu*er* his herte brought in such care.
Tho to ley on he wolde not spare.
With his spere he ranne to a saresyne,
That in his armes held faste Gaudyne,
And hym hadde leide ou*er*thwarte his hors nek.
Partonope herwith mode gan pekke.
Fersely to þe saresyne ranne he þo,
And with his spere hym hit so,
That in his sadiH myght he not bide.
His spere hadde he loste in his side.
Therwith þe shafte aH to-refe;
Of his grete Ire he made a good prefe.

The Sultan, invoking Mahomet and Apollin,

rides at Gaudin and throws him to the ground.

Partonope bears the Sultan down with his spear,

but the Sultan's men raise him up again, and lead Gaudin towards the standard.

Partonope rushes in among them to rescue Gaudin.

10541. fete] *MS.* fote. 10548. felowes] *MS.* sorowes.

He deals huge strokes, but the press is too great.

Partonope in haste his swerde þo drowe,
Harde, fayre, and bright, and sharpe enowe.
Therwith he leide so faste a-boute,
Tho þat he hitte were in grete doute.
For here lay oone and yonde anoþer.
Of Iren and stele fuH many a foþer
He made in shorte tyme lye atte erthe.
As a lyon) þat wode was he ferde,
That hongry was and lakked his pray,
So ferde he when þat he sey

In his despair Partonope rides at the Sultan, lifts him out of the saddle,

He myght not rescowe gentiH Gaudyns,
So þikke a-boute hym were þe saresynes.
But þan did he a mervelouse dede:
To þe Soudan fiersly he yede,
And aboute þe mediH hym caught.
For aH þat þe Soudan cǫuþe fight
Oute of his sadiH he hym lifte,
And aH his strength fro hym refte,

and is about to carry him off,

And on his sadiH-bowe hym be-forne
He hym leide, in entente to haue hym borne
Hym a-wey, and þer-with anone

when the Saracens leave Gaudin, who then mounts the horse of the Sultan.

The saresynes lefte Gaudyn eichone.
To rescowe her lorde faste they wente.
Gaudyn þe stede be þe brideH hente
Of þe Soudan, as yode astraye,
Iarmed and trapped fuH fresshe and gay,
And into þe sadiH lightly he lepe. [leaf 134]
Now is no tyme for hym to slepe.
Oute his swerde fiersly he caught,
Manly þerwith he did fight.
Then myght men sore fight þere se:
Some smyte þrow þe legge, and some þe knee,
Some lay atte grounde gronyng fuH sore,
Many oone þer hadde his hors for-lore.
There was to-broke boþe helme and shelde.
Many men did lye in þe felde,
Many to þe standarte were I-bore,
For they hadde that day her worshipp lore.
But speke we now forþe of Partonope.
In grete pereH forsothe stante he.

He weneth þe Soudan a-way to bere.
On hym þere light many a spere.
Wherwith cometh in þe kyng of Fraunce, 10612 The King of France arrives.
And vnder his arme a myghti launce.
He come in helpyng of Partonope.
Knyghtly and manly bore hym he.
A proude Saresyne þo he slowe, 10616
Wherfore I trowe Partonope loughe,
For he was þe first þat be-ganne
To make rescowe vpon þe Soudan.
And ne hadde þe Soudan rescowed be, 10620
Dede hadde be þanne Partonope.
The kyng of Fraunce did right wele þo,
And a-fore eke þat it happed so
That his meany for wery with-drowe. 10624
The medle forþe on game wexe full rowe.
Yite blessed be God, Erle Partonope
Saufe fro all perell scaped is he.
Now are þe ffrensshe harde be-sette 10628 The French are beaten,
And oute of þe felde all to-bette.
This be-helde wele þe kyng of Fraunce,
þat his men wente to myschaunce.
Withoute counsaille allone stode he, 10632
And þan he drew hym to Partonope, and the King begs Partonope to help him.
For he knew and wiste wele afyne
But if þe helpe were of Partonope and Gaudyn, [leaf 134, back]
þe worshipp̄ of Fraunce shuld come to nought. 10636
Therfore þe kyng Partonope be-sought,
And þat tyme he wolde be his comfortoure,
In Saluac[i]on of his grete honoure.
"With right good will," seide Partonope. 10640
His spere and his shelde to hym taketh he
Girde in amonge hem and cried "Mon Ioy!" Hearing the cry of Monjoie,
When þe ffrensshe herde crie þe kyngis worde, the French
To hym they fell by oone acorde. 10644 attack vigorously,
Foure thousand and moo with þat crie
Sette on her aduersaries so hardely,
þat from her grounde they put hem to flight, and put their
More þan a bowe-shote as to her sight. 10648 enemies to flight.
To turney þei wolde all new be gonne,

But weste so ferre was drawe þe sonne,
That "al hosteH" þe herodes gan crie.
Eiche man to his logyng þen gan hye.
The heralds stop the fight for the day, and the knights go back to their lodgings.
But Gaudyn and fresshe Partonope
Laste in þe felde of aH wolde be,
And first as so yerly by þe morowe.
It neded not hem of manhode to borowe.
Now fro þe felde go they to her loggyng.
Of hem toke hiede Cursolote þat worþi kyng,
Where as he Sate an hye vpon þe toure.
God he þanked hyely of her honoure,
For in þe be-gynnyng alwey seide he:
"Worþi men they seme forto be."
And namely þat bare þe white shelde
He lyked best of any man in þe felde.
Many sey wele of hem þat wele haue do,
And many oone hathe Envye þerto.
The good alwey liste wele to sey,
And eviH tonges lust but Iape and play.
Of þis false worlde þis is þe gouernaunce,
Good and EviH haue dyuers purvyance.
Melior sighs, seeing her lover depart.
But who trow ye sighed now so sore
As did þis queen, faire Meliore?
That hir love aH day wele be-helde,
And now seeth hym go oute of þe felde, [leaf 135]
And she may with hym neiþer speke ne se,
Ne where his loggyng is wote not she,
Ne wheþer she shaH se hym ayein.
She stonte in doute, and þus her spirites bene,
As I suppose, in grete troublenesse.
Ye ladies þat haue love, ye knowe, I gesse.
For I deme and she hadde good leysere,
With hym to speke, it [had] bene her pleasire,
And elles mervayle* me þinketh it had be,
Sith for hir love so moche sorowe hath he,
And his desyre is euer fresshe and newe
Hir to serve and be fuH trewe,
And put his body eke to grete laboure
For hir sake to wynne worshipp and honoure.

10683. *MS.* mervayleth.

But as þe frensshe boke now telleth me,
Hevy and pensyfe and in grete care is she.
For when he departed oute of hir sight,
Hir coloure þat was wonte to be fresshe and bright,
Was wexe* pale and like a dedely hewe.
It semed *per*by þat in love she was trewe.
Thes two kynges of hir toke leve anoone,
And she and they to her loggyng was gone.
Gladde was she þat she myght be allone,
For she kept þat no wight hadde know hir moone.
And þen she seide: "Lorde God, of hevyn kyng,
Of þis arraye what shaH be þe endyng?
Good lorde, haue ye now no pite
Of hem þat in grete hevynesse be?
Faire lorde, wole ye haue no *mer*cy
Of folke þat in disese be, and þat am I?
Haue ye no pite now of þat herte
That for love suffereth peynes smerte?
My feH herte hath so gouerned me,
What for wilfullnesse and his cruelte,
When I my love myght haue hadde in peace,
Of aH my Ioy he made me a foule releace,
For on my love I founde suche noblenesse,
God yave neu*er* woman so hye a richesse
As he yave me, while þat I hadde hym. [leaf 135, back]
What woman such one couþe wynne?
He and I were fully of oone acorde.
I helde hym for my sou*er*eyn lorde.
Of aH worþi he is þe worþiest,
The semeliest, and also þe gentilest.
And allas! how tendirly he on me wepe*
With his faire Eyen, and yite but liteH kepe*
I toke *per*-of, and yite þis worþi also
Me *mer*cy cried fuH mekely *per*to.
Lo! þe vnstabilnesse of my vnkynde herte*
Couþe not se what shuld falle hereof, allas.
For now I can se and fele wele in my thought

10692
10696
10700
10704
10708
10712
10716
10720
10724

She implores God to have mercy on all who suffer for love.

"No woman ever had such a lover.

10693. *MS. adds* and *after* wexe. 10719. *MS.* wepte.
10720. *MS.* kept. 10723. *MS. adds* als *after* herte.

That he hadde tresspassed liteH or elles nought.
But I arrette* in hym gile and eke false treasone.
But now in þat I wote I hadde no reasone.
So highely of me þat tyme rebuked he was,
That in wanhope euersith leved he was,
And þought vnable hym-self to haue Ioy of me.
Yite þrow his Enemeyce þe laste day come he,
And of his spere proffered me þe getone,
As a prisoner þat gladly wold his raunsone
Yolde to his maister and his souereyne.
Wherfore my herte telleth me agayne
He hopeth yite to stonde in my grace.

"But where is he now?"

But where he is be-come or in what place,
Allas, it is vnknowe now to me.
And if it were my faire Partonope,
I wolde yow sewe, and ones *with* you speke.
Allas, for wo my herte wiH to-breke.

"A woman cannot go and seek her lover."

And yite [I] wote, if I shuld hym sewe,
That were a thing done of þe newe.
For womanhode wole not þat it be so,
And if it wolde, sone wolde I be a-go.
But allas it may no-þing so be.
For a woman þat paramour loveth," quod she,
" Moste kepe counseylle, leste she faHe in blame,

"She must be reserved, lest she be blamed."

Hir privey thoughtes for blemysshyng of hir name.
For þough she love a man *with* aH hir myght,
Of whate estate he be, lorde, squyer, or knyght, [leaf 136]
Of hir governaunce so wise she moste be,
That no man espie þat she hath any deynte
More of hym þen of any oþer wight.
Thus moste she governe hir in mennes sight.
And if þat fyre of love brenne hir so,
As ofte happeth, and if she þen any þing do
Be loke, or speche, talkyng, or be play,
So þat he þat she loveth þinke in any way
He cane fynde cause of love to hir to speke,
And aH his herte þerwith to hir dope breke,
And seith he loveth hir beste of any wight,
Though she wole þen swere and troupe plight,

10727. *MS.* arreate *or* arrecte.

She hadde neu*er* Ioy, be God þat sitteth a-bove,
Of any man þat speketh to hir of love.
For of such wordes take I neu*er* cure,
Though she love hym fuƕ hote oute of mesure.
What maketh þis but verey shame?
She wolde for no-þing þat hindred were hir name.
But men forsoþe they live in grete eace.
For þough love bryng hem in diseace,
For shame they lette not, but goþe forþe boldly
To make compleynte to her souerayne lady,
And þat is dayie; hardely they do not cese.
They spare not for tonges ne for prese,
Or elles letters sende day be day.
Thus besely her ladies wole they assay,
And go and come and eu*er* mercy crie.
What woman is þat eu*er* can denye?
And on her ladies þus they crie and crave,
Tiƕ atte laste aƕ her wiƕ they haue.
Men mowe speke and sende with penne and Inke
What they wole, and women mow* but þinke.
Men fuƕ hote of women loved haue be,
Which was neu'*er* spoke of in noo degre.
Why was þat? for they wolde neu*er* descou*er*e
Her hevy thoughtes; wherfore I you ensure,
Thought hath so encombred hir meke herte,
That they haue of dethe felte þe peynes smerte.
Allas, wreched caytife þat am I! [leaf 136, back]
That eu*er* womane I was, wele-a-wey!
How shaƕ I do? how shaƕ I love haue?
Where is he nowe I not, so God me save?
Wheþer I shaƕ go now my love to fynde.
That may not be; in þis case love is blynde.
So now he moste nedes be fro me.
I am a woman, and aƕ men shuld se
My hye foly, and sey þat I were wode.
My love also þer*of* shuld þinke no good."
An hundred such wordes haþ þus seide Meliore,
And þought an hundred þousand þoughtes more,
For in lovers herte mo þoughtes dwelle

"Men are at liberty to speak of their love.

"A woman must love in silence."

Such thoughts haunt Melior during the night.

10784. mow] *MS.* now.

Then an hundred thousand tonges wele telle.
Meliore is þoughtfuH and hevy as lede,
And for sorowe she [is] nyhande dede.
But Wrake of hir þen toke good keþe.
That nyght she hadde but lytiH slepe,
Ne Partonope, hir love, neuer þe moo
But þat he was ouer-travelid soo.

Partonope and Gaudin rise early the next morning.

A morowe yerly boþe risen now be,
Gaudyn le Bloys and Partonope.
To Partonope þen seide gentiH Gaudyn:
"Of aH your labour now cometh þe fyne,
Ye haue wele be-gonne, with-oute faile,
But aH þat certeyn may liteH avayle,
As sey þes olde men, but if þe ende
Be wele parfouremed in þe same kynde."
To hym þo answerde Partonope:
"Thes wordes ye seyn fuH trew they be,
Thing wele ended is wele be-gonne,
To bene a maister and yonge men lere,
How they shuH governe her shelde and spere.
Here-of recorde bere wele may I
That ye be a maister, and þat fuH sturdy,
Ye wole not suffre your prentise to be,
A cowarde in his crafte in no degree."

They hear mass,

Now they ben cloþed and gone to messe,
Her servauntes at* wiH, boþe more and lasse,
AH þing make redy ayeins masse be do.
Then be they armed, and streight þei go [leaf 187]

and ride to the field.

To hors, and fressh rideth forþe to felde.
Kyng Curselote in þe toure hem be-helde,
And knewe wele þat they hadde be euery day
The first in þe felde of aH þe array.
Meliore of hem toke good hiede also.
Toward þe casteH come Partonope þo,
With his meany ridyng lustely.

Meliore's heart beats high, as she sees Partonope approaching the castle.

Anoone as Meliore gan þat espie,
Hir herte in hir body gan to qwape,
She rose and on hir fete gan to stappe.
Hir Ioy was hym to se algate.

10829. at] *MS.* þat.

He hoveth a-fore þe casteH yate.
It was þo shitte for yerly day.
Anoone as euer Parton[o]pe say
The gates vndoyng wele aferre,
To hym he toke boþe shelde and spere.
And happed þat Armans his mortaH fo
First oute atte yate did go
Of aH oþer men, and þat in haste.
Partonope his spere in þe Reste caste,
And to þis Armans fiersly he rode,
And fro þe stede þat he be-strode
Oute of þe SadiH he hym caste.
Partonope sesed his stede in haste.
Within þe casteH was do þis þing.
For Partonope þere was noone abiding.
To þe gate þerfore turned he ayein.
On hors-bak armed þen knyghtes þer bene
The stede to lede oute hym forto lette.
But Gaudy[n] le Bloys so with hem mette,
That magre her hedes þe yates passed he,
And þis is rescowed Partonope
Through Gaudyn his ffrende, þat worþi knyght.
AH þis did Partonope in his loves sight.
Kyng Cursolote, oone of þe chief Iugeoure,
That with Meliore a-bove in þe toure
Sate first of aH men, þo seide he:
"Thes men þat vnder þe white shelde be,
Certeys ben worþi, be myn avise, [leaf 137, back]
Of þis turnement to bere þe prise."—
"Ye haste you to faste," seide kyng Claryn.
"The prefe of aH wole be in þe fyn."
So eich man seide what hym lyste,
But Meliore þought he did beste,
She durst not speke, yite she wolde fayne,
But Claryns wordes liketh she not certayne.
She loved better Cursolote, for aH-wey he
Like[d] wele euer gentiH Partonope.
StiH now sitteth Meliore, and dare not speke.
To no man darre she hir herte breke,
But holdeth in hir þoughtes fuH prively.

Armant comes first out of the castle gate.

Partonope couches his spear and unhorses him.

King Cursolt observes Partonope's deed of arms.

Melior is pleased to hear Cursolt's words, but dares not speak.

Thoughts are free.

Therfore þis proverbe is seide full truly :
þought to a man is eu*er* ffre ;
What eu*er* he luste þinke may he.
With-oute speche þat is an eace,
Yite there-while his herte is in diseace.
The enpression) of þoughtes of all man*er* þing
In mannes hert haþ his abidyng,
Be it hote love or any þing elles.
To all þes þoughtes þe chief ledere is

Thoughts are generated by the eye.

The Eye, and namely of lovers crafte.
For þrowe þe sight is ofte rafte
Fro man bope herte, wisdame, and resone,
As longe as of þoughtes lasteth þe sesone.

Women are loved, some for beauty, some for other attractive qualities.

Some man loveth his lady for beaute,
And if þat lak þat semely is she.
If thei lak beaute and semelyhode,
Yite may be loved, for they haue good.
And some for they be goodly w*ith*-all to dele,
And some for they can wele syng and revell,
And some for her skynne and for her handes eke,
And some for they can wele loke meke,
And so for dyu*er*s causes all loved be.
God for-bede þat all men shulde sette hem in beaute,
For in the worlde þan shuld be moche to done,
Eiche man shuld be besy to love oo persone.

The Poet's lady possesses all these charms,

And I dare sey truly as for me, [leaf 138]
I love oon in þe worlde, where eu*er* she be.
Bounte, beaute, curtesy, and gentilnesse,
Estate, fredome, womanhode, and such richesse,
God hath departed with hir so habundauntly,
That in þe worlde I dare sey sikerly
Anoþ*er* such one liveþ not as she is.
In hir can I se no-þing amysse,

but she does not love him, as he loves her.

Save oo þing, truly, þat liketh not me :
In hir herte she can not fynde in noo degre
Me forto love as I hir truly do ;
Wherfore ofte she maketh me þinke so,
Which wole be cause hastely me to bryng,
There as I shall haue my longe abidyng.
BE-gonne wele now is þe turnement.

Eiche man mervaileth of þe hardyment
That is in þe persone of yonge Partonope.
He Iusteth, he turneyth, þat mervaylle is to se.
And Gaudyn also in þe toþer syde
To euery man fiersly doþe he ride,
That eiche man sey: "Be-holde yonder knyghtes twoo."
And with her fyngers show where they go.
And so hem govern forþ thilke day,
That of hem speketh aH þe hole turney.
Oute of þe casteH now is come Armaunt
On hors-bak armed with proude semblaunt,
And to þe Soudan þo streight gothe he,
And hym salowed and seide: "Sir, se ye
Yonde proude maister with þe white shelde?
He seith hym-self he haþ scomfite þe felde.
The better of you he seith he haþe also.
I herde hym sey þat with myn Eeres two.
Go we," he seide, "let vs avenged be
On þat proude losseH, þat aH men mow se
Oute of þe felde anoone he shaH be bete.
I my-self shaH yeve hym þe firste hete."
In þis wise answerd þe soudan Armaunt:
"Sir, when herde ye hym make þis avaunt?
Of hym I trowe to-day atte casteH yate
FuH yerly he mette with you þer-ate. [leaf 138, back]
Herde ye þes wordes with hym þo,
When he oute of þe casteH ayein shuld go?
With hym I wote wele he ledde your stede.
Giffe ye hym now þis for his mede."
When Armaunt herde þe soudan hym scorne,
Tho was he wodder þan he was be-forne.
He seide no more, but turned ayein
Fro þe soudan with aH his meane.
Amydde þe turnement is Partonope.
Faire dedes of armes now doþe he.
Now he is In, and now he is oute.
Whome he euer mette of þe route
To grounde gothe oþer hors or man,
Or elles boþe so fiersly he ranne.
Armaunt be-helde wele aH þis.

The onlookers admire Partonope and Gaudin.

Armant tries to stir up the Sultan against the knight of the white shield,

but is only scoffed at.

Armant attacks

" What me happe," he þought, " I-wisse
I wole me shape with hym to mete."
His stede he sporreth þo *with* grete hete.
Partonope on the wrong side, His grete malice may he not hide,
But shapeth fully on þe wronge side
but Partonope swerves, and With a stronge spere to haue hit Partonope.
Yite as God wolde, *þer*-of warre was he.
He bleynt a-side, and lete hym go by.
turning on his enemy he pierces Armant's shoulder-bone and throws him to the earth. In his retourne Partonope fuƕ spitousely
With Armaunt mette, and hym so hitte
That in his sadiƕ he myght not sitte.
Throw aƕ his harneis and his shuldre-bone
His spere at þat course he made gone.
Partonope on hym þo turned ayein.
Armant's men come to his rescue and lead him to his lodgings. Armauntes men so þik a-boute hym bene,
That of þis shorte tale now to make,
Her lorde they haue rescowed and take,
And with hym faste to his loggeyng wende.
Partonope elles of hym hadde made an ende.
His wound is bound, and he returns to the field riding on an ambling horse. Now Armauntes wounde is serched and sought,
Wele tented and bounde aƕ for nought.
Armed in no wise myght he be.
But on an aumblere now sitteth he.
In his loggeyng no lenger wole he bide, [leaf 139]
But into þe felde now doþe he ride,
And streight gothe to þe kyng of Sire,
That Meliore to haue had grete desire.
Now seith Cursolote kyng : " Yit þinketh me
The white shelde is worthy to haue þe gre.
For soþe to sey now and not to lye,
His felawe is not in þis company."—
"God save hem aƕ," þen seide Meliore,
And with þat she sighed fuƕ sore,
And to hir-self seide fuƕ softly :
" Aƕ-myghty God send hym the victory."
The King of Syria and the King of Media arrange their troops for battle. Now to felde is come þe kyng of Syre
And þe kyng of Meede, whos herte of fyre
Is sette fuƕ sore for Meliore sake.
Aƕ her retynewe anoone they take
Fresshly in bataylle in þat felde.

And Gaudyn le Bloys hem faste be-helde,
And to hym he called Partonope,
And þan he seide: "Be-holde and se
Which a meany stoute, faire in bataille.
My counseylle is not hem to assaille."
Anoone as Partonope þes wordes herde,
As a wode lyon fiersly he ferde.
With hym þat tyme was noone a-bode,
In amonge thes meany fiersly he rode.
The kyng of Mede was armed in blewe.
From his hors ferre he hym þrewe,
And as he turned in ayein,
He hit anoþer which in certeyn
Was nevewe to þe kyng of Sire.
He hym hit þan with so grete Ire,
That of his sadiH he made hym voyde þe arsone,
The firste þat come [to] grounde was his crowne.
This be-helde wele aH þe kynges meane,
On Partonope aH wode they be.
Now ley they on [on] euery side,
To Partonope fiersly they ride,
And with a spere oone so hym hitte
Vpon þe side he myght not sitte [leaf 139, back]
In his sadiH, but downe he lepe.
Anoone here-of Gaudyn toke kepe.
He was so sory he wist not what to do.
His swerde Partonope drew oute þo,
And leide so sore hym rounde aboute,
From hym he voyded aH þe route.
Now on fote is yonge Partonope.
Armaunt for angre nye wode is he,
And on þe meany faste gan crie:
"What ayleth you fro hym so faste to hye?
Turneth in ayein!" and þerwith he
Come prikyng nere Partonope.
Anoone Partonope knewe it was he,
His swerde anoone at hym lete flye,
And on þe hede on hye hym hitte,
That hede and visage to þe shulders slitte.
Fro his hors to grounde dede feH he.

Partonope unhorses the King of Media and a nephew of the King of Syria,

but being attacked from all sides he is obliged to leap from his saddle.

He draws his sword and forces his enemies to retreat.

He cleaves the head of Armant.

He mounts Armant's horse and joins Gaudin, who is in peril of his life.

On his hors þo lepe Partonope,
And manly þo pryked prowe aH þe route,
And come to Gaudyn þat stode in doute
Of his owne life, for sore faught he
To rescowe his frende Partonope.
Now is Partonope and Gaudyn metta,
Eiche for oþer haue be wele bete.
And now they hove hem to a-brethe
With aH her meany vpon þe hethe.

The Sultan comes to the field.

Now is þe soudan come to þe felde.
He brought but few speres ne shelde,
LyteH ouer an hundred of archers and aH.

Partonope is disheartened at the sight of him.

Partonope to hym Gaudyn did calle:
"Lo, where yonderc hoveth þe soudan,
That so moche worþiness in armes can.
Of aH this turnement þe worþiest is he.
He wole from vs aH haue awey þe gre.
He is so grete a lorde of valour,*
In armes can no man be his pere.
Therfore it semeth me verely
He shaH haue of vs þe victory."—

Gaudin's reproaches rouse him.

"What!" seith Gaudyn, "stonte þe wynde in that dore?
Is your herte wexe so pitouse and pore
That sodenly ye yive it vp aH at ones, [leaf 140]
And sey so worthy a man here noone is?
So moche leuer hadde I with hym to mete,
Than for his manhode cowardly hym lete.
Who hath ouersette you of your worde? I-wisse,
It semeth ye haue take with him truesse."
AH hevy and sory stante Partonope,

11060. valour] *MS.* habour *or perhaps* halour.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Nowe is þe soudan come to þe felde. 11052
He brought but fewe spere ne shelde.
"He is so grete a lorde of valoure, 11060
In armes can) no man) be his pere.
Ther it semyth me verly [1 leaf 87, back]
He shaH haue þe victory."
"What?" seyde Gaudyn, "stont þe wynde in þat dore? 11064
Ys youre hert wox so petuose *and* poure;
That sodenly ye yeve it vp at onys,
And sey so worthye a man) here non is?
So meche leuer hade I with hym to mete 11068
Then) for his manhode cowardly hym bete."
¶ Heuy *and* sory stont Partonope

When of his ffrende scorned is he,
And thought Gaudyn shuld knowe and se
Esy truese be-twene vs two be.
He drewe hym toward þe Soudans side.
" O course," þought he, " to hym wole I ride."
In þe reste anoone he caste his spere.
As faste as his stede myght hym bere
Toward þis hethen lorde he ranne,
And to hym as fiersly come þe soudan.
And at her metyng it happed so,
Of Partonope þe Soudan failed þo,
And Partonope þan so sore hym hitte
That power in his SadiH forto sitte
Hadde he noone, but to grounde [fiH] flatte.
And when Partonope was warre of þat,
From his hors anoone he light,
And halpe vp þe soudan with aH his myght,
And be þe bridiH delyuered hym his stede.
Men seide þat was a gentiH dede.
On his hors þo lepe Partonope,
And or in his sadiH downe set was he,
The Soudans men with hym so metten,
That of hem he was fuH sore beten.
Gaudyn a-boute hym leide sore on þo.
The hethen men mette with hym so,
That aH to-clatred was his shelde:
On peses it flewe into þe felde.
Right EviH and sore bothe bete they be.
Grete thanke amonge her Enemeyce haþe he.
FuH amerouse and lusty is Partonope.
The soudan stonte in þe same degre.

11076 He takes his spear and encounters the Sultan.

11080

11084 The Sultan is carried to the ground.

11088 Partonope helps him up again.

11092

11096

11100

*Rawl. MS.*

When of his frende skornede is he,
And þought Gaudyn shulde knowe *and* se 11074
Eyse trewes be-twene vs shaH be.
He drewe hym to-ward þe soudan syde,
" A course," he þought, " to hym wiH I ryde." 11077
In þe reste he caste his spere,
As faste as his stede myght him bere
To-warde þis hethyn lorde he ranne,
And to hym as fersly come þe soudan,
At þer metynge it happyde so, 11082
Of Partonope þe soudan faylede þo,
And Partonope so hym lyte, 11084
That poure in sadiH to syt
Hade he none, but to grounde fiH flat.
When Partonope was ware of þat,
Fro his hors anone he light, 11088
And halpe vpe þe soudan with his myght.
The soudan men with hym so mettyn
That of hem he was sore betyn. 11095

Love haþe hem sette in oo place boþe,
Wher-fore ofte they haue be wroþe, [leaf 140, back]
The presence of Meliore makes them fight like lions.
And Meliore her lady, þe fresshe floure,
A-fore hem sitteth an hye in þe toure,
Which maketh her hertes boþe so lusty,
That eche of hem to oþer is hardy.
Now they putt boþe two all her myght,
Bothe Partonope and þe hethen knyght.
Eiche oþer assaille they full manly,
Therfore to-gedre full despitousely,
Noone of hem now doþe oþer spare.
In her hertes haue they grete care
That þe sonne westwarde doþe wende.
The day full faste draweth to þe ende,
Which day is ordeyned be full assent
To make an ende of þe turnement.
Now as wode bores or lyons two
Partonope and þe soudan gan go
With spere, with Gisarne, and with swerde.
As they hadde be wode boþe they ferde,
The combat rages all over the field.
Now is [þe] turnement on eiche side mervelouse
And to be-holde wonder perilouse,
For eiche man doþe nowe what he may.
Nyght cometh on, faste passeth þe day.
The mynstralles pipen and sownen þe claryon).
Fro þe hors into þe felde is he prowe downe.
In gone þe speres sadly vnder þe arme,
Many oone go to grounde and yite cache no harme,
The good hors men now fiersly they ride,
Through hauberke gothe þe spere into þe syde,
Oute with swerdes a-boute helmes rounde,
He þat smytten) from the hors lyeth on þe grounde.
Oute gothe þe mases, stirop, and þe gesarne,
Some is broke þe shuldre-bone, and some þe arme,
Some is broken þe thye and lieth gronyng sore,
Some hath Iusted fresshly and may no more.
There come in stedes trapped all in maylle,
Faire with her felawes, þat bakward they do saile
And for wery of fight * some are I-take

11142. fight] *MS.* foughten.

And magre her hede ben ladde to þe stake.
Ye wote wele of aH þing moste be an ende, [leaf 141] 11144
The Day is nye ydo, þe sonne doþe faste wende.
Herawdes faste "aH hosteH" now done crie.
The Soudan for aH þat fro felde wolde not hye.
In he prikketh faste and gyveth many a dynte, 11148
And þought he wolde be-gynne a newe turnement.
The kynges from þe toure be fayne to come downe.
Vnnethe þe turnement departe þei mowne.
Now hath faire Meliore made torches light, 11152
For fayne of Partonope wolde she haue sight.
Longe this lady Partonope be-helde.
She knew hym be no-þing but be his shelde,
That [is] for-clatred and so for-bete, 11156
þe moste dele *þer*of henge at his fete.
And when she hadde hym longe be-holde,
She thought in hir body hir herte gan colde,
That she ne myght with hym a spoke, 11160
þe hevynesse of hir herte fully to haue broke,
And if she wolde not to save hir hono*ur*,
And eke to nye hir stode þe Iuego*ur*.
And with þis anoone departed be 11164
The Soudan and Partonope.
Within þe casteH is herborowed þe soudan,
And Partonope with-oute, wherfore a sory man
Is he; for aft*er* hym is shitte þe yate 11168
Of þe casteH; and þus scomfite and mate
Is he ridden vnto his logeyng.
He can haue Ioy of no man*er* þing.
His herte is so encombred with Ielousy, 11172
That aH his ymaginacions bene foly.
For þus in his herte he þinketh fully:
"In þ*is* tur[ne]ment þe sowdan haþ do bett*er* þan I,
And he of astate is so grete a lorde, 11176
That aH hir counseylle be one acorde
Of þis turnement wole gyve hym þe degre.
Thus haue I loste my love," seide he.
And yite he þought a gretter foly. 11180
His herte in þis matere tolde hym pleynly
That þe Soudan she hadde chose to make,

Night is coming on, and the heralds proclaim the close of the combat.

The Kings descend from the tower.

Melior stands for a long while watching Partonope.

The castle gate is shut, and Partonope rides to his lodgings sorry at heart.

He thinks the Sultan has proved himself the best knight,

and fears that Melior prefers him.

And he wiste wele þat he was for-sake. [leaf 141, back]
Also he demyd it was hir pleasire
To parfourme aH þe soudans desyre,
And þat she loved hym in suche maner,
That lovely to bedde thei yode in fere.
Þus was his herte enpressed with Ielousy,
That aH his wittes were desposed to foly.
Ya wode and wors hardely was he
To þinke his souereyn lady shuld be
Of þo condicions or such gouernaunce.
Fye, me thinketh þis was a foule mysschaunce.
Therfore beste is to leve þis matere,
The Sultan believes that Partonope has won the prize.
And of þe soudan lete vs now here.
Now is þe soudan to his herborow gone.
He is so hevy þat what to done
He ne wote; but þus demeth he
The prise of þe turney haþe Partonope,
And loste for euer is his lady bright.
As for hym þus lieth he aH nyght
Sighyng, sorowyng, and wepyng sore.
Melior, on her side, fears that the judges will not award her to a poor, unknown knight.
And on þe toþer side queen Meliore
Thinketh þat neuer shaH she
After þat tyme se Partonope,
Supposyng þat þe Iuggeours wolde deme
That she þat is so highe a queen
Shuld not agre hir to so pore a knyght,
And eke what he was þere knew no wight,
Saue she and her suster good Wrake.
Thus she is aferde to lese hir make.
Castyng perelles many now to and fro,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Here þe soudan is to his logynge gon
He is so heuy þat is to don
He ne wot; but þus demyth * he
The pryse of þe turney hathe Partonope,
And loste for euer is his lady bright.
As for hym þus lyth he aH nyght,
Sigheynge, wepynge, sorwynge sore.
And on þat oþer syde þis quene Melyore [leaf 88]

11198. *MS.* denyth.

Thynketh þat neuer shaH she
After þat tyme se Partonope,
Supposynge þat þe Iugges wiH deme
That she þat is so high a quene
Shulde not agre here to so poure a knyght,
And eke what he was þer knewe no wight,
Saf she *and* her syster Ientil Wrake.
Thus she is aferde to lese here make.
Castynge pereHes many to *and* fro,

This lady is all nyght in care and wo.
A sory nyght haue now þes þre,
Meliore, þe soudan, and Partonope.
All nyght they lye faste musyng
In whate plite fortune with hem bryng.
Lytell reste þat nyght hab Partonope.
Therfore on morowe erly riseth he,
And Gaudyn fro slepe is now awake.
Love hadde no power hym to make [leaf 142]
For-bere his slepe not half a nyght.
Partonope seide to hym anoone right:
"Myn owne brober, gentill Gaudyn,
Sith of þis turney is made a fynne,
Me moste go vnto Tenedon *
Agayne to yelde me þere to prisoun.
To Armauntes wife so I be-hight,
To parfourme þis my troube I plight.
I wolde for no good false holde be."
Here-to seide Gaudyn: "I me a-gree.
It were a shame þat a litell slough[t]h
Shuld make a knyght to breke his trouth."
To hym þo seide this Partonope:
"Ye moste nedes go forþe with me
In hope I shall þe better spede.
To youre helpe I haue grete nede.
Through your mediac[i]on it may so be
þat of prisone she wil make me fre."
The wey they conne, it nedeth no gide,*

In the morning Partonope tells Gaudin that he must go back to Tenedon and render himself prisoner.

He asks Gaudin to accompany him.

11226. *MS.* atonedoun).
gide] *MS.* nede.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

This lady is all nyght in care *and* wo.
Partonope spake a-none Right
To his broþer þat Ientill knyght:
"Myne owne broþer, Ientill Gayndyn),
Sethe of þis turney is made þe fyne,
Me moste * go to atone dome
A-gayne to yelde me to þer preson),
To Armantes wyfe, so I be-hight,
To parforme my trouthe þat I plight.
I wolde for no good false holde be."—
"Here-to," seyde Gaudyn, "I me agre.
Hit were shame þat a lyuill slouthe
Shulde make a knyght breke his trouthe."
To him she seyde þis Partonope:
"Ye moste nedes go furthe with me,
In hope I shall þe beter spede.
To youre helpe I haue grete nede.
Thorwe youre meditacion it may so be
That of preson she will make me fre."
The wey þey con no gyde,

11226. *MS.* noste.

They set forth, and arrive at the Lady's castle.

Toward þe casteH to-gedre þe ride.
Now thidder they boþe comen be,
GentiH Gaudyn and Partonope,
And with þe lady soone they mette.
FuH goodly in langage hir do they grete,
And she hem welcomed with good chere.

Gaudin addresses her,

To hir seide Gaudyn in þis manere :
" Medame, it is not to you vnknowe
That gone it is but a liteH þrowe
In þis londe þis knyght was take
And brought to Armaunt þat is your make,
And also lorde chief of þis contree,
Which þrugh tiranny and his crueltee
Causeles commaunded hym to prisone
Perpetuelly, and not for raunsone.
When Armaunt was gone to þe turnement,
That was your lorde, and yite be your assent,
Ye suffred þis knyght vpon his suerte
To go and þis turnement to se,
On þis condic[i]on) he shuld not soiourne [leaf 142, back]
Long þere, but soone make retourne
Ayein to prisone to yelde his body,
Leste Armaunt your lorde shuld sodenly
Be wroþe with you, and þat wonder were.

and informs her of the death of her husband.

He is now dede and lieth on bere.
And not for thy þis trew knyght
Is come to holde þat he be-hight,

He hopes she will allow Partonope to be ransomed.

That is nowe his body to prisoun)
Praying now þat for Raunsone
Delyuered fro prisone he may be,
As custome is of euery contree."

The Lady gladly releases him,

" Sir," seide þis lady, " God helpe me so,
That he was prisoned I was fuH wo,
And þat he wote as wele as I.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Towarde þe casteH þey gon ryde.
Nowe deþer þey comyn) be,
GentiH Gaudyn *and* Partonope,
And with þe lady sone þey met.
FuH goodly in langage do here grete.
She hem welcomyde with good chere.
To here seyde Gaudyn in þis manere :
[1] " Madam, here þis trewe knyght
Ys come to holde þat he be-hight."—
" Sir," seyde þis lady, " God helpe me so, [1 leaf 88, back]
That he was presonde I was fuH wo,
And þat he wot as weH as I.

But, sir, I tell you full truly,
Sith he is nowe at my governaunce,
God forbede þat cruelte or vengeaunce
In any woman founde shall be;
A foule illusion it were to se,
For in hem moste *euer* be *mercy* and rouþe.
And sith þis knyght hath kept his trouþe,
And his fredame stant all in me,
Of prisone I will þat *euer* he be fre.
For as a knyght he hath kept his heste.
And *per*fore, sir, where euer ẏe liste,
Ye shall haue leve to go for * me."
And *per*with-all þis Partonope
Thanked hir hyely of hir good grace,
And after þat they taried no space,
But toke leve of þat lady fre.
Full gladde and Ioyfull now boþe they be.
Thei take her hors and homewarde thei ride,
Eiche of hem to o*þer* is true gyde.
And so within after dayes þre
Into þe forest come they be,
There as her * loggeyng a-fore was.
Right in a launde full grene of gras
Her men anoone þere pight her tente.
There they abide be oone assent
Of þe Iugement to here and se [leaf 143]
To whome thei wole give þe degree
Of þis turnement, for they be swore
Who so hath þe prise shall haue Meliore.
At nyght to bedde boþe gone be,

and the two friends take their leave.

Their men pitch a tent,

and they go to bed.

11286. for] *MS.* fro. 11296. her] *MS.* his.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

But, *sir*, I tell you truly,
Sethe he is nowe at my gouer-
naunce,
God for-bede þat crewell ore vengaunce
In ony woman founde shulde be,
A foule Illision it were to se.
Sethe his fredom stont in me,
Of preson I will þat he be fre,
For as a knyght he hathe kepte his
heste.
There-fore, *sir*, where *euer* ye lyste,
Ye shall haue leve to goo for me."
And *per-with-all* Partonope
Thankede here of here good grace.
And after þat þey taryede no space,
But toke leue of þat lady fre.
Full glade *and* Ioyfull bothe þey be.
They take *per* hors *and* homwarde þey
ryde.
Eche to o*þer* of hem is trewe gyde.
Wyth-in dayes after thre
To þe Iugement come þey be.

Gaudyn and eke Partonope.
Thei hadde travailed, tyme was to reste.

Partonope is sighing and wailing all night for fear of losing his Lady,

Yite some of hem had litiH liste
To slepe, and þat was Partonope.
For aH nyght sighyng with sorowe was he,
Turnyng and walowyng, carying faste,
For euer in herte he was a-gaste
His lady to lese, þat he loveth so;
He wote not what is best to do.
Thus lieth þus man aH nyght wayling,
TiH þat þe gray day ganne sprynge.
And when he sey it was day-light,
Vpwarde he dresseth hym anoone right.

and is impatient to go and hear the judgment.

He called Gaudyn and bade hym rise.
To hym he seide þan in þis wise:
"Rise vp, broþer, and go we henne,
Leste we be laste of aH menne.
Go we and waite vpon þis Iugement,
For in tarying vs myght repent."—

Gaudin says it is too early.

"What!" seide Gaudyn, "how may þis be
That so yerly a risere* becomen are ye?
For as long as euer lasted the turney,
I rose þan firste and called euery day,
And now myn office on yow ye take.
I holde me peide ye conne þis a-wake.
Yite after my counseylie dope nowe a lite.
AH-þough ye haue noone apetite
Neiþer to slepe ne reste take,
It his fuH yerly for vs to a-wake.
This morowe give vs leisere to slepe,
For I darre vndirtake to kepe

They had better ride to the place of tournament when all have assembled.

The tyme and þe houre of Iugement,
For when þe queen and lordes be present,
For vs þan is tyme þidderwarde to ride.
We wole be sene on euery side. [leaf 143, back]
When aH folke be come, þen come wole we,
We shaH þe better a grete dele sene be.
On hors we wole sitte armed bright,
Oure speres in oure hande redy to fight.

11325. *MS.* arisere.

For as a-fore we come to þe turnement,
Right so wole we come to the Iugement.
For fresshe vpon oure hors wole we ride,
Oure meany a-boute vs on eu*e*ry side.
Oure getons desplayed betone so bright.
And þ*er*fore I pr*a*y you with aⁿ my myght,
Lette vs a while oure reste take.
And afterwarde when we bene a-wake,
We wole rise and masse here,
And aft*er* we wole dyne in fe*e*re.
For firste to* slepe and aftirward dyne,
Wiⁿ make þi coloure fuⁿ fresshe and fyne*
To a-pere, and shewe in thy visage
Where þou be yonge or elles in age.
For many oone shaⁿ on you loke and se,
Anoone as ye vnarmed be."
To Gaudyns counseylle good Partonope
With aⁿ his herte a-greed is he.
As they haue seide right so they done.
When they haue dyned, forþe thei gone
Fresshly armed to þis Iugement,
Where as thei fynde be-fore hem pr*e*sent
Mel[i]ore þe queen with aⁿ her counseylle,
Which that day with-outen fayle
Moste ordeyne what þe dome shaⁿ be
Of þis turnement, and how þe degre
Shaⁿ be demenyd, and in what wise.
Fuⁿ harde it were now to devise
How many dyu*e*rs thoughtes made þ*er* be
In þe herte of noble Partonope,
That hoveth on hors I-armed bright,
Fuⁿ fresshly in his ladies sight.
In clothe of golde þat was aⁿ white
His stede was trapped, and grete delite
Aⁿ men hadde on hym to se.
Now of Gaudyn speke wole we,
That on hors sitteth fuⁿ lustely [leaf 144]
Trapped in clo*þ*e of golde fuⁿ fresshly,
That as scarlete as rose was rede,

If he takes his rest now, he will look all the better.

After a meal they proceed to the place where Melior is sitting with her council.

Who can describe Partonope's state of mind in the presence of his Lady?

11354. to] *MS.* go we. 11355. fyne] *MS.* myne.

His helme of stele vpon his hede.
Now aH þe Iuges assembled be
To-gedre, as thei mow se
Of aH þe felde þe fuH array.
Thei mow no firþer, þis is þe day
Assigned laste of aH þe dayes þere
To gife Iugement, boþe ferre and nere,
To hym þat haþ I-borne hym beste.

The Sultan brings a numerous retinue to intimidate the judges, but he himself vacillates between hope and fear.

Now is þe soudan þere aH preste,
With huge peple hym a-boute
To putt þe Iuges in feere and doute,
þat they shuld be fayne to gife þe gre
To hym, and yete forsothe stode he
Be-twene hope and drede his lady to lese,
Or elles to haue hir if he myght not chese.
AH þe felde be-holdeth þe Iugeoure.

Melior sits in the tower, shedding tears.

And Meliore þe queen is in a toure,
Where as she wepeth and maketh grete moone,
For fere þat she shuld euer for-gone
Hir love, hir Ioy, hir erthly make.
And on þe toþer side sighed Wrake,
And soroweth as moche as doþe she,
For fere to lese good Partonope.
Thei canne in no wise her care *with*-drawe,
Of loves servauntes suche is þe lawe.

Cursolt is pleased to see his two friends again.

Cursolote the kyng beholdeth fuH wele
Thes ij knyghtes armed in stele.
Be-fore he was fuH hevy and pensife.
The sight of hem hath apesid the strife.
He knew hem wele be herre array,
For to þe turnement day be day
He se hem come in þe same wise.
Anoone from his chaire þo did he rise
And departed þe peple here and þere,
And made þes knyghtes to come nere.
When þe peple departed was,
And they be comen into þe place, [leaf 144, back]
Where as Cursolote *com*maund hem be,
From hors þan lighteth Partonope.
And Gaudyn also, his owne make.

To her men her hors then thei take.
Thes lordes þat shall give Iugement,
They acorded be oone assent
þis faire queen, this fresshe floure,
Moste come downe oute of hir toure,
And sitte in place where as she
May wele sene hem þat chose be
To haue the gre of þis turnement.
And on þe toþer party is redy present
This noble knyght called þe Soudan,
And with hym many a worþi man.
With hym is come þe kyng of Sire,
That loveth ladies of ffresshe atire.
And with hym is of Eremeny þe kyng,
That loveth faire ladies a-bove all þing.
The kyng of Spayne, þe kyng of Libie
For love of ladies reche not deye.
There is also þe kyng of Valence,
þat euer hath Ioy to be in presence
Of faire ladies fresshe and bright,
And þerto he is a worthi knyght.
The kyng of Meroby is þere also,
þat love hath done full moche wo.
And eiche of þes wole leve her lay,
If Meliore liketh, þis is no nay.
Yite all mow not be* Iugement
Haue þe degre of þis turnement.
Eiche leveth in drede, yite hope they wele,
And loke how fortune wole turne her whele.
Now cometh þe queen downe fro þe toure,
Eiche man is gladde to do hir honoure.
She leveth in hope, yite hath she drede,
Leste of hir love she shuld not spede.

11424 The judges request Melior to descend from the tower.

11428

11432 Many kings who accompany the Sultan are willing to abandon their heathen faith for Melior's sake.

11436

11440

11444

11448

11452 The Queen descends.

11448. mow not be] *MS.* now be not.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ The lordes þat shall yeve Iugement,
They acorde by on assent 11425
The feyre quene, þe freshe floure
Moste come downe out of þe toure,
And syt in plase where þat she 11428
May se hem þat chosyn be.

¶ Nowe comyth þe quene out of þe toure,
Eche man) is glade to do here honoure.
She leuyth in hope, yet hathe she drede,
Lyste af hir loue she shulde not spede. 11455

Eiche man is gladde on hir to se,
Her beauty is marvellous. They mervaile gretely of hir beaute.
She is faire shapen and ffresshe cladde, [leaf 145]
Hir porte womanly, hir chere sadde.
This was sone after þat morow [gan] sprynge,
Men seide she was an hevenly þing.
It were Impossible, thei seide, þrugh nature
Might be brought forþe suche a creature.
Therfore they seide to shew her coloure
For hir love downe vnto þe toure
Were comen þe sonne from hir spiere,
Of kynne they supposed thei were right nere.
The cristens þat chose were for þe degre
Speke myche þing of hir grete beaute,
And seide þere was neuer sene be-forne
In erth so faire a creature borne,
Safe only she þat was modir and maide,
With whome þe trenyte was so wele paide,
He deyned to sende his blessed sone
Be þe holy goste in hir to wone.
The sight of Urake sets Gaudin's heart on fire. Whan Gaudyn hir beaute hadde wele sene,
In þe worlde he wende hadde noone such bene,
But after when he hadde sene faire Wrake,
The prise of Meliore gan faste a-slake.
In his hert,* for þen þought he
Hir suster Wrake was fairere þen she.
Lo, how sodenly love hath sette on fyre
His herte and put aH his desyre
Vpon Wrake, hir to serve a-bove aH þing.
Now hoppe if he can, he is come to þe ringe.
There he be-forne hath slept fuH softe
He shaH now walow and turne fuH ofte.
Now cometh Meliore þrow aH þis prese,
Melior is led to her seat, And on þe right side with-outen lese
She is ladde of Cursolote þe kyng,
Whome she trusteth of aH men levyng.
And on hir lifte side gothe kyng Claryn
To lede hir to a place where tappett and cusshen
Of clothe of golde were faire yspred.

11480. his hert] *MS.* hert his.

To preise hir beaute eich man is gladde.
In hir no defaute couthe men se, 11496
Save þat she semyth pensif to be. [leaf 145, back]
Alł þis tyme stonte Partonope — while Partonope stands all trembling.
So of his lady be-holdyng þe beaute,
That þe herte in his body swalt for wo, 11500
For of þe Soudan he dredeth hym so,
Leste he were chosen to haue the degre,
And þat his lady loste hath he.
Thus stondeth he euer ymagynyng 11504
þat from hete he falleth into a quakyng,
As thoughe he were in þe ffeuer agewe.
Euery trew louer on hym ought to rewe.
Partonopes wo now wole I lete, 11508
And speke of Meliore þat to hir sete
Is brought be-twene þe kynges two,
And with-outen any wordes moo
On þe benche thei downe hir sette, 11512
And on knee eiche lorde hir faire grette.
And on benches euery where a-boute
Thei ben sette with-oute any doute,
The kynges and þe lordes be oone assente 11516
þat deme now þis turnement.
Kyng Anferus þo speke first be-gan, — King Anfors begins speaking.
For of scole he was a lerned man,
And þerto he was wele ronne in yeres. 11520
Rody was his face, and white was his heeres.
He was wele taught and þerto curteise.
Next to þe queen he be-gan þe deise :
" Medame, of your highe excellence 11524 — He recalls the cause why the tournament was held.
And it like you þat in your presence
I reherce what þe cause may be
That here is now so grete assemble
Of alł estates boþe riche and pore. 11528

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Anferus kynge speke be-gan), 11518
For af scole he was a lernede man),
And *þer*-to he was wełł rone in yeres.
Rody was his fase, white were his heris. 11521
He was wełł taught *and* þerto courteyse.
Nexte þe quene he be-gan þe doyse :
" Madam, of your*e* hegh excellence
[1] And it leke you þat in your*e* presen*n*ce
I reherse what þe cause may be [1 leaf 89]
That here is nowe so grete assenble
Of alł estat*es* bothe ryche *and* poure.

Medame, ye arne desyred so sore
What for your richesse and your beaute,
þat þrow þe worlde so named be ye.
Ye mow not lyve with-oute a lorde, 11532
Wherfore ye wote wele be aⱡ þe acorde
Of your baronage in playne parlement
Was ordeyned to crie a turnement.
Who so euer þat worþiest hadde þe degre 11536
Your souereyn lorde shuld be.

"Those who have been found worthy of the prize stand before the Queen.

And so be aⱡ youre lordes avise [leaf 146]
They þat ben worþi to haue þe prise
Of þis worshipfuⱡ turnement 11540
Here they stonde be-fore you present.
And as wissely God helpe me so
There is noone chosen of aⱡ þo
For affecc[i]on of love ne of drede, 11544
I dare wele say, ne for no mede.
Now shaⱡ I teⱡ you what thei be

"They will now be enumerated,

That are chosen to haue þe degre,
Whens they be bore, and of what lynage, 11548
And whe*þer* thei be yonge or elles of age,
And where they be bore to * heritage or no,
And of what condic[i]on thei be also.
For what they ben I knowe fuⱡ wele, 11552
The trouþe I haue enquered eue*ry* dele.
When I haue tolde of meste and leste,

and the Queen may choose the one she likes best.

Whome eue*r* your herte can like beste
Good reasone is þat ye hym chese. 11556
I trowe þat shaⱡ be moste your eace.

11550. *MS. adds* her *before* heritage.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Madam, ye are desyrede so sore, 11529
What for youre ryches *and* youre beute,
Thorwe þe worlde so namyde ye be.
Ye may not leue wi*th*-out a lorde. 11532
Where-for ye wyte weⱡ be aⱡ þe acorde
Of youre baronage in pleyne p*ar*lement
Was ordeynede be playne tur[ne]-
ment. 11535
Here þey stonde you in present. 11541
As wysly God helpe me so,
There is none chosyn of aⱡ þo
For affeccion of loue ne drede, 11544
I dare weⱡ sey, ne for no mede.
Nowe shaⱡ I teⱡ you what þey be,
That are chosyn to haue degre,
Whens þey be bore, what lenage, 11548
Whe*þer* þey be yonge ore e*lles* in age,
Where þey be bore to erytage ore no,
And what condicion þey be also.
For what þey be I knowe weⱡ, 11552
The trouth I haue enquerede eue*r* deⱡ.
When I haue tolde meste *and* leste,
Whom eue*r* youre hert con lyke beste,
Good reson is þat ye hym chese. 11556

Lo, aⱡⱡ þes þat stonde on þis side,
The worlde to seke þat is so wide,
Worþier knyghtes can no man se,
And þes be þe persones þat chosen be.
But of your counseylle þis is þe avise,
To vj. of þes they yeve þe fuⱡⱡ prise.
Of cristen men be chosen thre,
And as many of hethen now *þer* be.
Of cristen þe names first I wole telle
And then her condicions, and where they dwelle.
þe first is þe kyng of Fraunce.
If ye liste knowe of his alyaunce,
And ye wole þe sege of Troy rede,
There ye shaⱡⱡ fynde, with-outen drede,
þat he is of þe ligne of kyng Priam,
That reigned in Troy; of hym he came,
Which kyng of Troy loste þe honour
For Parys, his sone, þat he did ffavour
In þe Ravesshyng of feire Eleyne,
Which matere is declared fuⱡⱡ pleyne
In the boke called þe sege of Troy. [leaf 146, back]
And if ye liste ye may haue Ioy
The kyng of Fraunce to haue to lorde.
I dare wele sey þrowe-oute þe worlde
Knoweth no man levying a semeliere
Ne of condicions more gentillere.
Right-fuⱡⱡ, hardy and trew is he,

"There are three Christians, and three heathens.

"The first is the King of France.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Loo, aⱡⱡ þese *þat* stont in þis syde,
The worlde to seke *þat* is so wyde,
Worthere knyght*es* con no man se,
And þese be þe *persones* *þat* cosyn be.
Of your*e* counseⱡⱡ þis is þe avyse,
To vi of þese þey yeve þe pryse.
Of crystyn men be cosyn thre,
As many of hethyn nowe *þer* be.
Of crystyn þe namys firste wiⱡⱡ I teⱡⱡ,
And *þer* condysions, *and* where þey dweⱡⱡ.
The firste is þe kynge of Fraun*ce*.
Yef ye lyste to knowe of his alyaun*ce*,
And ye wiⱡⱡ þe sege of Troy rede,
There ye shaⱡⱡ fynde, wit*h*-out drede,
[1] He is of þe lyne of kynge Pryam,
That reynede in Troye; of hym he cam, [1 leaf 89, back]
Whiche kynge of Troy loste þe honoure,
For Paris, his son, *þat* dyde favure
In þe Reuershynge of feyre Elyne,
Whiche mat*er* is declarede feyre *and* pleyne
In þe boke callede þe sege of Troye.
And yef ye lyste ye may haue Ioye
The kynge of Frau*n*ce to haue to lorde,
I dare weⱡⱡ sey þorwe-out þe wor[l]de
Knowe*th* no man) leuy[n]ge a symlyere,
Ne of condysion) more lentillere.
Rightfuⱡⱡ, hardy *and* true is he,

Mercifull, louly to euery degre.
Richesse and youthe haþe withall.
Kyng Lohers men do hym calle.
"The second is Gaudin." The toþer cristen is called Gaudyn. 11588
Litell prise of hym hath kyng Claryn.
Yite is he right worþi for the nones,
Semely he is and bigge of bones.
I can not wele tell of what lynage 11592
He is come, but wele in age
He is ronne, as be his heeris,
He passeth more þen fifti yeris.
Þore man he is and borne in Castile. 11596
He hath rid full many a myle
To se contrees and gete him honoure.
His levyng he getith be his laboure,
For a worthy knyght he is of his honde, 11600
He hath hym so preved in many a londe.
An hethen man borne was he.
Sith amonge cristen he hath be
Cherisshed and worshipped many a day. 11604
That he hath forsaken hethen lay,
And be-come cristenyd, God blessed þou be.
Thus in þis wise come forþe is he
"But he has a master to whom he gives all the honour that might fall to him." Be his honde of worþinesse, 11608
Whiche is more worship þen richesse.
But he hath a maister here and souereyn
Whome he hath full and pleyn
Gyven ffrute of his travaile and labour. 11612
That what to hym shuld falle of honour

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Mercifull, louynge in euery degre.
Kynge Loheres men don hym call,
Ryches *and* youthe he dothe withall.
The toder crystyn is callede Gaudyn.
Lyke pryse of hym hathe kynge Claryn.
Yet he is worthye for þe nonys, 11590
Symly he is *and* large of bonys.
I-con not well tell of what lenage 11592
He is come, but well in age
He is ronne, as be his heres,
He passyth mo þen fyfty yeres.
Poure he is *and* borne in Castell. 11596
He hathe rede full many a myle.
An hethyn man borne was he. 11602
Sethe amonge crystyn he hathe be
Cheryshede *and* worchipede many a day. 11604
That he hathe for-sake hethyn lay,
And be-come crystynde, God blyssede þou be.
Thus in þis wyse come furthe is he
Be his honde of worthynes, 11608
Whiche is more worchipe þen Ryches.
But he hathe a master *and* souerayne,
Whom he hathe gefen full *and* playne
The frute of his travell *and* labure. 11612
What þat to hym shulde fall of honoure,

He ffoucheth safe his maist*er* it have.
Wherfore me thinketh, so God me save,
It nedeth of hym to speke no worde; 11616
But lete vs nowe speke of his lorde, [leaf 147]
Which was armed vnder a shelde
Of silu*er* bright, and in þe felde
Eiche day he was first of aꝧ, 11620
And Partonope men do hym caꝧ,
That in tur[n]ament many did greve,
And eu*er* he in þe felde was laste at Eve.
A worþier knyght, be my saviour*e*, 11624
Sawe I neu*er* in felde, ne bett*er* his honour
Couthe save þen he now hath do.
And of his tacches to speke also,
He is fre, curteys, gentiꝧ and meke. 11628
There is no bounte in hym to seke.
And forto speke of his kynrede,
To þe kyng of Fr*a*unce, with-outen drede,
He is nye cousyn, wete right wele, 11632
I haue enquered þis nowe eu*er*ydele.
And forto speke of his lifelode,
Two Erldomes he hath riche and good.
Of londe forsothe he hathe no more, 11636
But he is riche ynowe of tresoure.
Now haue I tolde you of þe cristens þre,
And I wole teꝧ which þe hethen be.
The first of þe hethen is þe Soudan. 11640

"The third is the knight of the silver shield.

"His name is Partonope.

"The first of the heathens is the Sultan.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

He foyche it safe his maist*er* it haue.
Where-fore me thynke, so God me saue, [leaf 90] 11615
Hit nedyth of hym to speke no worde.
But let vs speke nowe of his lorde,
Whiche was armede vnd*er* a shelde
Of sylu*er* bright, *and* in þe felde
Eche day he was firste of aꝧ, 11620
And P*ar*tonope men do hym caꝧ,
That in þe turment many dede greue,
And eu*er* in þe felde laste at eve.
A worthyer knyght, be my savyoure,
Sawe I neu*er* in felde, ne bet*er* his honour*e* 11625
Couth saue þen he hathe do.
And of his tecchis to speke also,
He is courtes, Ientiꝧ, *and* meke. 11628
There is no beunte in hym to seke.
And to speke of his kenrede,
The kynge of France wit*h*-out drede
He is nye cossyn, wyt right weꝧ, 11632
I haue enquerede it eu*er*y deꝧ.
And to speke of his lyflode,
To erledomes he hathe Ryche *and* good.
Of londe for-sothe he hathe no more,
But he is Ryche I-nowe of tresoure.
Nowe haue I tolde you of crystyens thre, 11638
And wiꝧ teꝧ you whiche þe hethyn be.
¶ The firste of þe hethyn is þe soudan,

Mervaile it is þat euer any man
Might haue so hye a ffrende of nature.
For she hath done aH hir myght and cure
Of hir tresoure to gif hym so grete foyson), 11644
That þere is no man can sey be reasone
þat any þing lakketh in hym of wele,
For riche Enowe he is and trew as stele,
Semely of persone, stronge and yonge. 11648
Of faire shappe hym lakketh no-þing,
Light and delyuer, mery and gladde,
And amonge his counseylle wise and sadde.
Of his be-heste he is fuH stable, 11652
And in domes aH-way merciable.
AH-þough in bataille he be chevalrouse,
To hem þat hym offende he ys * despitouse.
And forto telle of his kynrede, [leaf 147, back] 11656
Loke which of you þe bible can rede,
And fynde who made þe arke of Noye,
Of his lyne come downe is he.
And of his nobley to make a fyne, 11660
AH is wele, save þat a saresyne
Is he borne, and yite seith he
To haue my lady christened wiH be.
þis lordes name is caHed Margarise, 11664
Of aH bountes * he bereþe þe prise.
The seconde heþen is fresshe and yonge.

"He is willing to become a Christian for the Queen's sake. Margaris is his name.

After him comes Sades,

11655. ys] *MS.* nys. 11665. *MS.* bountesous.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

MarveH it is þat euer ony man) 11641
Might haue a frende so higH of nature.
For she hathe don aH her myght *and* cure
Of hir tresoure to geve hym so meche foyson), 11644
That þer is no man) con sey be reson)
That ony thynge lackede in hym of weH.
For Ryche he is *and* true as steH, 11647
Symly of persone, stronge *and* yonge,
Of fayre shape he lackede nothynge,
Lyght *and* delyuer, mery *and* glade,
Amonge his counseH wyse *and* sade.
Of his be-heste he is fuH stabiH, 11652
And in domys mercy-abiH. [leaf 90, back]
AH-þough in bataiH he be chevalrus,
To hem þat hym offendyde he is dys-spytuous.
And for to teH of his kenrede, 11656
Loke whiche of you þe bybiH con rede,
And fynde who made þe arke of Noye,
Of hys lyne downe come he.
And of his noble to make a fyne, 11660
AH is weH, safe þat a sarsyn)
Ys he borne, *and* yet seyth he
To haue my lady crystynde wiH be.
This lord*es* name is Margaryse, 11664
Of aH beute he berythe þe pryse.
¶ The seconde hethyn) is freshe *and* yonge.

His name is Sades, of Syre þe kyng.
Semely he is, curteise and chevalrouse,
RightfuH, free, and passyng vertuose.
Of olde and gentiH kynrede is he,
As eiche kyng moste nedes be.
But forto teH of his alyaunce,
So olde it is oute of remembraunce.
The þrid hethen hight Anpatrys.
He is yonge, semely and right wise,
Lorde and kyng of þe londe of Noby.
With swerde he come to þat seignyorye;
Wherefore hem þought it was þe beste,
Sith he wan þat reaume be conqueste,
To haue hym her governour and lorde,
And so chosen hym kyng be one accorde.
He is right worthy, of grete richesse,
But of þe turnement, as I gesse,
He loketh no-þing after þe degre.
To þe soudan his lorde hath he
Gyve aH his service and his laboure,
For at þis tyme he is his soudyoure.
Now, Medame, I haue you tolde
Of the vj chosen, which bene olde,
And which yonge, and how they be
Borne of blode, and of what contre,
And what they be of condic[i]on),
And how thei bene of reputac[i]on),
And how þat Gaudyn and Anpatrise

the King of Syria,

and Anpatris, the King of Nubia, who, however, claims nothing for himself.

"The choice is thus limited to four.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

His name is Sades, of Scyre kynge.
Symly he is, courteyse *and* chevalrus,
RightfuH, fre, *and* fuH vertuous.
Of olde *and* lentiH kenrede is he,
As iche kynge moste nede*s* be.
But for to teH of his alyaunce,
So olde it is out of reme*m*braunce.
The iii hethyn hight Anpatryse.
He is yonge, symly *and* wyse,
Lorde *and* kynge of þe londe of Nvbye.
W*i*th swerde he come to þat senorye;
Where-fore hym þought it is þe beste,
Sethe he wan) þat reme be conqueste,
To haue here gou*e*rnoure and lorde,
And so chose * hym kynge by on acorde.
He is of right grete Rychesse,
But of þe turment, as I gesse,
He lokyth nothynge after þe degre.
The soudan) his lorde hathe he
Gyf aH his se*r*uyse *and* labure,
For at þis tyme he is his soudyre.
Nowe, madam, I haue you tolde
Of þe vi chosyn whiche be olde,
And whiche yonge, *and* who þey be
Borne of blode, *and* of what contre,
And what þey be of condicion), 11692
And how þey be of reputasion), [1 leaf 91]
[1] And how þat Gaudyn *and* Anpatrise

11681. *MS.* chase.

Haue dismytted hem clene of þe prise,
So of þe chosen yite foure þere be. [leaf 148] 11696
Wherefore I counseylle fully þat ye
Of theire persones take good hede;
For I haue seide, so God me spede,
AH myn entent fuH and pleyne. 11700
Now lete vs here anoþer certeyne."
Thus hath Amphorus made conclusion)
Of his tale, but now to his reason)

The judges seem all to be agreed that the prize shall be adjudged to the Sultan.

Of aH þes lordes answere none, 11704
But stiH thei sitte as any stone.
And so it semed be her chiere
They were acorded aH in fere
þe Soudan shuld haue fully þe degre, 11708

Cursolt can do nothing, as nobody supports him.

Save only Cursolote, that Partonope
Loved wele, but what myght he do?
Of aH þe Iuegours þere were no mo
That list hym forþer in any wise. 11712

King Clarin rises and says that the Queen must give the Sultan her love.

Kyng Claryn of aH first gan rise,
And seide playnle þat þe Soudan
He held of aH þe worþiest man,
And beste hath deserved þis degre, 11716
" Wherfore, medame," he seide, " moste ye
Giffe hym your love and take hym for lorde.
What is my cause in shorte worde
I shaH you sey, for ayein the toþer þre 11720
Sette his semlyhode and his bounte,
And richesse he hathe of aH þing,

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Haue dyssmyttyde hem clene of þe pryse,
So of þe chosyn) yet foure þer be. 11696
Where-for I counseH fully þat ye
Of þese persones take good hede;
For I haue seyde, so God me spede,
AH myne entent fuH *and* playne. 11700
Nowe let vs here anoþer sertayne."
Thus hathe Anferus made conclusion)
Of his tale; but nowe to his reson)
Of aH þis lordes answere none, 11704
But stiH þey syte as ony stone.
And so it semyde by þer chere
They were acordyde aH in fere 11707
The soudan) shuH haue fully degre,
Safe only Courslot, þat Partonope
Louyde weH, but what myght he do?
Of aH þe Iugges þer were no moo
That lyste hym forþer in ony wyse.
Kyng Claryons firste gan) rise, 11713
And seyde playnly þat þe soudan)
He helde of aH þe worthyeste man),
And beste hathe deseruyde þis degre,
" Where-for, madame, nedes moste ye
Gyf hym youre loue, *and* take hym to lorde. 11718
What is my cause, in short worde
I shaH you sey, ayen þat oþer thre
Set his symlyhede *and* his beute,
And Ryches he hathe of aH thynge,

More þen hath any o*þer* kyng.
And *þer*to for yo*ur* love wole he
A-fore vs aH now cristened be,
And aH his peple saun3 doutaunce.
þis were to God an hye plesaunce."
Now hath Claryn seide his wiH.
He sette hym downe, and þen fuH stiH
Sitte aH þes lordes and sey no worde.
It semeth they ben aH of oone acorde
Fully to parfourme Claryns entent,
Forto do his dome thei'be fully consent,
And no man hym contraried in no wise. [leaf 148, back]
Lorde, what herte couþe nów devise
The grete sorowe þat hath Meliore?
Within hir herte feleth she grete sore,
Sith aH hir lordes be oone assent
So fayne to gyve trew Iugement,
And she to lese eue*r* hir love also.
What me*r*vaylle is it þough she were wo?
This lady hadde leue*r* to deye
þen Claryns Iugement to obeye.
For be Meliore it sheweth fuH wele
That ladies in love be trewe as stele.
For she in no wise hir love wole lese
The worþiest knyght in þe worlde to chese.
Ne*þer* for bounte nor for richesse,
Ne fore aH his prise of nobilnesse
Wolde she haue þe Soudan of Perce.
Hir herte to hym is aH-wey perverse.

Melior's despair knows no bounds.

She had rather die than submit to the award.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

More þen) hatthe ony o*þer* thynge.
There-to fore youre loue wiH he
Afore vs aH nowe crystende be,
And aH his pepiH saun3 doutaunce.
This were to God an higH plesaunce."
Nowe hathe Clarins seyde his wiH.
He set hym downe, *and* þen) fuH stiH [1 leaf 91, back]
Sat aH þis lord*es and* seyde no worde.
Hit semyth þey be aH of on acorde
Fully to *par*forme Claryns entente,
[1] For to his dome þey be fully assent,
And no man) contraryede in no wyse.
Lorde, what hert couthe devyse
¶ The grete sorwe þat hathe Melyore?
With-in here hert she felyth grete sore,
Sethe aH her lord*es* be on assent
So fayne to gyf trewe Iugement,
And she to lese eue*r* here loue also.
What me*r*veH is it þough she were wo?
This lady hade leue*r* to dye
Then Clarions Iugement to obye.
For be Melyore it shewyde weH
That ladyes in loue be true as steH.

Now God, þat aⱡ ladies hath made, 11752
Gyve hem grace in herte to be glade,
And þat aⱡ tonges moved may be
That speke lightly of ladies in any degrè.
Ernoul stands up, Now Arnolfe þe olde, þat first in parlement 11756
Meved and styrred to haue þis turnemeṅt,
And ordeyned lordes domes-men to be,
Of which for certayne oone was he,
On his fote stode vp to sey his reasone, 11760
For þe toþer lordes sate aⱡ downe.
Semely of stature for sothe was he,
His visage was manly on to se.
Worthie he was, and white was his heerys, 11764
Olde, right-wise, and þat askith such yerys.
For love ne hate wole he not leve
The trouþe to sey, whome euer he greve.
and claims the right of speaking. And þen seide he: "It is not vnknowe 11768
To aⱡ you lordes, as I now trowe,
That in þe laste parlement
It was acorded aⱡ be oure assent
Certeyne lordes chosen shuld be 11772
Of þis turnement to give þat degre, [leaf 149]
Which to-gedre now be here.
And though þat I vnworthy were,
Chosen I was to be one of þ[o]. 11776
Wherfore I thinke, so mote I go,
In þis matere pleynly to quyte me.
For ye aⱡ, me thinketh, enclyned be
Fully to kyng Claryns sentence. 11780
Hym ye haue gyve fuⱡ good audience,
And no man, me þinketh, answerith þerto.

11776. þo] *hole in MS. after* þ.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

Nowe Armelus þe olde, þat firste in þarlement 11756
Meuyde *and* steride to haue þis turment,
And ordeynede lordes domes-men to be,
Of wheche serten on was he. 11759
His vesage was manly on to se. 11763
Worthye he was, *and* whyte of heres,
Holde right-wyse, þat asketh soyche yeres.
For loue ne hate wolde he not leve
The trouthe to sey, whom euer he greue.
Then seyde he: "It is not unknowe
To aⱡ yonder lordes, as I trowe, 11769
That in þe laste parlement
Hit was acordyde be oure assent.

This proverbe was seide fuⱡ longe a-go :
'Who so holdeth hym stiⱡ doþe assent.' 11784
But I wole sey nowe myn entent, Clarin's judgment does not please him.
Wroþe *per*with so who eue*r* be :
His dome in no wise pleaseth me.
Gaudyn and Anpatris ben put oute 11788 "Gaudin and Anpatris do not compete with their lords.
The gre to haue, þis is no doute.
Yite they haue bore hem fuⱡ wele,
Better were neue*r* armed in stele.
And boþe in þis wise acorded be, 11792
Thoughe they hadde deserved þis degre.
To her lorde thei haue gyve her honoure,
þei holde hem paide of her laboure.
Now forto speke of þe kyng of Sire, 11796 "The King of Syria is tyrannous and cannot live without strife.
I sey we owe aⱡ forto desyre
He be put fully fro þis degre.
And þis is my cause þough þat he
Be fuⱡ stronge, semely and desyrous, 11800
Yonge, hardy, and fuⱡ corageous,
And in bataile neue*r* so chevalrous,
Yite oone vice shent aⱡ, for he is despitouse,
That when he hath no werre but is in peace, 11804
To þe pore peple can he not cese
But eue*r* do extore[i]on and tyrannye.
This is verrey soth, I wole not lye.
Ne*per* for love, drede, nor hate, 11808
He can not lyve with-oute debate.
Now forto speke of þe kyng of Fraunce, "The King of France has not proved strong enough in battle.
Of kyn is he and grete alyaunce.
But forto make hym oon of þe gre [leaf 149, back] 11812
I can not acorde þerto now, parde,
For þat moste nedes be for worþinesse,
Ne*per* for state ne for grete richesse.

*Rawl. MS.*

But be wrothe who so eue*r* be, 11786
His dome in no wyse plesyth me.
Gaudyn *and* Anpatrise be put oute
The gre to haue, þis is no doute. 11789
Yet þey haue borne hem fuⱡ weⱡ,
Bette*r* were neue*r* armede in steⱡ.
And bothe in þis wyse acordyde be,
Though hade deseruyde þis degre.
To þe*r* lorde þey gyfe þe honoure,
They holde hem payde of þe*r* labure.
Nowe to speke of þe kynge of Seyre,
I sey we owe aⱡ to desyre 11797
He be put fully fro þis degre.
This is my cause þough þat he

And forto make hym passyng worthy,
I sey for me, I wote neu*er* whye.
For in bataille when he is a-bove,
His grete manhode þen wole he prove,
And when to hym turneth contrarie,
That he is put of so myghtely,
And in any wise rebewked is he,
So gretely abasshed he wole be,
That aH his myghtes so hym faile,
Of liteH defence is he in bataile.
þer*fore* to chese hym one of þe prise
Ye shaH not haue myn avise.

"The Sultan is a worthy knight,

Of þe soudan now forto sey
I can not fynde be no way
To teH of his tacches ne of his lynage,
Ne in bataylle more of corage,
þen Anphorus be-fore hath seide.
Of his reasone I holde me wele peide;
For on bataile he is fiers in assaylyng.
Though he be rebuked, yite in his deffendyng
He is hardy, myghty, and wole not fle.
So in knyghthode may no man be
Worþier alowed in no wise,
And in grete turnementis fuH ofte þe prise
Hath he hadde, þat wote I wele,
A worþier was neu*er* armed in stele.

but none can be more chivalrous than Partonope, earl of Blois.

But here stonte armed a semely knyght
Vnder a shelde of silu*er* bright,
Whos name is called Partonope.
Of þe Erldome of Bloys lorde is he.
And his condic*i*ons here to reherse,
I dare wele say the soudan of Perse,
Ne þe kyng of Syre, ne noone of aH,
Be-gynne fro þe grettest vnto þe smaH,
Of condic*i*ons is more vertuouse,
Ne in armes more hardy and chevalrouse.
With-outen cause shaH he neu*er*-more [leaf 150]
Be founde despitouse to riche ne pore,
And he is goyng into his best[e] age.

11854. best[e], *a hole in MS. for* e.

And to speke of his naturaH [ly]nage,
In cristendome is none worþier kynrede
Then he is come of, with-outen drede.
In many a mortaH battaille haþe he be.
In listes often eke fought haþe he,
And eu*er* of his Enemeyce þe bett*er* haþ hadde,
In many grete perelles he haþ be stadde.
For when he hath ben in so harde plite
That many of his meany haþ be descomfite,
þen he his knyghthode haþe wele proved,
For manly he hathe hem aH releved.
The ffrensshe men know wele aH þis,
For it is not go fuH longe I-wisse,
Her kynges worshipp in aH oure sight
Oft he saved, wherfore a knyght
Worþiest of aH proved is he
To haue eu*er*y-where [þ]is degre.
What þough þe soudan [haue] more of prowesse,
My lady nedeth not to his richesse;
Of wordly goodes she haþe* grete plente.
And if to-gedre they wedded be,
If hym luste to holde werre,
He may not faile ynowe to conquere,
For I-nough he hath and haue shaH.
The soudans parte shaH be fuH smaH
þat he shaH haue of þis degre.
Though Claryns sey þat he wole be
Cristened now for my ladies sake,
And aH his peple, wherfore we make
Of his proffre so grete deynte,
It is but easy, as now þinketh me,
For eiche man may þinke in his thought
For Goddes sake it is right nought,
But onely for luste and covetise,
And EviH shuld chief þat emprise
þat were not do for Goddes sake.
For when he hadde fuH possession take

"He has shown his courage in many a fight, and always got the better of his enemies.

"My lady does not need the Sultan's riches, and if Partonope wages war, he will get still more.

"The Sultan's conversion will not be for the sake of God, and evil may come of it.

11855. lynage] *a hole in MS. for* ly.
11874. haþe] *MS.* haue.

Of lady and shepe aH in feere, [leaf 150, back] 11892
He wolde dresse aH þing on his maner,
And make vs Cristes lawe forsake,
Or sle vs, þis dare I vndirtake.

"Therefore, if it pleases my lady, she had better wed Partonope."

*þer*fore chese we Partonope, 11896
For vnder Cristes lawe bounde is he.
Be hym may faH no grevaunce.
And if it be my ladies plesaunce,
Lette hir wedde hym be oure assent, 11900
This is fully my Iugement.
I not where I deserve þanke or magre
Of my lady, but trewly þe gre
He hath beste deserved of þis turnement. 11904
The sothe I wole sey you, þough I be shent.
A semelier ne more worþi coupe ye not fynde,
Though ye sought hens into Ynde."

The kings think that Ernoul is rather bold to contradict their award.

When Armulus hadde his tale tolde, 11908
Thes kynges * thought he was to bolde:
AH her ententes forto contrarie,
And from her Iugement to make hem vary.

Melior blushes, hearing her name mentioned.

But when Meliore herd þat he 11912
Nempned hir name, and seide þough she
Were wrothe or paide, he wolde be trewe,
More rody somwhat she wexe of hewe.

She is certain, she says, that Ernoul regards only what is right.

"Armulus," she seide, "I wote þat ye 11916
My desyre had neu*er* so in chierte
To leve a troupe and se[y] þe wronge,

11909. kynges] *MS.* knyghtes.

*Rawl. MS.*

[1] Let here wede hym be oure assent,
This fully my Iugement. 11901
I not whe*þer* I dese*r*ue thanke ore magre [1 leaf 92]
Of my lady, but truly degre
He hathe beste dese*r*uyde of þis turment. 11904
The sothe I wiH sey, þough I be shent.
A symlyer*e* no-where con ye not fynde,
Though ye sought hens to Yende."
¶ When Armelus hade his tale tolde,
These kynge*s* þought he was bolde
AH *þer* entent to contrarye,
And fro þe Iugement make hem varye.
But when Melyore herde þat he 11912
Namyde here name *and* seyde þough she
Were wrothe ore payde, he wolde be trewe,
More rody som-what she wex of hewe.
"Armelus," she seyde, "I wot þat ye 11916
My deseyre ye hade neu*er* so in charyte
To leue a trouthe *and* sey a wronge.

þoughe ye hadde magre or elles þonke.
Ye were neu*er* wonte to vuse gabbynge 11920
In no matere forto do any pleasyng
Of what persone, so eu*er* he be.
And I dare sey wele, as for me,
Yite come neu*er* in myn entente 11924
But ye shuld yeve trew Iugement.
And so ye do, I dare sey truly.
The trouþe þ*er*of enquered haue I.
What woman eu*er* an housbonde take, 11928 "A woman should be careful in choosing a husband."
That man hir lorde she moste make,
þis is a thing þat eu*er* is stable.
Duryng her lyves it is not variable.
Therfore a lady ought right wele be 11932
Avised vnto what persone þat she
Shuld give hir body with hir honoure, [leaf 151]
Of hir Garlande fairest is þat floure.
The ffrensshe I wote wele is [fu]ll of bounte, 11936
But vnarmed wolde I hy[m se]. She will first see the Frenchman without his armour,
And if I like wele his persone,
Then wote I what is to done:

11936–37. *The brackets indicate hole in MS.*

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

[1]Thowe ye hadde magr . . . ellis thonk
Ye were neuer wont t[o] [u]se gabbyng
In no maner for to do [the] [ples]yng
Of what persone so euer [he] be[ [1] leaf 6]
And Y dar say well as for me
Yt come neuer in myne entent 11924
But ye shold gene true jugement
And so ye do Y dar say truly
The trouth therof enqueryd haue I
What womman euer did husbond take
That man hur lord She most make
This is a thyng that euer is stable
Duryng her lyues it is neuer variable
Therfore a lady might ryght well be
Avysed vnto what persone that shee
Shold geue hur body with hur honoure
Of hur garland fayrest is that floure
The ffrenshe y wote well ys ffulle of bonyt[e] 11936
But vnarmed wold Y fayn see
And yf Y lyke well hi[s pers]one
Than wote Y what is to done

*Rawl. MS.*

Though he hade magre ore e*lles* thonke,
Ye were neu*er* wont to vse gabynge
In no mane*r* to do plesynge 11921
Of what p*er*sone, so eu*er* he be.
And I dare sey, as for me,
Hit come neu*er* in myne entent 11924
But ye shulde yeue true Iugement.
And so ye do, I dare sey truly.
The trouthe þ*er*-of enquerede haue I.
What eu*er* woman) an hosbonde take,
That man) her lorde she moste make,
This is a thynge þ*at* eu*er* is stabiłł.
Durynge þ*er* lyves it is not varyabiłł.
Ther-for a lady ought right weł be
Avysede to what p*er*sone þ*at* she 11933
Shulde gyfe hir body *with* honou*r*e,
Of hir gerlonde feyreste is þ*at* floure.
The frenche I wot weł is fułł of bonte,

But vnarmede wolde I hem se.
And yef I leke weł his p*er*sone,
Then) wot I what is to done: [leaf 92, back]

and if she likes his person she will marry him.

I wole be his, and he shaⱡⱡ be myn, 11940
What eu*er* ye deme, þis shaⱡⱡ be þe fyn.
And if he be not to my pleasyre,

Otherwise she will take the Sultan.

The soudan to haue is my desire.
He seith pleynly for þe love of me 11944
He wole be cristened and aⱡⱡ his contre.
Armulus," she seide, "I wote wele þat ye
My desyre had neu*er* so in chierte
To leve* a trouþe and sey a wronge, 11948
For men wole sey ye lyve to longe.
Armulus, to worshipp̄ good hede take,
And ye lordes aⱡⱡ for Goddes sake,
For ye shuⱡⱡ neu*er* fynde þat I 11952
Fro worshipfuⱡⱡ a-warde voyde truly.

"But why does not Cursolt say something?"

But Cursolote, I haue mych m*er*vaile þat ye
In þis mater so duⱡⱡ to be.
What eu*er* they sey ye sey right nought, 11956
My worshipp̄ lieth no-þing in yo*ur* thought.
As longe as þis turney did laste
I herde you preise wonder faste
O persone prisely amonge hem aⱡⱡ, 11960

11948. *MS.* lese.

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

Y wyll be his and he shall be myne
What euer ye deme ys s[oo]the the fyne
And yf he be not to my lesyre
The Soudan to haue my desyre 11943
And sayth playnly for the loue of me
He wyll be crystned and all his contre
Armulus she sayde Y wote well that ye
My desyre had neuer so [in] chyerte
To leue a trouth and say . . . brong
Than myght men say y [li]ved to long
Armulus to my worship goode hede ye take
And ye lordes all for Goddes sake
ffor ye shall neuer fynd that Y 11952
ffro worshipfull a wa[y av]oyde truly
But Cursolot Y haue mo meruayle that ye
Yn this mater so dulle be 11955
Whateuer thay say ye say ryght nought
My worship lyth nothyng in youre thought
As long as this turnay dede last
Y herd yow preyse wo . . . . .

*Rawl. MS.*

I wiⱡⱡ be his, *and* he shaⱡⱡ be myne,
What eu*er* ye deme þis shall be þe fyne, 11941
And yef he be not to my plesure,
The soudan to haue is my desyre.
He seyth pleynly for the loue of me
He wiⱡⱡ be crystende *and* aⱡⱡ his contre.
Armelus," she seyde, "I wot þat ye
My deseyre hade neu*er* so in charyte
To leue a trouthe *and* sey a wronge.
Armelus, to worchipe good hede take,
And ye lord*es* aⱡⱡ for Godd*es* sake,
For ye shuⱡⱡ neu*er* fynde þat I 11952
Fro worchipe avoyde o worde truly.
Curslot, I haue m*er*veⱡⱡ þat ye
In þis mat*er* so duⱡⱡ be. 11955
What eu*er* þey sey ye sey nought,
My worchipe lyth nothynge in yo*ur* þought.
As longe as þis turney dyde laste
I herde you preyse wond*er* faste
O p*er*sone presysely amonge hem aⱡⱡ,

And now it semeth þat he is faⁿ
Oute of your prise. What may þis be?
In soden chonge now falle are ye.
But chongeth as often [as] ye liste, 11964
Where I wole be I wote beste.
But shame it were to you to varye
From your beheste or it contrarye.
Wherfore I thinke not of aⁿ þis yere 11968
To make you vary for my prayer."—
" Medame," seide Cursolote þe kyng, Cursolt excuses himself.
" The cause of my stiⁿ-sittyng
Is to here and knowe Armulus reasone; 11972
This is aⁿ now myn enchesone. [leaf 151, back]
For truly, as be myn avise, He still thinks that the Frenchman
The ffrenshe is worþi to haue þe prise. is worthy to have the prize.
For when we þe Iuges to-gedre were 11976
A-bove in þe toure, for love ne fere In the tower the judges hold various opinions.
We shuⁿ not spare be oone assent
But to gife a trew Iugement.
Some of vs ben acorded fully 11980
The soudan shuld haue you truly,
And some holdeth now þe contrary,

---

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

Yn sodeyn chaunge now fall ar ye
But chaungeth as often as Y lyst 11964
Where Y wyll be Y wote best
But shame it were you to vary
From youre behest or be contrarye
Wherfore Y thenk not of all this yere
To make you vary for my prayere
Madam sayde Corsolot the kyng
The cause of my stylle syttyng
Ys to here and knowe Armulus resoun
This is now all myn enchesoun 11973
ffor truly as by myn aduyse
The ffrenshe is worthy to haue the price
For whanne we the j[ugg]es togeder where 11976
Aboue in the toure for [lo]ue ne fere
We shull not spare by one assent
But to geue a trewe jugement
Somme of vs ben accorded fully 11980
The Soudan shold haue yow truly
And somme holdeth now the contrarie

*Rawl. MS.*

Nowe it semyth þat he is faⁿ 11961
Out of youre pryse. What may þis be?
In soden change nowe are ye.
But change as ofte as ye lyste, 11964
Where I wiⁿ be I wot beste.
Shame it is to you to varye
Fro youre be-heste ore it to contrarye
Where-for I thynke not of aⁿ þis yere
To make you wery of my prayere."—
" Madam)," seyde Courslot þe kynge,
" The cause of my steⁿ settynge
Ys to here of Armelus reson); 11972
This is nowe myne encheson).
For truly, as be myne avyse,
The frenche is worthy to haue þe pryse.
For when) þe Iugges to-geder were, 11976
Aboue in þe toure, for loue ne fere
We shaⁿ not spare be on assent
But to gyfe true Iugement.

*þer*fore in Iugement we do vary.
If the Queen examines them separately in the tower, she will know the truth.
But, medame, wole ye do wisely,
Examyneth hem now a-sondry,
And þat in-to þe toure ye gone,
And sendeth af*ter* vs one be one,
And charge eue*ry* man be his fay
þat he to you oweth, and lete hym say
Pleynly to you aⱡ his entent
How they wole gife her Iugement,
And that they not spare for love ne drede
Ne for grete profers of mede,
þan shaⱡ ye wete of hem prively
That they spare now to sey openly.
Let the two knights divest themselves of their armour: her eye will then judge.
And com*m*aundeth hem boþe two
That vnarme hem faste thei do,
þen shuⱡ ye knowe wele þe sight
Which is þe semelier knyght,
And lete yo*u*r Eye yo*u*r Iuge be."—
Melior approves of this proposal.
" Ye sey þe beste, for God," seith she.
" He ought wele lyke me be reasone and skiⱡ
That shuld haue my body and good at wiⱡ.
And *þer*fore what some eue*r* ye deme,
I ame yo*u*r lady and yo*u*r queen),
My choice lieth in þe semelyhede of [þe] two ;
The kynges in no wise may varry here-fro.
To whome my herte can beste acorde,
Hym wiⱡ I chese to be my lorde.
The kynges may not gretely me*r*vayled be,

---

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

Wherfore yn jugement we do vary
But Madam wyll ye do wysleye 11984
Exameneth hem now a sondry
And that into the toure ayen ye gone
And sendeth after us by one and one
And charge euery man by her fay
That he to you oweth and lete hem say 11989
Playnly to you all his entent
How thay will geue her jugement
And that thay not s[ees]e for loue ne drede 11992
Ne for no grete profers [ne] mede
Thanne shulle ye wex of hem privelye
That thay spare now to say oponly
And commaundeth hem both two
And vnarme them saf[ely] thay do
Than shall ye know well by syght
Wheche is the semlier knyght
And lete youre ey youre juge be 12000
Ye sey the best for God sayde she
He ought well lyke me by resoun and skyle
That shold haue my body and goode at wyll 12003
[The] kynges may not [then] a mervayled be

þough I chese hym þat liketh me."
And herwith-aH *com*maundeth she [leaf 152] 12012
þes lordes vnarmed faste to be.
The soudan vnarmed hy[m] in haste,
And riche cloþes on h[ym do]þe caste.
A sercle of gold fuH of pr[ecio]us stones 12016
On his hedde he hadde, þat no-where oon is *
Richer ne fayrere to any mannes sight.
He was a passyng semely knyght.
Now is he come be-fore þe queen). 12020
AH þe hym preise þat·hym sene,
And seide pleynly þat conquered hath he
Of aH þis tur[ne]mente þe prise and gre.
The kynges hym preise wonder faste. 12024
þe dome to gyve thei made grete haste,
And seide: "What shuld we leng*er* tarye?
Oure Iugement can no man contrarie."
Soone af*ter* cometh Partonope 12028
Amonge þes prese, and but esely is he
Arraied, as for [to] speke of cloþing,
Save as he had grete eace of oo þing:
She þat was lady of þat place, 12032
He hoped wele to stonde in hir grace.
His beste frende save she was Gaudyn.
A kyrteH of Skarlete he had on fyne.

The Sultan disarms himself and puts on rich garments.

All admire him and declare that he has won the prize.

Partonope has only plain clothes.

12014–16. *The brackets indicate hole in MS.*
12017. oon is] *MS.* ones.

---

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

[If] we Y chese hym that best lyketh me 12011
[An]d herwythall commaundeth she
[The]se lordes unarmed fast to be
The Soudan vnarmed hym in hast
And ryche clothes on hym doth cast
[A]cerkle of gold full of precius stonys
[On] his hed he hadde that no where ther is 12017
[A r]yccher ne ffeyrer to any mannes syght
[He] was a passyng semly knyght
[N]ow ys he come before the quene
[Al]l tho hym prayse that hym seen
[An]d sayde playnly that conquered hath he 12022
[Of] all this turnements [the] price and gree
[The] kyngis hym praysed wonder fast
[His] dome to geue thay made grete hast 12025
[They] sayde what shuld we longer tary
[Our] jugement conne no man contrarye
[S]one after cometh ynne Partanope
Among the prees . . and but esely is he
[Arra]lyde as to speke of clothyng
. . e hadde grete e . of o thyng 12031
[She] that was lady of [the] place
[He] hoped well to stond in hur grace
. . best frynd saue and he was Gaudyn
[A ki]rtell of scarlet he hadde on fyne

A-bove he was gyrde with a gyrdiH,
Wele harneised with golde aboute his mediH.
A-bove þat he had vpon a mantiH
With dyuers bestes embrowded fuH weH
Of golde of Sipres and eke of Venyse.
Of his clothing more to devise
It nedeth not sey, aH þat wete we
þat oute of prisone streight comeþ he
To þis turney worshipp to wynne.
He founde þere neþer frendship ne kynne
Hym to refresshe in any degre,
Gaudin helps him to dress. Save only Gaudyn, with hem mette he
Throw Goddes grace vpon þe way,
And he hym cloþed in such aray
As for hym-self he had þere.
It was but of þe homely manere. [leaf 152, back
But what þat euer his aray be
Be-fore his lady now stonte he
And Gaudyn to-gedere honde in honde.
But when he hadde a while stonde
Standing before his lady AH vnarmed his lady to se,
FuH gretely a-basshed þo waxe he,
Seyng his souereyn lady there.
That a-fore had made hym grete chere
With aH herte, body, and myght,
And he as an vntrew knyght
Had hir deceyved and broke hir suerte.
In suche despoynte þo stode he,
he changes colour. That ofte þe coloure in his face

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

[Then]ne he was gyrd wyth a gyrdell
[Wi]th dyuerce bestes embrudered full well
[Of] Gold and of Cipre and eke of Venyse
[Of] his clothyng more to devyse
[I] nede not to say all that wete wee
[Th]at oute of prison straight cometh he
[In] this turney worschip to wynne
[He] fond there neyther [fr]enship ne kynne
[H]im to refresshe in any degree
[Sa]ue only Gaudyn with hym met hee
[T]hurwe Goddes grace [by] the way
[A]nd he hym clothe yn suche aray
* * * * *
All vnarmed his . . . .
Full gretely abasshed tho waxt he
Seyng his souerayne lady there
That affore hadde made hym goode chere
Wyth all hert body and myght
And he as an vntrewe knyght
Hadde hur deceyued and how hur suerte
Yu such disteynt tho stode he
That oft the coloure in his face

Waxe suddenly rede for fere of hir grace
He had for euer offended so highely,
That his rosy colour paled sodenly.
Thus in grete fere stonte Partonope.
Of thousandes of peple be-holden is he,
And eiche man seide as hem liste.
But aⱡ they conclude þe semeliest
Of þo two persons certeyn was he,
Wherfore þe kynges þe prise and degre
Hym yove fully be oone assent,
And made ende of her Iugement.
Of þo lordes þat loved þe soudan
Contrarïed þe Iugement not oo man,
And aⱡ þe peple cried be oone assent:
"This is nowe a trew Iugement."
Armulus de Marbury vp anoone stode,
And seide the Iugement was right good.
To þe kynges he seide: "Sires, what sey ye?"
Thei hym answerd and seide: "We be
To þis Iugement acorded fuⱡ playnly,
If it be pleasaunt vnto my lady."
And as I trowe and dare sey truly,
Ayeinste Meliore his herte it yode not gretely.
For though gretely trespassed hath he,
Hir herte was fuⱡ of mercy and pite.
To Armulus yite seide she þo: [leaf 153]
"Myn owne choise ye haue put me fro.

Partonope looks better than the Sultan,

and the kings unanimously agree to give the prize to him.

Ernoul is content.

Melior feigns to prefer the Sultan.

---

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

Was sodenly reede for she of hur grace
He hadde for euer offended so heyly
That his rose coloure paled sodenly
Thus in grete fere stont Partonope
Of thousandes of peple behold ys he
And eche man sayde as hem lyst
But all thay conclude the semlyest
Of the two persones sertayne was he
Wherfore the kyngs the pryce and the gree 12073
Hym yeue fully by one assent
And made end of her jugement
Of the lordes that loued the Soudan
Contraried the jugement not o man
And all the peple cryed by one assent
This is now a trewe jugement
Armulus de Marbury vp anone stode 12080
And sayd the jugement was ryght goode
To the kyngs he sayde Syrs what say ye
Thay hym aunswered and sayde we be
To this jugement accorded full playnly
Yf it be plesaunt vnto my lady 12085
And as Y trowe and dar say truly
Ayenst Meliore is hert it yede not gretly
For thowe gretly trespast hadde he
Hur hert was full [of] mercy and pyte
To Armulus yet sayde she thoo 12090
Myne owne Choyse ye haue put me froo

For my wiH was to haue had þe Soudan. 12092
Ye haue yove me to anoþer m[an]."—
Ernoul protests that the award is just. "Medame," seide Armulus, "for lo[ve n]e drede,
Ne plesaunce of you, so God me sp[e]de,
We haue at þis tyme yove þe degre. 12096
For only beste deserved it hath he."
Melior dissembles her joy. Lo, þis lady in herte was gladde
Of hir Iugement; yite she made
As though she had no deynte 12100
That to hir was Iuged Partonope.
And yite if thei chose anoþere,
She had leuer be raunsoned for many a foþere
Of golde, þen to haue loste Partonope so. 12104
Thus wele and better can ladies do.
Therfore I counseylle now euery lovere
To his souereyn lady so truly hym bere,
Þat he may worthely of hir aske grace. 12108
For þough it happe hym in some place
Of hir to be answerd fuH lightly,
Yite loke he hir serve perseverantly.
For in longe service it may happe þat she 12112
Wolde shew hym of hir benignyte.
The Sultan is stunned with grief. Now lete vs speke of þis Soudan,
That stonte stiH as a mased man,
CarefuH, pensife, and hevy of chere, 12116
That chonged clene is aH his manere,
Loste for euer is* his plesaunce,
Wherfore he þinketh hie vengeaunce.*
He departs, meditating vengeance. To take on homward turned is he, 12120
With aH his oste into his contre.
Thus fuH of care departeth þe Soudan.
Partonope is happy; And Partonope abideth as a glad man,
And Cursolote by þe hande anone hym taketh, 12124
And of hym to Meliore a present maketh.

12093–95. *The brackets indicate hole in MS.*
12118. is] *MS.* as.
12119–20 *are inverted in MS.*

---

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet.* C. 3.

[My] wyll was to haue hadde ye Soudan . . Armulus . . loue ne drede
[Ye h]a ue geve me to another man * * * * *

Wherof so glad and Ioyfuƚ is she,
That to-gedre in armes clasped thei be,
And kysse and talke and make good chere,
And is for-yete þat done is ferne yere.
Rehersed is no-þing, but aƚ gladnesse. [leaf 153, back]
The hertes þat a-fore were in distresse,
Be now at large and oute of prison[e].
Ioy is come, paide is þe Raunsone.
For Partonope haþ now aƚ his d[es]yre.
And aƚ þing þat may be to his plesyre
To hym ayeinward now doþe she.
þus in endlesse blisse baþed thei be,
The good hertes of þes lovérs two.
Ya, who can teƚ þo Ioies now*
That they bene In? forsoþe not I.
But þe sorowe and þe care fuƚ truly
That longeth to love, þat can I teƚ.
Thei are in heven, and now I in heƚ.
Now lete vs teƚ of Partonope
And of his lady, þat to-gedre be
In Ioy and welthe with plesaunce.
Now hath Partonope cause to daunce.
For into a chambre now is he ladde,
And in riche cloþes fuƚ wele y-cladde.
The day of mariage in haste is sette,
To chirche royally þei be boþe fette.
A patriarche doþe the solempnyte;
Knytte in wedloke to-gedre thei be.
Of mariage no lenger wole thei abide,
For longe abidden hath he þat tide.
The patriarche, with-oute any more lete,
On eiþer of her hedes a crowne he sette
Of golde, fuƚ riche of stones and perrie.
And þus hath now Partonope
Receyued þe dignyte of a kyng.
Lo, what it is to be true in lovyng.
He is a kyng, and she also a queen),
Knytte to-gedre in Goddes lawe they ben).

all sorrow is forgotten.

The two lovers are in heaven, but the Poet is in hell.

A patriarch marries them.

12132, 12134. *The brackets indicate hole in MS.*
12139. þo Ioies now] *MS.* now Ioies who.

The wedding festivities are splendid.

Many trompe now doþe *þer* sowne,
Also taketh vp many a claryoun).
Pipes and makers so many assemble,
As though aH þe worlde shuld tremble.
The feste is holde fuH royally,
And also served they be stately,
As suche persones oweth to be. [leaf 154]
Of mete þere laketh no deynte.
It nedeth not to make reheresynges
Of þe names þat ben þe[r] of kynges,
Ne of dukes, Erles, n[e of baro]nny,
Ne of þe nombre of grete ch[i]valry,
Of patriarkes and Erchbisshoppes also.
I lete bisshoppes, abbotes, and priours go.
What nedeth it to speke of trechetours?
Of her nyse playes or of gestours,
Or of chauntours þe grete maist*ers*,
Or of herawdes, rebawdes, or wyne tasters?

The Poet refrains from describing the happiness of the lovers.

But lete us teH, when þe feste was do,
How þes hote lovers to chamb*er* go,
And aft*er* how they ben brought to bedde,
And how þat nyght her life they ledde,
And in what Ioy then they be.
But þis may not be declared for me,
Ne what her Ioy was, ne her delite,
For I was neu*er* yite in þat plite.
But in hye pleasaunce I lete hem be,
And pray to God of love þat he
His *seruaunte* departe so of his grace,
That they may stonde in þe same case
In which faire Melior and her love hath be.
And þus Endeth þe Romans of Partonope.

12173–75. *Hole in MS. Conjectural letters in brackets.*

# Partonope of Blois.

[Fragment of a shorter version.]

Whilum ther was a noble kynge,
That was dowghtty holden in dede.
Atte iustys and atte turnementtynge
Hee bare hym weelle upon a stede.
He was curteys in alle thynge,
And whit lewte his land dede leede.
He hadde thanne two dowghttris yinge,
That frely fayre thay were for [alle] steede.
They were the feyreste maydenis two
That evere men knewe on any syde.
Here Moder, thee quene, deyde hem fro,
That louely was of hewe and hyde.
Melior was thee Eldere maydenys name,
That wonder fayire was on to see,
And as a wyght moost worthily in wane.
Vrake was kleped here suster free.
Melior was wyght as whalis boon,
With Rode as Reed as Rose is of hewe.
Soo fayir a foede men myghtte fynde noon,
Thorghw alle thee worlde to remewe.
Thorghw alle thee worlde to wende,
Scholde men fynde noon so fayir.
Here fader the king, Curteyis and heende,
Made mayde Melior his ayir.
That goodly Mayde gay under gore,
That was so bryght and holde of here blee.
Hendely was she sette to lore,
As lawe wolde of that cuntree.
All bare whanne hiere vesage wore,
A swettere thyng myghtte noman see.
In a twelue-Monethe sche lerned more
Thanne other Clerkys dede in yerys three.
So weelle lernede that Mayden gent,

A noble king had two daughters,

the elder of whom was called Melior,

and the younger Urake. Melior was the fairest woman in the world.

In twelve months she learned more than clerks did in three years,

That fayir was as flowr on hille,
and she knew magic arts. That sche cowthe *with* a chauntement
Worche alle thyng to hiere owne wille.
Wyght as swan sche hadde the swire,
That swete and swathel was to be-holde.
As lelye leef sche hadde the lyire,
Bryght browys, fayre bent and bolde,
Hiere heer fyerde as droht gold wyire,
That louely was to feele and foolde.
Whanne sche was tiffed in hiere attire,
Man knewen noon swych atte will to holde.
[They of hiere] will were [fully at oo],
That were so fayr and fre t[hat stonde].
At the death of her father she became queen of the country. Whanne hiere fader dyde [hem fro],
Thanne was she quene of that londe.
[Sche] that was fayir of fote and honde,
[And so] Riche a quene of [goodly chere],
In order to find a husband she sent messengers through all kingdoms. [Thanne] hadde sche nede of a good housbande.
[Therefore sche sente] bothe feer and nere,
Thorghw alle Reawmis sche sente hiere sonde
To loke who best myghtte * been here pere.
At last they found a young man of noble birth, And atte the laste a chyilde they fonde
That of vysage was fayir and klere.
Hee was fayir in alle thynge [* *MS.* best myghtte best.]
And swiche dowghtty *with* spere *and* lawnce,
nephew of the king of France, and accomplished in everything. And cosyn was to thee Riche kynge
That atte that tyme was kyng of Frawnce.
Hee was so goodly a creature
That to hym every man yaf voyis.
That was seyen in halle and bowre
Over all othere he hadde thee choyis.
He was ryght stif in every stowr,
*With*-owten bost or other greet noyse.
His name was Partonope of Blois. Hee was wyght as is the lylie flowr.
His name was Pertinope de Bloys.
The messengers returned home and reported what they had seen. Thee Messageris thanne wenten hoom,
And tolden the Mayden this tidynge
Soo fayr a chyild sawe they never noon:
Hee is Eerl of Bloys and cozyn to the kynge.
Thanne this Mayde so bryght of blee

In hertte that worde sone sche hentte,
And thowghtte the chyild hiere-self to see
Fulle sone *with* here enchawnttemente.
Previly hiere greythis that bryght of blee.
In-to thee Reawme of Frawnce sche wente,
And sone com unto the selue Citee
Theer this gentell chyild was lente.
Sche dwellede theer to see this chyild
That soe dowhtty was of his dede,
Whittere thanne is the flowr in feyld;
Sche sawe nevere noon of his fayrhede.
A while this lady dwellede thare.
Thee chyild hiere lykede oftetymes to sene,
Best to asspye what his condicionys ware.
For they were bothe goode and klene.
So fayire a chyild she sawe neuere are:
His colour was so bryght and schene.
Thanne home ayen gan she to fare,
But noman ne wyste where she hadde bene.
All hiere loue on hym was lente
That was as wyght as whalis boone.
She thowghtte whit her enchauntement
To haue that worthy under wone.
Afterward it fell uppon a day
Thee kyng on huntynge he wolde ryde
*With* horn and howndys for to play.
Pertinope wentte by his syde.
Thorghw enchauntement of that may
They Reysede an hart *with* hornis wyde.
Thee chyild gan folwe faste on his way,
Till that he come to thee see-syde.
So feer he folwede after that deer,
As the Romaw[n]ce serteynly sayis,
That horn no hownd myghte hee noon here,
But entrede Ryght in-to Ardenays.
Ardeneys was * a wyilde forest,
That no man durste huntte thare
For liowns, liberdys, and other wylde beestis
That gryisly were in holtis hare.

Melior decided to go to France by magic power and to judge for herself.

She had never seen anybody so handsome.

She loved him and made up her mind to carry him off.

One day the king and Partonope go out hunting.

Through the maiden's enchantment they raise a hart. Partonope follows it till he comes to the sea-shore

in the Ardenne forest which was haunted by wild animals.

109. was *twice*.

Dragounys dredfully drowen of Reste
And made this chyild aferde fulle sore.
And thanne to God up his hertte hee caste.
Hee seyde: "Ihesu, Mercy thyine Oore!
Ne lete me nevere here to been shent,
As thow suffredst woundys wyde."

A ship sails up,

Thanne thorghw thee Maydenys enchauntement
A schip come seilynge hym faste be-syde.
Thee chyild a-feerd was under bowgh.
Noo man thorte hym ther-offe wyte;
For dragoun owt of here dennys they drogh,
And made thee chyild haue sorwe in syghtte.
Thee schip come seilynge faste j-nowgh,
And atte a banke it longe gan to a-byde.

and Partonope goes on board.

Thee chyild thanne wendis in-to that schowgh;
It was covered *with* samyte that tyde.

His horse and dogs are also embarked.

His hors, his howndes to hym were browght,
But * hee ne wiste in what manere.

A more splendid ship could not be imagined.

Soo fayire a vesselle that schip him thowght,
Hee hadde seen noon that myghtte be the peere.
Thee chyild stode thee schip *with*-inne,
And it avaled froo thee banke *with*-owte dowte.
Thee sayil to thee Mast-top sone gan wynne.

No living creature is to be seen.

By thanne hee sawe no man hym a-bowte.
Bryght as gold thanne gane hit brenne,
*With* stonys that weren Riche and stowte.
Afeerdnesse than in his herte gan renne,
For of thee devell hee hadde great dowte.

Afraid of the devil, Partonope prays God to protect him.

Greet dowte hee hadde of a cwilbersaunce,
And besowghtte to God *with* herte free
To schilde and saue hym from meschaunce,
For hee ne sawe nowt but thee wyilde see.
Thanne thorghw hiere enchauntementis Ryght
Thee schip was alle gooldly by-goone.
As gold a-bowte hit gleterede bryght
And sette *with* manye a Rialle stone.
His herte to God hee haf up on heyghte,
Prayinge hym to saue hym blood *and* boone,
And blessede hym well *with* alle his myghte,

130. but *twice*,

And evere to owre makynge his mone.
His moone hee made *with* hertte and honde.
Thee gentill chyild that was so free,
Hee saylede owt ouer the stronde,
And so hee arryuede atte a fayr Citee.
Uppon the lond whanne hee was lente,
Owt of the schip he made hym bowne.
His hors, his howndys up he hem hente.
Hee sawe neuere eere so fayir a towne.
Thanne there dwellede thee Mayden gent
In a Castell of greet renown.
Theder the way witterly hee went,
And in that place he lyghtte a-down.
Whanne this gentel chyild was a-lyght,
His hors, his howndys were taken him froo,
And yit saw hee noon erthely man *with* syght.
Thanne thowghtte hym wonder it sholde be soo.
Ryght evene to the hall hee hym spedde,
This curteys chyild dowghtty and sley.
The boord was sette, the kloht was spredde.
Hym hungrede sore and drowe hym ney;
In styf travaile hee hadde been stadde.
Hee wychs and wentte to benche on hey.
Of Riche metis thanne was hee fedde
And yit no man sawe hee *with* Eey.
*With* Eeye saw hee [naught ple]syng more
In alle thee kyngis lond of Frawnce.
But evere in hertte [was hee] a-ferd sore
For dowte of [thee fendys en]cvmbrawnce.
Whanne the chyilde [ . . . . . ],
Thee cvmly cloth [ . . . . . ].
Towailys wyghtte as chalk [ . . . . . ]
By-fore hym were spred fulle good and [ . . ].
Basyn and lauere was browght hym tille,
Sette *with* manye a Ryche stoone
To serve thee semely chyild in halle.
But man no *wo*man sawe he noone.
Hee ne sawe no man that was by,
But basyns, lavouris abowte gunne glide,
As it were atte a greet Mangerie

He arrives in the city

where the maiden lives, and rides up to the castle.

Here his horse and dogs are taken away.

The table is laid in the hall.

Partonope is served by invisible beings.

Precious basins are brought to him.

With fayir semblawnt on every a syde.
All thys queintise theer was done
Thorghwe thee Maydenis Enchauntement.
He eats and drinks. Spicis theer comen with that Ryght sone,
In chargeowris of golde abowte they went.
Wyin after thanne drank hee sone.
Thanne biernys bourdys of trestelys hent.
To God thee chyild ay bade his bone
To saue hym froo thee fendys cvmberment.
As that day thus was he fedde
With feyir servise atte his wille.
Afterwards he is led to bed by torchlight. Atte Eeven whanne he sholde go to bedde,
Hee was browght a fayir chavmber tille.
This gentil chyilde Pertinope
Into a Chavmber was hee * gone. [* *MS.* was hee was.]
Ryght greete torchys uppon to see
By-fore hym were lyght fulle good wone.
Hee fonde a bed of a Riche blee
With clothis of golde alle by-gone.
A-down thanne sat that chyild so free,
And his array was taken of anone.
He is undressed, Thee Chavmber was peynted full Rially
Of Bataylis that were full gay *and* stowte.
The chyild to bedde thanne gan heye.
and the torches disappear. The torchis sone were doon owte.
Also sone as hee missede the lyght,
That the torchis awey were hentte,
His hertte to God he lefte up Ryght,
And made his prayeris with good entente.
[He] blessede hym with alle his myght.
The lady soon joins him. [And] sone thanne come that lady gent.
[Sche] of hiere Robis [was sone] vndyght.
[Streyght] unto that bed sche went.
[And into] bed whanne she was greythed,
She orders him to leave the bed. [Thanne] of hiere speche gan sche [on hey]the,
[And saide]: "Thow that thus here art beded,
[Arise and] voyde my chavmber swythe!"
He begs her to have pity on him, Thanne saide hee: "Lady, haue mercy on mee
For thee loue of Ihesu curteys and kynde.
For I am sted in a stravnge cuntree.

That I ne woot wheder to wende." 232
Thee gentelle chyild Pertinope,
Sone hee neghede thanne that lady hende.
In Armes hee klipte that wo*m*man free.
Softe as selk hee gan hiere fynde. 236
And hee was bothe soft and swete
In Armes bothe to fele and foolde.
Of loue longynge hee wolde nowt lete,
But wrovghtte his will *with* the byerde boolde. 240
Whanne he hadde his [will] so wrovght,
Thanne spake to hym that lady gente :
" Pertinope, myscvmforte thee nowght."
And *with* loue in Armes sche hym hente, 244
And sey[de] : " Fro Fravnce I haue thee browghtte
Thorghw crafte of myne enchawntemente.
Loke that thow bee stable of thowghtte,
For alle my loue is on thee lente. 248
Hollyche my loue is lent on thee
As for thee worthieste vnder wede.
But for alle thee gold in Christiantee
I ne wolde not ellys haue doon that dede. 252
Thow art comen of thee genteleste blood
That in this world men knewen here byfore,
Of thee king of Frawnce fayr and good,
And * also of thee kyende of sire Ectore. 256
And fore-thy my love so on the stood,
That me longede to thee Ryght sore.
Now welcome be thow, frely foode,
And worchen thow shalt after my lore. 260
Yif that thow yerne me for to see
Of all this twelue-Monthe ayenst my will,
Thanne fordoost thow bothe thee a mee.*
For-thy bee trewe and holde thee stille. 264
Yif thow wolt * doo as I thee say
And hele weeH owre prevytee,
Gled shalt * thow have thee *with* to play
I-nowgh to wende thorghw eche cuntree. 268
The kyng of Frawnce that most doo May

and soon clasps the lady in his arms.

The lady now confesses that she has carried him off by enchantment.

All her love is set on him.

Partonope is of Hector's blood.

She denies him the sight of her till twelve months have passed,

but she will give him all the riches he wants.

256. and *twice.*
263. *Roxb. ed.* amee.
265. *Facs. apparently* woH.
267. *Facs.* Gled *or* Glad ; shaH ?

Ne shaH nowt haue so greet plentee.
Thyself art stalworth stowt man and gay,
And bataylis shalt thow seche and see.
Whanne thow thenkyst thow woldest haue
Gold ovther seluyr for to spende,
Of noman I ne wole that thow it crave.
Inowgh *with* queyntise I wole thee sende."

When they arise in the morning, Gaudin encourages Partonope to fight well,

In thee morwe whanne they aRoos,
Thee knyght toke his armys hym tiH.
Pertinope seyde hee wery was,
And Gaudyn seyde: "For shame, bee stiH.
But thow bee dowghtty now this day,
All is nowt worht as thow weeH woost.
Bere thee weeH now in thys turnay,

Otherwise his labour is lost.

Ore ellys thy longe travaile is lost.
Thee sowdan thenkyht tǫ haue that may
Whit his Richesse and his greet boost,
Forto bee whit hiere bothe nyght and day,
And lord and syre of aH that coost.
Loke now that thow bee dowghtty in dede,

Gaudin will help him.

For thow shalt haue greet helpe of mee.
For whanne that thow art wery in thy wede,
Thenk vppon thy lady free."

Having heard mass they ride to the field.

But whanne thys lordys hadde herd masse,
They assembled were alle by-dene.
LyteH and mekyH, more and lasse,
AH they weren apparayled clene.
Thanne come there knyghttis twoo
A softe paas fram thee foreste Ryde.

The old duke notices them.

The Oolde dewk to his felawys seyde thoo:
"Now come my children that wole abyde."

The king of France arrays the outer party.

The kyng of Frawnce was man dowghtty,
Amongis his folkys theer hee Roode
And arrayde thee vtter partye
Whit theyre baneris bryghtte and broode.
Theer was noyse of Menstralcye,
Trwu*m*pys, tabowris and nakernis made.
Theerwhit they casten vp a lowd crye.
Thee folk they ioynede, for heyghe they hade.

End of Fragment.

66657

PR
1119
E5
no. 109
1973

Partonopeus de Blois.

The Middle-English versions of Partonope of Blois.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
PR1119.E5 no.109, 1973.
The Middle-English versions of Partonope
0 00 01 0070406 3